FRAGMENTA AUREA:

A COLLECTION OF ALL The Incomparable Peices,

WRITTEN BY

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

AND

Publiſhed by a FRIEND to perpetuate his Memory

The Third Edition, with ſome New Additionals.

Printed by his own Copy.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

SUCKLIN whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder and delight
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian Scene and Delphick Lyre;
Is thus expresst in either part
Above the humble reach of art;
Drawne by the Pencill here you find
His Forme, by his owne Pen his mind.

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Tr. R.
S942FR

TO THE READER.

WHile *Sucklings* name is in the forehead of this book, these *Poems* can want no preparation: It had been a prejudice to Posterity they should have slept longer, and an injury to his own ashes. They that convers'd with him alive, and truly, (under which notion I comprehend only knowing gentlemen, his soul being transcendent and incommunicable to others, but by reflection) will ho-

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nor these posthume Idæa's of their friend: And if any have liv'd in so much darkness, as not to have known so great an Ornament of our Age, by looking upon these Remains with Civility and Vnderstanding, they may timely yet repent, and be forgiven.

In this age of Paper-prostitutions, a man may buy the reputation of some Authors into the price of their Volume: but know, the Name that leadeth into this Elysium, is sacred to *Art* and *Honor*, and no man that is not excellent in both, is qualified a *Competent Iudg*: For when Knowledge is allowed, yet Education in the Censure of a Gentleman, requires as many descents, as

go

go to make one, And he that is bold upon his unequal Stock, to traduce this Name, or Learning, will deſerve to be condemned again into Ignorance his Original ſin, and die in it.

But I keep back the Ingenuous Reader, by my unworthy Preface: The gate is open, and thy ſoul invited to a garden of raviſhing variety: admire his wit, that created theſe for thy delight, while I withdraw into a ſhade, and contemplate who muſt follow.

POEMS,

&c.

VVritten by

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

Printed by his own Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were set in Musick by Mr. *Henry Laws*, Gent. of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Majesties Private Musick.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

POEMS

On New-years Day 1640. *To the* KING.

1.

AWake (great Sir) the Sun ſhines here,
Gives all Your Subjects a new year;
Only we ſtay till you appear;
For thus by us Your Power is underſtood;
He may make fair dayes, You muſt make them good.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make,
They can adde little unto bliſs
who cannot wiſh.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the skie,
Bold ſtorms invade the Soveraignty,
But gales of joy, ſo freſh, ſo high,
That you may think Heaven ſent to try this year
What ſayl, or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

3.

May all the discords in Your State
(Like those in Musick we create)
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so tempered that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our Masters mind,
Make such strange Rapes upon the place, 't may be
No longer joy there, but a extasie.
Awake, awake, &c.

5.

May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your sence invite
Double this year, save those o'th night:
For such a Marriage-bed must know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can adde little unto bliss
who cannot wish,

Loving and Beloved.

1.

THere never yet was honeſt man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impoſſible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this,
That their chief art in reign diſſembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and paſſion ſtrive
Which of the two ſhould be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we falſe fire which art ſometimes diſcover,
And the true fire with the ſame art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find ſo high?
Here we muſt Court, and here engage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and ſozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make falſe love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of deſire,
Give me my honeſty again,

And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I am weary of the State I am in.
Since (if the very beſt ſhould not befall)
Loves Triumph muſt be honours Funeral.

1.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
Doth wound a Heart,
we hide our grief
and ſhun relief;
The ſmart increaſeth on that ſcore,
For wounds unſearcht but rancle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
men are in pain
for us again;
So, neither ſpeaking doth become
The Lovers ſtate, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do deſcry,
Then thus think I,
love is the fart
of every heart;
It pains a man when't is kept cloſe,
And others doth offend, when't is let looſe.

A Seſsions of the Poets.

A Seſſion was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himſelf was at it (they ſay)
The Laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that day.

There *Selden*, and he ſate hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off which was very fair;
Sands with *Townſend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Sbillingsworth* a little further:

And

There was *Lucans* Tranſlator too, and he
That makes God ſpeak ſo big in's Poetry;
Selwin and *Walter*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The firſt that broke ſilence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerv'd the Bayes,
For his were call'd Works where others were but Plays.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errors, that had laſted many an Age;
And he hopes they did not think the *Silent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymiſt* out-done by no man.

Apollo

Apollo ſtopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he ſaid, and not preſumption
Muſt carry t; at which *Ben* turn'd about
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But

Thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo antient a wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back agen,
And made him mine hoſt of his own new Inne.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well ſtand with a Laureat;
His Muſe was hard bound, and th'iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhould be eaſie and free,
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas though that his Grace
Conſider'd, he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Davenant aſham'd of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſtly hoped the handſomneſs of's Muſe
Might any deformity about him excuſe.

And

Surely the Company would have been content,
If they could have found any Preſident;
But in all their Records either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a Noſe.

To *Will. Bartlet* ſure all the wits meant well,
But firſt they would ſee how his ſnow would ſell:
Will ſmil'd and ſwore in their judgements they went leſſe,
That concluded of merit upon ſucceſſe.

Suddenly

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave away to *Selden*, who streight stepe in;
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That *Apollo* hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him) how came he there
Was whispering nothing in some-bodies ear:
When he had the honor to be named in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her care furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry Lady Muse had been
In the number of those that were not seen.

In haste from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought Letters (forsooth) from the Queen;
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had scarce been let into the room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But streight one whisper'd *Apollo* ith' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly said
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty *Apollo* asked him first of all
If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the Bayes above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest, and silence confest,

During these troubles in the Court, was hid
One that *Apollo* soon mist, little *Cid*;
And having spy'd him, call'd out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was chief already of another Company.

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil!
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd *Faulkland* that sate just behind:
But
He was of late so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been his Priest and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Wil. Davenant* began to swear;
But wiser *Apollo* bid him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coyn;
And without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze.

One

One upon another, not a man in the place
But had diſcontent writ in great in his face.

Onely the ſmall Poets clear'd up again,
Out of hopes as 'twas thought of borrowing;
But ſure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends any Poets about the Town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for ſo I found
When firſt my paſſion reaſon drown'd.

Inſtead of *Earth* unto this frame, *Earth.*
I had a faith was ſtill the ſame;
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move;

Yet as the Earth may ſometime ſhake
(For winds ſhut up will cauſe a quake)
So, often jealouſie, and fear,
Stolne into mine cauſe tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as *Sun.*
One *Sun*, ſo but one *Flora* was:
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as ſtars do thence.

My hopes I call my *Moon*; for they *Moon*
Inconſtant ſtill were at no ſtay,

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or leſſe were ſure to be:

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Or too too ſoon decrea elagen;
Eclipſt ſometimes, that t'would ſo fall
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts cauſe infinite they be, *Stars.*
Muſt be thoſe many *Stars* we ſee;
Of which ſome wandred at their will, *Fixed*
But moſt on her were fixed ſtill. *Planets.*

My burning flame and hot deſire *Element*
Muſt be the *Element of fire*, *of fire.*
Which hath as yet ſo ſecret been
That it as that was never ſeen:

No Kitching fire nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's ſtarv'd when fed and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire ſubſiſts by being near
The Moons bright Orbe, ſo I believe
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the *Ayre*, moſt free *Ayre.*
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be *Sea.*
Were it from winds (my paſſions) free;

But

But out alas! no *Sea* I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it rocks and Shallows be,
Deſpair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reaſon
We did diſtinguiſh Time and Seaſon;
Her preſence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* ſhall come when ſhee's away.

Long abſence in far diſtant place *Winter.*
Creates the *Winter*; and the ſpace
She tarryed with me, well I might,
Call it my *Summer* of delight. *Summer.*

Diverſity of weather came
From what ſhe did, and thence had name;
Sometimes ſh' would ſmile, that made it fair;
And when ſhe laught, the Sun ſhin d clear.

Sometimes ſh' would frown, and ſometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again ſh' would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But ſoft my Muſe, the world is wide,
And all at once was not deſcride:
It may fall out ſome honeſt Lover
The reſt hereafter will diſcover.

Song.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover ?
Prethee why ſo pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
looking ill prevail ;
prethee why ſo pale ?

Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner ?
prethee why ſo mute ?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
ſaying nothing doe't ?
prethee why ſo mute ?

Quit, quit for ſhame; this will not move,
this cannot take her;
If ſhe her ſelf ſhe will not love,
nothing can make her:
the devil take her.

Sonnet I.

1.

DO'ſt ſee how unregarded now
That piece of Beauty paſſes
There was a time when I did vow
to that alone ;
but mark the fate of faces;
The red and white works now no more on me
Then if it could not charm, or I not ſee,

And

2.

And yet the face continues good
and I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelf ſame fleſh and blood,
as apt to melt
and ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes?

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
and I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
can queſtion'd be;
what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

Sonnet. II.

1.

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
to make up my delight;
no odde becomming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore
Of Love, for her I Court,
I ask no more,
'Tis love in love that makes the ſport.

2.

There's no ſuch thing as that we beauty call,
it is meer coſenage all;
for though ſome long ago
Like't certain colors mingled ſo and ſo,
That doth not tie me now from chuſing new,
If I a fancy take
To black and blew,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

4.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
makes eating a delight;
and if I like one diſh
More than another, that a Pheaſant is;
What in our Watches, that in us is found;
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

1.

OH! for ſome honeſt Lovers ghoſt,
Some kind unbodied poſt
Sent from the ſhades below!
I ſtrangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Thoſe that their miſtreſs ſcorn did bear,
Or thoſe that were us'd kindly.

For

2.

For what-ſo-e're they tell us here
To make thoſe ſufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd
T' have lov'd alone will not ſuffice,
Unleſs we alſo have been wiſe,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

3.

What poſture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd agen
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each ſits by his own?
Or how can that *Elizium* be
Where I my Miſtereſſe ſtill muſt ſee
Circled in other Arms?

4.

For there the Judges all are juſt;
And *Sophonisba* muſt
Be his whom ſhe held dear;
Not his who lov'd her here:
The ſweet *Philoclea* ſince ſhe dy'd,
Lies by her *Pyrocles* his ſide,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of thoſe kind ſouls that were
The noble Martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell) the kinder gods,
Give me the woman here.

To his much honored, the Lord Lepinton, *upon his Translation of* Malvezzi *his* Romulus *and* Tarquin.

IT is so rare and new a thing to see
Ought that belongs to young Nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise
You as we would do those first shew the ways
To Arts or to new Worlds: You have begun;
Taught trave'ld youth what 'tis it should have done
For't has indeed too strong a custom been
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
The choycest things fam'd Countries do afford;
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,
And speaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he vvhom 'tis as hard to praise
To merit, as to imitate his vvays.
He does not shevv us *Rome* great suddenly,
As if the Empire vvere a Tympany,
But gives it natural grovvth, tells hovv, and why
The little body grevv so large and high.
Describes each thing so lively, that vve are
Concern'd our selves before vve are avvare:
And at the vvars they and their neighbors vvag'd,
Each man is present still, and still engag'd.
Like a good Prospective he strangely brings
Things distant to us: and in these tvvo Kings

We

Wee ſee what made greatneſs. And what't has been
Made that greatneſſe contemptible again.
And all this not tediouſly deriv'd.
But like to Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that doth the Roman Dame reſtore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaſter for her being Whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* ſin;
For raviſh firſt, ſhe raviſheth again.
She ſays ſuch fine things after't, that we muſt
In ſpite of Vertue thank foul Rape and Luſt,
Since't was the cauſe no woman would have had,
Though ſhe's of *Lucrece* ſide, *Tarquin* leſs bad.
But ſtay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and ſees the journeys end,
I ſtraggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good ſtomacks off that would fall too.

Againſt Fruition.

STay here fond youth and ask no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much long ſince loſt Paradiſe;
The vertuous joyes thou haſt, thou would'ſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and would'ſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams (and for a toy)
Tho' wert wak't? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

Fruition addes no new wealth, but deſtroyes,
And while it pleaſeth much the Palate, cloyes;
Who thinks he ſhall be happyer for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat

By

By eating to a Surfet; this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſt.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing which mankind does it ſo;
The World is of a vaſt extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; Children there muſt be;
So muſt bread too; but ſince they are enough
Born to the drugery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before t'have been)
Are like Romances read, or fights once ſeen;
Fruition's dull, and ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſſe, ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

1.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor ſhall, but to be curſt,
And oh! that I (fond I) ſhould firſt
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools diſcover.

You

2.

You that have promis'ſt to your ſelves
propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
and what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All mankind are alike to them;
and though we iron find.
That never with a Load-ſtone joyn'd,
'tis not the irons fault,
It is becauſe the loadſtone yet was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fall'n
and laboured to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that Flower,
but paſſes by,
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elſewhere loads his thigh.

5.

For ſtill the flowers ready ſtand,
one buzzes round about,
One lights, one taſts, gets in, gets out;
all, all ways uſe them,
'Till all their ſweets are gone, and all again refuſe them.

Song.

Song.

1.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs muſt be
But an ill love in me,
And worſe for thee;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hour
More then I did the laſt;
I would then ſo fall
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increaſe,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow leſſe.

2.

True Love is ſtill the ſame; the Torrid Zones,
And thoſe more frigid ones
It muſt not know:
For love grown cold or hot,
Is luſt, or friendſhip, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more then I can expreſs,
And would love more, could I but love thee leſs.

To

To my Friend VVill. Davenant; *upon his Poem of* Madagaſcar.

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? thoſe things
The great ones ſtick at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venter on; and with great eaſe,
Diſcover, conquer, what, and where they pleaſe.
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain would have ſtaid
For mony now, or victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will.*) do'ſt not ſtay
So much as for a wind, but go'ſt away,
Land'ſt, view'ſt the Country; fight'ſt, putſt all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in Town is; *Dav'nant*'s come
From *Madagaſcar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
And welcome (*Will*) for the firſt time; but prethee
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend VVil. Davenant *on his other Poems.*

THou haſt redeem'd us, *Will.* and future Times
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit; ſince the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever writ
So neer him, in's own way; I would commend
Particulars, but then, how ſhould I end
Without a volume? Every line of thine
Would ask (to praiſe it right) twenty of mine.

Love

1.

LOve, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
Three mates to play at Barley break;
Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
And Hate conſorts with Pride; ſo dance they:
Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hugge together:
Yet this new coupling ſtill doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

3.

The reſt do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;
Hate and Fancy meet and ſtand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

Song.

Song.

1.

I Prethee ſpare me gentle Boy,
Preſs me no more for that ſlight toy;
That fooliſh trifle of an heart;
I ſwear it will not do its part,
Though thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy power and art.

2.

For through long cuſtom it has known
The little ſecrets, and is grown
Sullen and wiſe, will have its will
And like old Hawks purſues that ſtill
That makes leaſt ſport, flies onely where't can kill.

3.

Some youth that has not made his ſtory,
VVill think perchance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly fit out Loves Feaſt;
I ſhall be carving of the beſt,
Rudely call for the laſt courſe 'fore the reſt:

4.

And oh! when once that courſe is paſt,
How ſhort a time the Feaſt doth laſt!
Men riſe away, and ſcarce ſay grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
That did invite, but ſeek another place.

Upon my Lady Carliles *walking in* Hampton-Court-Garden.

DIALOGUE.

T. C. *I. S.*

Thom.

Didst thou not find the place inspir'd,
And flowers as if they had desir'd
No other Sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not musick when she talk't?
And didst not find that as she walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as been blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give? ——

J. S.

I must confesse those perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by, ought sprung up new;
The flowers had all their birth from you;
For I pass't o're the self same walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after spring.

Thom:

Dull and insensible, could'st see
A thing so near a Deity

Move

Move up and down and feel no change?

J. S.

None, and ſo great, were alike ſtrange,
I had my thoughts, but not your ways;
All are not born (Sir) to the Bays;
Alas! *Tom*, I am fleſh and blood,
And was conſulting how I could
In ſpite of masks and hoods deſcry
The parts deny'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all ſhe wore,
And had ſhe walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her firſt ſtate had not been
More naked, or more plainly ſeen.

Thom.

'Twas well for thee ſhe left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But had'ſt thou viewed her legg and thigh,
And upon that diſcovery
Search't after parts that are more dear
(As Fancy ſeldom ſtops ſo near)
No time or age had ever ſeen
So loſt a thing as thou hadſt been.

To Mr. Davenant *for Abſence.*

WOnder not if I ſtay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded Deer)
Muſt ſhift the place; for ſtanding ſtill
Leaves ſo much time to know our ill:
Where there is a Traytor eye
That lets in from th' enemy.

All that may ſupplant an heart,
'Tis time the Chief ſhould uſe ſome Art.
Who parts the object from the ſence,
Wiſely cuts off intelligence.
Oh how quickly men muſt dye,
Should they ſtand all Loves Battery!
Perſindaes eyes great miſchief do,
So do we know the Cannon too;
But men are ſafe at diſtance ſtill,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill.
Love is a fit, and ſoon is paſt,
Ill dyet only makes it laſt;
Who is ſtill looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i'th very height o'th' Fever.

Againſt Abſence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
Theſe vows of life Monaſtical?
Deſpairs, retirements, jealouſies,
And ſubtile ſealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wiſe, return again,
A finger burnt is as great a pain;
And the ſame Phyſick, ſelf ſame Art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart,
Would'ſt thou whilſt yet the fire is in,
But hold it to the fire again.
If you (Dear Sir) the Plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the ſame houſe lye,
Or carry you abroad to dye?
He whom the plague, or love once takes,
Every Room a Peſt-Houſe makes.

Abſence were good if 't were but ſence
That only holds th' intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love and magick too;
Brings a Miſtreſs a thouſand miles,
And the ſleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the ſame time your Rival here;
And (oh! the Devil) that ſhe ſhould
Say finer things now then ſhe would;
So nobly Fancy doth ſupply
What the dull ſence lets fall and dye.
Beauty like mans old Enemy's known
To tempt him moſt when he's alone:
The ayre of ſome wild o're-grown wood
Or pathleſſe Grove is the Boys food.
Return then back, and feed thine eyes,
Feed all thy ſences, and feaſt high.
Spare Dyet is the cauſe Love laſts,
For Surfets ſooner kill than Faſts.

A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr. VVilliam Shakeſpears, *By the Author.*

1.

ONe of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the Pillow of a lawfull kiſſe,
Which therefore ſwel'd, and ſeem'd to part aſunder,
As angry to be rob'd of ſuch a bliſs:
The one looke pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other bluſht, cauſe it had done the wrong.

2.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white
Lookt like a Dazie in a field of grasse,
* And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight,
There lay this pretty perdue, safe too keep
The rest oth' body that lay fast asleep.

* Thus far *Shakespear.*

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn:
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through, and shew'd it self in scorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her face.

4.

Her arms (which some dull men call'd hair) divided
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport:
But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
Wiselyer downwards sought, but falling short,
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn agen
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THat none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;
For though time be nimble, his motions
are quicker
and thicker
where Love hath his notions:

Hope

Hope is the main ſpring on which moves deſire,
And theſe do the leſs wheels, Fear, Joy, inſpire;
the ballance is thought, evermore
clicking
and ſtriking,
and nee'r giving ore.

Occaſion's the hand which ſtill's moving round,
Till by it the critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will ſtrike
kiſſes,
ſtrange bliſſes,
and what you beſt like.

1.

'Tis now ſince I ſate down before
That fooliſh Fort, a heart;
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a year, and more,
And ſtill I did my part:

2.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no leſſe Art,
My Tongue was Engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whiſpering in the ear.

4.

VVhen this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon-oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the Town,
And ſtill it yielded not.

5.

I then refolv'd to ſtarve the place
By cutting off all kiſſes,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all ſuch little bliſſes.

6.

To draw her out, and from her ſtrength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought my ſelf to lie at length
As if no ſiege had been.

7.

VVhen I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And ſmil'd at all was done.

8.

I ſent to knovv from whence and where,
Theſe hopes, and this relief?
A Spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March, march (quoth I) the word ſtraight give,
Lets loſe no time but leave her;
That Giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

10.

To such a place our Camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her Love
Onely to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord Brohalls *Wedding.*

DIALOGUE.

S. *B.*

S. IN bed dull man,
When *Love* and *Hymns* Revels are begun,
And the Church Ceremonies past and done!

B. Why who's gone mad to day?

S. Dull Heretick, thou wouldst say,
He that is gone to Heaven's gone astray;
Broball our gallant friend
Is gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire:
Who marry differ i'th' end,
Since both do take
The hardest way to what they most desire:
Nor staid he till the formal Priest had done,
But ere that part was finisht, his begun:
Which did reveal
The haste and eagerness men have to seal
That long to tell the mony.
A sprigg of Willow in his hat he wore,
(The lovers badg and liv'ry heretofore)

But now ſo ordered that it might be taken
By lookers on, forſaking as forſaken.
And now and then
A careleſſe ſmile broke forth, which ſpoke his mind,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe might have been more kind.
When this (dear *Jack*) I ſaw,
Thought I
How weak is Lovers Law?
The Bonds made there (like gypſies knots) with eaſe
Are faſt and looſe, as they that hold them pleaſe.

But was the fair Nymphs praiſe or power leſſe
That led him captive now to happineſſe,
'Cauſe ſhe did not a forreign aid deſpiſe,
But enter'd breaches made by others eyes?
The Gods forbid;
There muſt be ſome to ſhoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the Town.
To Hawkes (good *Jack*) and harts
There may
Be ſev'ral waies and Arts;
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame;
Another, when they are ready, ſhews them game.

SIR,

WHether theſe lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt;
(Whether predeſtination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You ſtraight beſtride the Colledg Steed:

Leave

Leave *Scinus* and the Schoolmen,
(Which *Jack Bond* ſwears do but fool men)
And come to Town; 'Tis fit you ſhow
Your ſelf abroad, that men may know
(What e're ſome learned men have gueſt)
That Oracles are not yet ceas't:
There you ſhall find the wit and wine
Flowing alikes and both divine:
Diſhes, with names not known in books,
And leſſe amongſt the Colledg Cooks,
With ſauce ſo pregnant that you need
Not ſtay till hunger bids you feed
The ſweat of learned *Johnſons* brain,
And gentle *Shakeſpear*'s eas'er ſtrain,
A hackney-coach conveys you to,
In ſpite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you ſit
The Lord and Judge of all freſh wit.
News in one day as much w'have here
As ſerves all *Windſor* for a year,
And which the Carrier brings to you,
After't has here been found not true.
Then think what Company's deſign'd
To meet you here, men ſo refin'd;
Their very common talk at boord,
Makes wiſe or mad a yong Court Lord,
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's Fathers company.
Where no diſputes nor forc't defence
Of a mans perſon for his ſence
Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
Maſters of truth, as victory:
And where you come, I'de boldly ſwear
A Synod might as eas'ly erre.

Against Fruition.

FYe upon hearts that burn with mutual fire.
I hate two minds that breath but one desire:
VVere I to curse th' unhallow'd sort of men,
I'de wish them to love, and be lov'd agen.
Lov's a *Camelion* that lives on meer ayre;
And surfets when it comes to grosser fare:
'Tis pitty Jealousies, and little fears,
Hopes joyn'd with doubts, and joyes with *April* tears,
That crowns our Love with pleasures: these are gone
VVhen once we come to full *Fruition*.
Like waking in a morning, when all night
Our Fancy hath been fed with true delight.
Oh! what a stroke 'twould be! Sure I should die,
Should I but hear my mistress once say, I.
That Monster expectation feeds too high
For any VVoman e're to satisfie:
And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
VVhich in Down-beds with ease he could come at,
Shee's but an honest whore that yields, although
She be as cold as ice, as pure as snow:
He that enjoys her hath no more to say,
But keep us fasting if youl' have us pray.
Then fairest Mistress, hold the power you have,
But still deny ing what we still do crave:
In keeping us in hopes strange things to see
That never were, nor are, nor e're shall be.

A BALLADE:

Vpon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things without compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground.
Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At Charing-Croſs hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs:
And there did I ſee comming down
Such folk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in Pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, one Peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bleſſe him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-Park, without all doubt
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th' Town.
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juice.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter-day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice
But ſhe would not, ſhe was nice,
ſhe would not do't in ſight;
And then ſhe lookt as who ſhould ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)

For

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne Pear,
(The ſide that's next the Sun)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next the chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly.)
But (*Dic*) her eyes ſo guard her face;
I durſt no more upon them gaze
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been;
(She lookt that day ſo purely,)
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey;
Each ſerving man with diſh in hand.
Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
Preſented, and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

The busʻneſſe of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd:
Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) beſides the Bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The Bridges came thick and thick:
And when 'twas namʻd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth,
(And who could help it *Dick?*)

On the ſodain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſſe:
Thus ſeveral waies the time did paſs,
Till ev'ry Woman wiſht her place,
And ev'ry Man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide
To counſel and undreſſe the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good Boy! with all my heart.

But juſt as heavens would have to croſſe it,
In came the Bridemaids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;

For

For had he left the Women to't
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candles out and out,
All that they had not done, they do't;
What that is who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY dearest Rival, least our Love
Should with excentrique motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
Wee'l teach and set it in a way,
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we would do
If we had what our higher flame,
Or else our vainer wish could frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And Love shall onely have his scope
To joyn with Fancy now and then,
And think what reason would condemn:
And on these grounds wee'l love as true,
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chastly for these things wee'l stay,
As if to morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In Loves burdens bear their parts:
Thou first shall sigh, and say shee's fair;
And I'le still answer, past compare.

Thou

Thou ſhalt ſet out each part o'th face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou ſhalt be raviſh't at her wit;
And I, that ſhe ſo governs it:
Thou ſhalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that Majeſty;
And in good language them adore;
While I want words and do it more.
Yea we will ſit and ſigh a while,
And with ſoft thoughts ſome time beguile;
But ſtraight again break out and praiſe
All we had done before new-waies.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath,
And then whoſe fate ſhall be to dy
Firſt of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his ſtore bequeath, and give
His love to him that ſhall ſurvive;
For no one ſtock can ever ſerve
To love ſo much as ſhe'l deſerve.

Song.

Song.

1.

HOneſt Lover whatſoever,
If in all thy Love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame.
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again and love anew.

2.

If when ſhe appears i'th' room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb,
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

3.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thy ſelf that jeaſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin, and love anew.

4.

If when thou appeareſt to be within,
Thou lett'ſt not men ask and ask again;
And when thou anſwereſt, if it be
To what was askt thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

5.

If when thy ſtomack calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not fingers 'ſteed of meat,
And with much gazing on her face,
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

6.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to live anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

Upon two Sisters.

BEleev't young Man, I can as eas'ly tell
How many yards and inches 'tis to hell;
Unriddle all predestination,
Or the nice points we now dispute upon.
Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,

It had not been so easily decided,
And sure the apple must have been divided:
It must, it must; hee's impudent dares say
Which is the handsomer till ones away.
And it was necessary it should be so;
Wise nature did foresee it, and did know
When she had fram'd the Eldest, that each heart
Must at the first sight feel the blind god's dart:
And sure as can be, had she made but one,
No plague had been more sure destruction;
For we had lik't, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
In half the time that we are chusing now:
Variety and equal objects make
The busie eye still doubtful which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The others body, gesture, or her grace:
And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He sure is happy'st that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

NOw we have taught our Love to know
That it muſt creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live.
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiſſe t' enquire
What fuel ſhould maintain this fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
Firſt then (my half but better heart)
Know this muſt wholly be her part;
(For thou and I, like Clocks are wound
Up to the height, and muſt move round)
She then by ſtill denying what
We fondly crave, ſhall ſuch a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kiſſe
Shall come to be the utmoſt bliſſe.
Where ſparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Thoſe ſparks meer fire will ſtill engender:
To make this good, no debt ſhall be
From ſervice or fidelity;
For ſhe ſhall ever pay that ſcore,
By only bidding us do more:
So (though ſhe ſtill a niggard be)
In graceing, where none's due, ſhee's free:
The favors ſhe ſhall caſt on us,
(Leaſt we ſhould grow preſumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be ſhown,
Nor yet the common way ſtill done;
But ev'ry ſmile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:

The

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that ſhe
Would ſhould be kept by thee or me,
Should not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's when there's any;
So that her ſelf ſhould doubtful be
Whether 'twere fortune flung't or ſhe.
She ſhall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet ſhall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, ſhe would extol:
Love ſhe ſhall feed, but fear to nouriſh,
For where fear is, love cannot flouriſh;
Yet live it muſt, nay muſt and ſhall,
While *Deſdemona* is at all:
But when ſhee's gone, then Love ſhall die,
And in her grave buried lie.

Farewell to Love.

1.

WEll ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he that now hates more
Then e're he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

3.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a Mark't place,
Doe's run a pace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up doe's ſnatch:

4.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſence and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit

5.

Oh! how I glory now! that I
Have made this new diſcovery!
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before; no more
Will I increaſe that ſcore.

6.

If I gaze now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper skin;
The gazers Joy and ſin.

7.

The Gum and gliſt'ning which with art
And ſtudi'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks (juſt) as if, that day
Snails there had crawl'd the *Hay*.

The

x Ode. Donne's Epithalamion
page 113.

8

The Locks, that curl'd o're each ear be,
Hang like two Maſter-worms to me,
That (as we ſee)
Have taſted to the reſt
Two holes, where they lik't beſt:

9.

A quick courſe me think I ſpy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me:
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be:
And here I ſee,
How I have lov'd before,
And ſo I love no more.

FINIS.

LETTERS

To Divers

EMINENT PERSONAGES:

VVritten on ſeveral Occaſions,

By

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

Printed by his own Copy.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Prince's Arms
in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

FOrtune and love have ever been so incompatible, that it is no wonder (Madam) if having had so much of the one for you, I have ever found so little of the other for my self; Comming to the Town (and having rid as if I had brought intelligence of a new landed Enemy to the State.) I find you gone the day before, and with you (Madam) all that is considerable upon the place; for though you have left behind you, faces whose beauties might well excuse perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, since to the making that no sin, Loves Casuists have most rationally resolved, that she for whom we forsake, ought to be handsomer than the forsaken, which would be here impossible: So that now a gallerie hung with *Titians* or *Vandikes* hand, and a Chamber filled with living excellence, are the same things to me; and the use that I shall make of that Sex now, will be no other than that which the wiser sort of Catholicks do of pictures; at the highest, they but serve to raise my devotion to you: Should a great beauty now resolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her eyes, it would be as vain as for a

Thief

Thief to ſet upon a new robd paſſenger; You (Madam) have my heart already, nor can you uſe it unkindly but with ſome injuſtice, ſince (beſides that it left a good ſervice to wait on you) it was never known to ſtay ſo long, or ſo willingly before with any; After all, the wages will not be high; for it hath been brought up under Platonicks, and knows no other way of being paid for ſervice, then by being commanded more; which truth when you doubt, you have it but to ſend to its maſter and

Your humble Servant,
F. S.

A Diſſwaſion from Love.

Jack,

THough your diſeaſe be in the number of thoſe that are better cured with time then precept, yet ſince it is lawful for every man to practiſe upon them that are forſaken and given over (which I take to be your State) I will adventure to preſcribe to you; and of the innocence of the Phyſick you ſhall not need to doubt, ſince I can aſſure you I take it dayly my ſelf.

To begin Methodically, I ſhould enjoyn you Travel; for Abſence doth in a kind remove the cauſe (removing the object) and anſwers the Phyſitians firſt Recipez, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harſh, and indeed not agree-

ing

ing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can, for (besides that the rarity of visits endears them) this may bring you to surprise her, and to discover little defects, which though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualifie the fury of the Feaver: As near as you can let it be unseasonably, when she is in sickness, and disorder; for that will let you know she is mortal, and a Woman, and the last would be enough to a wise man: If you could draw her to discourse o' things she understands not, it would not be amisse.

Contrive your self often into the Company of the cryed up beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you speak or write that stile; variety will breed distraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humor.

I would not have you deny your self the little things (for these agents are easier cured with Surfets than abstinence) rather (if you can) taste all: for that (as an old Author saith) will let you see

That the thing for which we woos,
Is not worth so much ado,

But since that here would be impossible, you must be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I must tell you (*Jack*) that Mistresse and Woman differ no otherwise than Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which though a man loves never so well, yet if he surfet of the last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish humour

Jack

(*Jack*) of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humors are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your Rival still; that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; And preserve your freindship with her woman; for who knows but she may help you to the remedy?

A jolly glasse and right Company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is resolved stronger than Wine, yet whether it will be so or not when wit is joyned to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying (as our friend the late Ambassador hath wittily observed) would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the soals of the feet, a last remedy, and (to say truth) worse than the disease.

But (*Jack*) I remember I promised you a letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you should be just, and as I have shewed you how to get out of love, so you (according to our bargain) should teach me how to get into it; I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistris *Howard*; but for that I must tell you aforehand, that it is love as in Antipathy; the Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorset* go from the Table, another man will eat up. And (*Jack*) if you would make a visit to *Bedlam*, you shall find, that

that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough (*Madam*) I have ever hitherto beleeved play to be a thing in it self as meerly indifferent as Religion to a States man, or love made in a privy-chamber; yet hearing you have resolved it otherwise for me, my faith shall alter without becomming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it should do so; so great and just a Soveraignty is that your reason hath above all others, that mine must be a Rebel to it self, should it not obey thus easily; and indeed all the infallibility of judgment we poor Protestants have, is at this time wholly in your hands.

The losse of a Mistris (which kills men onely in Romances, and is still digested with the first meat we eat after it) had yet in me raised up so much passion, and so just a quarrel (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the first occasion: yet (*Maddam*) has it not made me so desperate but that I can sit down a loser both of that time and mony too, when there shall be the least fear of losing you.

And now, since I know your Ladyship is too wise to suppose to your self impossibilities, and therefore cannot think of such a thing, as of making me absolutely good, it will not be without some

some impatience that I shall attend to know what sin you will be pleased to assign me in the room of this: something that has lesse danger about it (I conceive it would be) and therefore if you please (*Madam*) let it not be women: for to say truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet relish, otherwise then men do that on which they surfeited last.

Your humblest Servant,

J. S.

Madam,

BEfore this instant I did not believe *Warwick-shire* the other World, or that *Milcot* walks had been the blessed shades. At my arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dead, and have had joy given me as preposterously and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. *If I* should now die in earnest, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharged the Rites of Funeral sorrow before hand. Nor do *I* take it ill, that report which made *Richard* the second alive so often after he was dead, should kill me as often when *I* am alive; The advantage is on my side: The only quarrel *I* have, is that they have made use of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me; and without all question the first Christians under the great persecutions suffered not in 500 years, so many several ways as *I* have done in six days in this lewd Town. This (*Madam*) may seem strange unto you now,

now, who know the Company I was in; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory World, it had been a way they had never thought on; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing the names) would better have become my Gravestone, then any other my friends the Poets would have found out for me.

Epitaph.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left Pappe,
The Orifice of which was so
Small, no Chirurgion could
Discover it,
Reader,
If thou wouldst avoid so strange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *eyes.*

Now all this discourse of dying (*Madam*) is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from *London*, especially in a place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be perswaded; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new Braveries, or fresh Wit, Revels (*Madam*) Masks that are to be, have any Rhetorique about them, here they are I assure you in perfection; without asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas or the assent of———— I write not this that you should think I value these pleasures above those of *Milcot*: For I must here protest, I

preferre the ſingle Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them : and were there no more belonging to a journey then riding ſo many miles (would my affairs conſpire with my deſires) your Ladyſhip ſhould not find there at the bottom of a Letter,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age in which the Widdows wear Coulors, and in a Country where the Women that loſe their Husbands may be truſted with poiſon, knives, and all the burning coals in *Europe*, notwithſtanding the preſident of *Sophoniba* and *Portia :* Conſidering the eſtate you are in now, I ſhould reaſonably imagine meaner Phyſitians then *Seneca* or *Cicero* might adminiſter comfort. It is ſo far from me to imagine this accident ſhould ſurprize you, that in my opinion it ſhould not make you wonder; it being not ſtrange at all that a man who hath lived ill all his time in a houſe, ſhould break a Window, or ſteal away in the night through an unuſual Poſtern : you are now free; and what matter is it to a Priſoner whether the fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not ? If inſtead of putting off handſomly the chain of Matrimony, he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his own charge, nor ſhould it coſt you a tear; nothing (*Madam*) has worſe Mine than

than counterfeit ſorrow, and you muſt have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear other, eſpecially when the Spectatours ſhall conſider all the ſtory.

The ſword that is placed betwixt a contracted Princeſſe and an Ambaſſadour, was as much a Huſband; and the only difference was, that that ſword laid in the bed, allowed one to ſupply its place; this Husband denied all, like a falſe crow ſet up in a Garden, which keeps others from the fruit it cannot taſte it ſelf: I would not have you ſo much as enquire whether it were with his garters or his Cloakbag ſtrings, nor engage your ſelf to freſh ſighes by hearing new relations.

The Spaniſh Princeſſe *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the laſt Age) was wiſes who hearing a Poſt was ſent to tell her Husband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpoſe, ſent to ſtay the Poſt till the arrival of the Secretary, that ſhe might not be obliged to ſhed tears twice. Of ill things the leſſe we know, the better. Curioſity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold ſhould enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pull'd off his Spurs firſt or not.

I muſt confeſs it is a juſt ſubject for our ſorrow to hear of any that does quit his ſtation without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has, 'twas *a-la-Romanſci*, as you may ſee by a line of Mr. *Shakeſpears*, who bringing in *Tritinius* after a loſt battel, ſpeaking to

his ſword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds

By your leave Gods, 'tis a Romans part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag ſtrings were not then ſo much in faſhion; but to thoſe that are not Sword-men, the way is not ſo deſpicable; and for mine own part, I aſſure you Chriſtianity highly governs me in the minute in which I do not wiſh with all my heart, that all the diſcontents in his Majeſties three Kingdoms would find out this very way of ſatisfying themſelves and the world.

F. S.

Sir,

SInce the ſetling of your Family would certainly much conduce to the ſetling of your mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes, that my affairs deny me the content I ſhould take to ſerve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I ſuppoſe) to advance or confirm you in thoſe good reſolutions I left you in, being confident your own reaſon hath been ſo juſt to you, as long before this to have repreſented a neceſſity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking a handſom revenge upon your ſelf for the injuries you would have done your ſelf.

Change I confeſſe (to them that think all at once) muſt needs be ſtrange, and to you hatefull, whom firſt your own nature, and then cuſtome

another

another nature, have brought to delight in thoſe narrow and uncouth ways we found you in. You muſt therefore conſider that you have entred into one of thoſe near conjunctions of which death is the only honourable divorce; and that you have now to pleaſe another as well as your ſelf; who though ſhe be a Woman, and by the patent ſhe hath from nature, hath liberty to do ſimply; yet can ſhe be never ſo ſtrongly bribed againſt her ſelf, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your ſake reſolve to live miſerably. Examples of ſuch loving folly our times afford but few; and in thoſe there are, you ſhall find the ſtock of Love to have been greater, and their ſtrengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman (beſides the trouble) has ever been though a Rent-charge, and though through the vain curioſity of man it has often been incloſed, yet has it ſeldome been brought to improve or become profitable; It faring with married men for the moſt part, as with thoſe that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elſewhere then in their own Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, ſickneſs, or the melancholy you ſhall give her, ſhall bring, muſt all be made up at your coſt: for that thing a husband is but Tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the next that ſhall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon

her wings; and if ſhe be handſome, ſhe is the more ſubject to go out at check; Faulkners that can but ſeldom ſpring right game, ſhould ſtill have ſomething about them to take them down with. The Lure to which all ſtoop in this world, is either garniſht with profit or pleaſure, and when you cannot throw her the one, you muſt be content to ſhew out the other. This I ſpeak not out of a deſire to increaſe your fears which are already but too many, but out of a hope that when you know the worſt you will at once leap into the River, and ſwim through handſomly, and not (weather-beaten with the divers blaſts of irreſolution) ſtand ſhivering upon the brink.

Doubts and fears are of all the ſharpeſt paſſions, and are ſtill turning diſtempers to diſeaſes; through theſe falſe Opticks 'tis, all that you ſee is like evening ſhadows, diſproportionable to the truth, and ſtrangely longer then the true ſubſtance: Theſe (when a handſome way of living and expence ſuitable to your Fortune is repreſented to you) makes you in their ſtead ſee want and beggery; thruſting upon your judgement impoſſibilities for likelyhoods, which they with eaſe may do (ſince as *Solomon* ſaith) they betray the ſuccors that reaſon offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diverſified folly, and that the little things we laugh at Children for, we do but act our ſelves in great; yet is there difference of Lunacy; and of the two, I had much rather be mad with him, that (when he had

nothing)

nothing) thought all the ſhips that came into the Haven his; Than with you, who (when you have ſo much coming in) think you have nothing; This fear of loſing all in you, is the ill iſſue of a worſe Parent, deſire of getting in you; So that if you would not be paſſion-rent, you muſt ceaſe to be covetous: Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Devil, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treaſures kept by ill Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of theſe golden Apples, of neceſſity muſt be kept thoſe never ſleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealouſie, Diſtruſt, and the like; ſo that you are come to moralize *Æſop*, and his fables of beaſts are become prophecies of you; for while you have catcht at the ſhadow, uncertain riches; you have loſt the ſubſtance, true content.

The deſire I have ye ſhould be yet your ſelf, and that your friends ſhould have occaſion to bleſſe the providence of misfortune, has made me take the boldneſs to give you your own Character; and to ſhew you your ſelf out of your own glaſſe: And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is ſome part of a cure to have ſearcht the wound. And for this time we muſt be content to do like Travellers, who firſt find out the place, and then the neareſt way.

My noble Lord,

YOur humble Servant had the honor to receive from your hand a Letter, and had the grace upon the ſight of it to bluſh. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever ſince been upon a March, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood than Ink: and of all things, Sheets have been the hardeſt to come by, ſpecially thoſe of Paper. If theſe few lines ſhall have the happineſs to kiſs your hand, they can aſſure that he that ſent them knows none to whom he ows more obligation then to your Lordſhip, and to whom he would more willingly pay it: and that it muſt be no leſs than neceſſity it ſelf that can hinder him from often preſenting it. *Germany* hath no whit altered me, I am ſtill the humble ſervant of my Lord [ ]that I was, and when I ceaſe to be ſo, I muſt ceaſe to be *John Suckling.*

SInce you can breathe no one deſire that was not mine before it was yours,———or full as ſoon, (for hearts united never knew divided wiſhes) I muſt chide you (dear Princeſſe) not thank you, for your Preſent: and (if at leaſt I know how) be angry with you for ſending him a bluſh, who needs muſt bluſh becauſe you ſent him one. If you are conſcious of much, what am I then? who

guilty

guilty am of all you can pretend to, and ſomething more ——unworthineſs. But why ſhould you at all (Heart of my heart) diſturb the happineſſe you have ſo newly given me? or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on ſuch a diet? *If I have granted your requeſt* ———Oh! —— Why will you ever ſay that you have ſtudied me, and give ſo great an inſtance to the contrary? that wretched *If*——ſpeaks as if I would refuſe what you deſire, or could: both which are equally impoſſible. My dear Princeſſe, there needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already; nor muſt you ever ask any where, but of your fair ſelf, for any thing that ſhall concern,

Your humble Servant.

My deareſt Princeſs,

BUt that I know I love you more than ever any did any, and that yet I hate my ſelf becauſe I can love you no more, I ſhould now moſt unſatisfied diſpatch away this meſſenger.

The little that I can write to what I would, makes me think Writing a dull Commerce, and then—how can I chuſe but wiſh my ſelf with you——to ſay the reſt. My Dear Dear, think what merit, vertue, beauty, what and how far *Aglaura* with all her charmes can oblige, and ſo far and ſomething more I am

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Friend to dissuade him from marrying a Widow *which he formerly had been in Love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when no hot Planet fires the blood, and when the *Lunaticks* of *Bedlam* themselves are trusted abroad; that you should run mad, is (*Sir*) not so much a subject for your friends *pitty*, as their *wonder*. 'Tis true, *Love* is a *natural distemper*, a kind of *Small-Pox*: Every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

Thus far you are excused; But having been well cured of a *Fever*, to court a *Relapse*, to make *Love* the *second* time in the *same Place*, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worse then to fall into a *Quagmire* by *chance*, and ride into it after-

An Answer to the Letter.

CEase to *wonder* (honest *Jack*) and give me leave to *pitty thee*, who labourest to condemn that which thou confessest *natural*, and the *sooner had*, the *better*.

Thus far there needs no *excuse*, unless it be on *thy* behalf, who stilest *second thoughts* (which are by all allowed the *Best*) a *Relapse*, and talkest of a *Quagmire* where no man ever stuck fast, and accusest *constancy* of *mischief* in what is *natural*, *and advisedly undertaken*.

'Tis confest that *Love* changed often doth nothing; nay 'tis nothing for *Love* and *change* are incompatible: but where it is kept fixt to its first object, though it *burn* not, yet it *warms* and

afterwards on *purpose*. 'Tis not *love* (*Tom*) that doth the mischief, but *constancy*, for *Love* is of the nature of a *burning glasse*, which kept still in one place, *fireth*: changed often, it doth *nothing*: a kind of *glowing-Coal*, which with shifting from hand to hand a man easily endures. But then to *marry*! (*Tom*) Why thou hadst better to live *honest*. *Love* thou knowst is *blind*, what will he do when he hath *Fetters* on thinkest thou?

Dost thou know what *marriage* is? 'Tis *curing* of *Love* the *dearest way*, or waking a *loosing Gamester* out of a *winning dream*: and after a long expectation of a strange *banquet*, a presentation of a *homely meal*. Alas! (*Tom*) *Love seeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like some and *cherisheth*, so as it needs no *transplantation*, or change of *soyl* to make it fruitful: and certainly if *Love* be *natural*, to *marry* is the best *Recipe* for living honest.

Yes, I know what *mariage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *dearest way* of *curing Love*: for certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a *Stable full of horses*, then *one* onely *Steed*: and much of vanity is therein besides: when, be the errand what it will, this *one Steed* shall serve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could serve your *Steed* so!

Marriage turns pleasing *Dreams* to ravishing *Realities* which out-do what *Fancy* or *expectation* can frame unto themselves.

That *Love* doth *seed* when it runs into *Matrimony*,

ſome *Fruit-trees*, it muſt be tranſplanted if thou wouldſt have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance haſt vowd all that can be vowed to any *one face*, and thinkeſt thou haſt left nothing unſaid to it: do but make *love* to *another*, and if thou art not ſuddenly furniſht with *new-language*, and *freſh oathes*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe then ever he did any of his train.

After all this, to mary a *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd-meat*! What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not eat of a diſh till another man hath cut of it: who would waſh after another, when he might have freſh water enough for asking?

Life is ſometimes a long-journey: to be tyed *mony*, is undoubted *truth*; how elſe ſhould it *increaſe* and *multiply*, which is its greateſt *bleſſing*.

'Tis not the want of *Love*, nor *Cupids* fault, if every day afford not *new-language*, and *new wayes* of expreſſing affection: it rather may be cauſed through an *exceſſe* of *joy*, which oftentimes ſtrikes *dumb*.

Theſe things conſidered I will *marry*; nay, and to prove the ſecond *Paradox* falſe, I'll marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, then *thing chew'd*. How ſtrangely fantaſtical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a *ſtrait-boot*, when he may be forthwith furniſh'd with enough that will come on eaſily, and do him as much credit, and better ſervice? *wine* when *firſt-broacht*, drinks not half ſo well as after a while *drawing*. Would you

tyed to ride upon one beast still, and that half-tyr'd too thy hand too! Think upon that (*Tom.*)

Well; If thou must needs marry (as who can tell to what height thou hast sinned?) Let it be a *Maid*, and no *widow*: for as a modern Author hath wittily observed (in this case) 'tis better (if a man must be in Prison) to lie in a private room then in the hole.

you not think him a mad man who whilst he might fair and easily ride on the *beaten-rode-way*, should trouble himself with *breaking up of gaps?* a well-wayed horse will safely convey thee to thy journeys end, when an *unbacks-Filly* may by change give thee a fall: 'Tis *Prince*-like to marry a *Widow*, for 'tis to have a *Taster*.

'Tis true, *life* may prove a *long-journey*; and so believe me it must do. A *very long one* too, before the *Beast* you talk of prove *tyr'd*. Think you upon that (*Jack.*)

Thus, *Jack*, thou seest my well-tane resolution of *marrying*, and that a *widow*, not a *Maid*; to which I am much induced out of what *Pythagoras* saith (in his 2*d. Sect.* *cuniculorum*) that *it is better lying in the hole, then sitting in the Stocks.*

When

WHen I receive your lines (my Dear Princeſs) and find there expreſſions of a Paſſion, though reaſon and my own immerit tell me, it muſt not be for me; yet is the Cozenage ſo pleaſing to me, that I (bribed by my own deſires) believe them ſtill before the other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-Love has ſtaid for ſuch an Object to fix upon, and think how good the ſtars were to me that kept me from quenching thoſe flames (Youth or wilde Love furniſhed me withall) in common and ordinary Waters, and reſerved me a Sacrifice for your eyes; —— While Thought thus ſmiles and ſolaces himſelf within me, cruel Remembrance breaks in upon our retirements, and tells ſo ſo ſad a ſtory, that (truſt me) I forget all that pleaſed Fancy ſaid before, and turns my thoughts to where I left you. Then I conſider that ſtorms neither know Courtſhip, nor Pity, and that thoſe rude blaſts will often make you a Priſoner this Winter, if they do no worſe.

While I here enjoy freſh diverſion, you make the Sufferings more, by having leiſure to conſider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them, but by often conſidering that they are not ſo: for the thought that I cannot be with you to bear my ſhare, is more intollerable to me, then if I had borne

more

more——————————————but I was onely borne to number houres, and not enjoy them——————————yet can I never think my self unfortunate, while I can write my self,

Aglaura,

Her humble Servant.

WHen I consider (my Dear Princesse) that I have no other pretence to your favours, then that which all men have to the Original of Beauty, Light: which we enjoy not that 'tis the inheritance of our eyes, but because things most excellent cannot restrain themselves, but are ours, as they are diffusively good; Then do I find the justnesse of your quarrel, and cannot but blush to think what I do owe, but much more to think what I do pay, Since I have made the Principal so great, by sending in so little Interest——————————————————When you have received this humble confession, you will not I hope, conceive me one that would (though upon your bidding) enjoy my self, while there is such a thing in the world, as——————————

Aglaura——————————

Her humble Servant.

J. S.

So

SO much (*Dear* ——) was I ever yours ſince I had firſt the honor to know you, and conſequently ſo little my ſelf ſince I had the unhappineſs to part with you, that you your ſelf (*Dear*) without what I would ſay, cannot but have been ſo juſt as to have imagined the welcom of your own Letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to ſet me on another; from fears and doubts I had about me of your well-fare, to an unquietneſs within my ſelf, till I had deſerved this Intelligence.

How pleaſingly troubleſome Thought and Remembrance have been to me ſince I left you, I am no more able now to expreſſe, then another to have them ſo. You only could make every place you came in worth the thinking of; and I do think thoſe places worthie my thought onlie, becauſe you made them ſo. But I am to leave them, and I ſhall do't the willinger, becauſe the Gameſter ſtill is ſo much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my loſſes: Yet everie place will be alive, ſince everie good object will do the ſame. Varietie of Beautie and of Faces (quick underminers of Conſtancie to others) to me will be but Pillars to ſupport it; ſince when they pleaſe me moſt I moſt ſhall think of you.

In ſpight of all Philoſophie, it will be hotteſt in my Climate, when my Sun is fartheſt off; and in ſpight of all reaſon, I proclaim, that I am not my ſelf but when I am

Yours wholly.

Though

THough desire in those that love be still like too much sail in a storm, and man cannot so easily strike, or take all in when he pleases: Yet (Dearest Princess) be it never so hard, when you shall think it dangerous, I shall not make it difficult; though —— Well; Love is love, and Aire is Aire; and (though you are a miracle your self) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make these two thus different in themselves, one and the self same thing; when you shall, it will be some small furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble Servant.

J. S.

Whoso truly loves the fair *Aglaura*, that he will never know desire, at least not entertain it, that brings not letters of recommendation from her, or first a fair Pasport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kist your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer. Or that now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why should I write then? Why should I not come my self? Those Tyrants, business, honor, and necessity, what have they to do with you and I? Why should we not do Loves

commands before theirs whose Soveraignty is but usurped upon us? Shall we not smell to Roses 'cause others do look on? or gather them, 'cause there are prickles, and something that would hinder us? Dear—I fain would—and know no hindrance——but what must come from you—and——why should any come? since 'tis not I, but you must be sensible how much time we lose, It being long since I was not my self, but •

Yours.

Dear Princess,

FInding the date of your Letter so young, and having an assurance from [ ] who at the same time heard from Mr. [ ] that all our Letters have been delivered at [B] I cannot but imagine some ill mistake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in Welch, man; and though Fear and Suspition look often so far that they oversee the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they seldom do mistake so much. My dearest Princess, I shall long; next hearing you are well, to hear that they are safe: for though I can never be ashamed to be found an Idolater to such a shrine as yours, yet since the world is full of profane eyes, the best way, sure, is to keep all mysteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the best part of devotion. So thinks

My D. D. P.
Your humble Servant.

Since

Since the inferiour Orbs move but by the first, without all question desires and hopes in me are to be govern'd still by you, as they by it. What mean these fears then? Dear Princess.

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the same still; and though wishes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whom they make their motion is, you know, my dear Princess,

Yours, and wholly to be disposed of by you.

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we should now rest, we cannot.

Fair Princess,

IF parting be a sin (as sure it is) what then to part from you? if to extenuate an ill be to increase it, what then now to excuse it by a Letter? That which we would alledge to lessen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our sodain leaving you. Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when Spinning out of time is but the weaving of new sorrow. And thus we thought, yet not being all able to distinguish of our own Acts, the fear we may have sin'd farther then we think of, has made us send to you, to know whether it be Mortal or not.

For the two Excellent Sisters.

THough I conceive you (*Ladies*) so much at leisure that you may read any thing, yet

since the stories of the Town are meerly amorous, and sound nothing but Love, I cannot without betraying my own judgement make them news for *Wales*. Nor can it be lesse improper to transport them to you, then for the King to send my Lord of C. over Ambassador this Winter into *Greenland*.

It would want faith in so cold a Countrey as *Anglesey*, to say that your Cozen Dutchesse, for the quenching of some fooliſh flames about her, has endured quietly the losse of much of the Kings favor, of many of her houses, and of most of her friends.

Whether the disfigurement that Travel or sickness has bestowed upon *B. W.* be thought so great by the Lady of the *Isle*, as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his face has bred a change in her mind ——it never troubles you — Ladies. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new-ones are sprung up in their room; Whether this Lady be too discreet, or that Cavalier not secret enough; are things that concern the inhabitants of *Anglesey* not at all. A fair day is better welcom and more news, then all that can be said in this kind. And for all that *I* know now, the Devils Chimney is on fire; or his pot seething over, and all *North-Wales* not able to stay the furie of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black cloud is sayling from Mistriss *Thomasses* bleak Mountains over to *Baron-Hill*, there to disgorge it self with what the Sea or worse places fed it with before.

It

It may be the honeſt banks about you turn bankrupt too, and break; and the Sea like an angry Creditor ſeizes upon all, and hath no pitty, becauſe he has been put off ſo long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impoſſible) ſome boyſterous wind flings up the Hangings; and thinking to do as much to your cloths, finds a reſiſtance, and ſo departs, but firſt breaks all the windows about the houſe for it in revenge.

Theſe things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great news to men that ſit in Boxes at *Black Fryers*, as the affairs of love to Flannel-VVeavers.

For my own part, *I* think *I* have made a great complement, when *I* have wiſhed my ſelf with you, and more than *I* dare make good in VVinter: and yet there is none would venture farther for ſuch a happineſs than

Your humble Servant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water drinkers, greeting,

WHereas by your Ambaſſador two dayes ſince ſent unto us, we underſtand that you have lately had a plot to ſurprize (or to ſpeak more properly) to take the waters; and in it have not onely a little miſcarryed, but alſo met with ſuch difficulties, that unleſs you be ſpeedily relieved, you are like to ſuffer in the adventure; VVe as well out of pitty to you, as out of care to our State and Common-wealth (knowing that VVomen have ever been held neceſſary, and that

nothing reliſheth ſo well after Wine) have ſo far taken it into our conſideration, that we have neglected no means ſince we heard of it firſt, that might be for your contents, or the good of the cauſe; and therefore to that purpoſe we have had divers meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge*-foot, and now at length have reſolv'd to diſpatch to you one of our Cabinet-Council, Colonel *Young*, with ſome ſlight Forces of Canary, and ſome few of Sherry, which no doubt will ſtand you in good ſtead, if they do not mutiny and grow too head-ſtrong for their Commander; him Captain *Puffe* of *Barton* ſhall follow with all expedition, with two or thre Regiments of *Claret*; Monſieur de *Granville*, commonly called Lieutenant *Strutt*, ſhall lead up the Reer of Rheniſh and White. Theſe ſuccors thus timely ſent, we are confident will be ſufficient to hold the Enemy in Play; and till we hear from you again, we ſhall not think of a freſh ſupply: For the Waters (though perchance they have driven you into ſome extremities, and divers time forc't their paſſages through ſome of your beſt guarded places) yet have they, if our Intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worſt of it ſtill, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear,
this fourth of July.

SInce Joy (the thing we all ſo Court) is but our Hopes ſtript of our fears, pardon me if I be ſtill preſſing

preſſing at it, and like thoſe that are curious to know their fortunes aforehand, deſire to be ſatisfied, though it diſpleaſes me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-ſight as the t'other wanted Eye-ſight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much ſwell a Letter: if they ſhall not pleaſe you, 'tis but freſh Subject ſtill for Repentance, nor ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my own ſtars. To ſwear new oaths from this place, were but to weaken the credit of thoſe I have ſworn in another: if Heaven be to forgive you now for not believing of them then, (as ſure as it was a ſin) Heaven forgive me now for ſwearing of them then (for that was double ſin.) More then I am I cannot be, nor liſt,

Yours, F. S.

I am not ſo ill a Proteſtant as to believe in merit; yet if you pleaſe to give anſwer under your own hand, ſuch as I ſhall for ever rely upon, if I have not deſerv'd it already, it is not impoſſible but I may.

To a Couſin (who ſtill loved young Girles, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them, and fell in love with freſh) at his Fathers requeſt, who deſired he might be perſwaded out of the humour, and marry.

Honeſt Charles,

WEre there not Fools enow before in the Common-wealth of Lovers, but that thou

thou must bring up a new Sect? why delighted with the first knots of roses, and when they come to blow (can satisfie the sence, and do the end of their Creation) dost not care for them? Is there nothing in this foolish transitory world that thou canst find out to set thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt pies, and is but preparing it self loam, and a green sickness? Seriously (*Charles*) and without ceremony 'tis very foolish, and to love widdows is as tolerable an humor, and as justifiable as thine —— for beasts that have been ridd off their leggs are as much for a mans use, as Colts that are un-way'd, and will not go at all: —— Why the Devil such young things? before these understand what thou wouldst have, others would have granted. Thou dost not marry them neither, nor any thing else. 'Sfoot it is the story of the Jack-an-apes and the Partridges; thou staiest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and staiest after that till it is gone too. Never considering that it is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides; while thou contemplat'st the comming-in-tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that thy youth goes out at the same time: After all this too, She thou now art cast upon will have much adoe to avoid being ugly. Pox on't; Men will say thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inne. Well! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could find it out. Women are like Melons: too green,

or

or too ripe, are worth nothing; you must try till you find a right one. Taste all, but hearke you—(*Charles*) you shall not need to eat of all, for one is sufficient for a surfeit: *Your most humble Servant.*

I should have perswaded you to marriage, but to deal ingeniously, I am a little out of arguments that way at this present; 'Tis honorable, there's no question on't; but what more, in good faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam,

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my sins did draw from me ever so many sighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet tears in mine eyes left undryed for it; or that melancholly has so deeply seized me, that colds and diseases hereafter shall not need above half their force to destroy me, would be I know superfluous and vain, since so great a goodness as yours, cannot but have out-believed already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loss of your Company, greater than the Imperialists can all this time the losse of all their Companies; and he shall never know you that can think it greater than I, who though I never had neither wisdom nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my judgement ever so much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus he says that dares swear he is

Your most devoted Servant.

Madam,

Madam,

THe diſtruſt I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of reading, has perſwaded me to forbear kiſſing your hands at this diſtance: So, like Women that grow proud, becauſe they are chaſte, I thought I might be negligent, becauſe I was not troubleſom. And were I not ſafe in your goodneſs, I ſhould be (*Madam*) in your judgement, which is too juſt to value little obſervances, or think them neceſſary to the right honoring my Lady.

Your Ladyſhip I make no doubt, will take into conſideration, that ſuperſtition hath ever been fuller of Ceremony than the true worſhip. When it ſhall concern any part of your real ſervice, and I not throw by all reſpects whatſoever to manifeſt my devotion, take what revenge you pleaſe. Undo me *Madam*: Reſume my beſt Place and Title; and let me be no longer

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

BY the ſame reaſon the Antients made no ſacrifice to death, ſhould your Ladyſhip ſend me no Letters; ſince there has been no return on my ſide. But the truth is, the place affords nothing: all our dayes are (as the Women here) alike: and the difference of *Fair*, does rarely ſhew it ſelf; Such great State do Beauty and the Sun keep in

theſe

theſe parts. I keep company with my own Horſes (*Madam*) to avoid that of the men; and by this you may gueſſe how great an Enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whoſe converſation has brought me to ſo fine a diet, that, whereſoever I go, *I* muſt ſtarve: all days are tedious, companies troubleſom, and Books themſelves (Feaſts heretofore) no reliſh in them. Finding you to be the cauſe of all this, Excuſe me (*Madam*) if *I* reſent: and continue peremptory in the reſolution *I* have taken to be

Madam, during life,
Your humbleſt Servant.

Madam,

BUt that *I* know your goodneſſe is not mercinary, and that you receive thanks either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this Letter ſhould be full of them. A ſtrange proud return you may think *I* make you (*Madam*) when *I* tell you, it is not from every body *I* would be thus obliged; and that if *I* thought you did me not theſe favours, becauſe you love me, *I* ſhould not love you becauſe you do mee theſe favours. This is not language for one in affliction, *I* confeſs, and upon whom it may be at this preſent a cloud is breaking; but finding not within my ſelf *I* have deſerv'd that ſtorm, *I* will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, leaſt (*Madam*) you ſhould think *I* take your Favours as Tribute; to my great grief, *I* here declare,

declare, that the ſervices I ſhall be able to render you; will be no longer Preſents, but payments of Debes, ſince I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,

Your moſt humble and faithfull Servant.

My Noble Friend,

THat you have overcome the danger of the Land and of the Sea, is news moſt welcome to us, and with no leſſe joy receiv'd amongſt us than if the King of *Sweden* had the ſecond time overcome *Tilly*, and again paſt the *Mein* and the *Rhine*. Nor do we in this look more upon our ſelves and private intereſts, then on the publick, ſince in your ſafety both were compriſed. And though you had not had about you the affairs and ſecrets of State, yet to have left your own perſon upon the way, had been half to undo our poor Iſland, and the loſſe muſt have been lamented with the tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyond all our fears, and have nothing to take heed on your ſelf, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of ſecurity; and ſuch a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converſe with Northern Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a ſpark in any mans breaſt, where heaven had been firſt ſo mercifull, as to put in a reaſonable ſoul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world; and I cannot name the thing can

give

give me any content, but the thought that you enjoy enough otherwhere: I having ever been since I had the first honor to know you,

Yours more then his own.

My Lord,

TO perswade one that has newly ship-wrackt upon a Coast, to imbarque sodainly for the same place again, or your Lordship to seek that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a solitude, among the disorders and troubles of a Court, were I think a thing the King himself (and Majesty is no ill Orator) would find some difficulty to do. And yet when I consider that great soul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and sending forth nothing, but like the Cloister'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable: If I thought you would not suspect my being serious all this while, for what I should now say, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not entertain you scurvily.

When I consider you look (to me) like— I cannot but think it is as odd a thing, as if I should see *Van Dike* with all his fine Colors and Pensills about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his hands tyed behind him: and your Lordship must excuse me if upon it I be as bold.

The wisest men, and greatest States have made no scruple to make use of brave men whom they had

had laid by with ſome diſgrace: nor have thoſe brave men ſo laid by, made ſcruple, or thought it a diſgrace to ſerve again, when they were called to it afterwards.

Theſe general motives of the State and Common good, I will not ſo much as once offer up to your Lordſhips conſideration, though (as 'tis fit) they have ſtill the upper end: yet like great *Olives*, they rather make a ſhew than provoke Appetite. There are two things which I ſhall not be aſhamed to propound to you, as ends; ſince the greater part of the wiſe men of the World have not been aſhamed to make them theirs: and if any has been found to contemn them, it hath been ſtrongly to be ſuſpected that either they could not eaſily attain to them, or elſe that the readieſt way to attain to them was to contemn them. Theſe two are *Honour* and *Wealth*: and though you ſtand poſſeſt of both of them, yet is the firſt in your hands like a Sword, which, if not through negligence, by miſchance hath taken ruſt; and needs a little clearing; and would it be much handſomer a preſent to poſterity, if you your ſelf in your life time wipe it off.

For your *Eſtate* (which it may be had been more, had it not been ſo much) though it is true that it is ſo far from being contemptible, that it is nobly competent, yet muſt it be content to undergo the ſame fate greater ſtates (Common-wealths themſelves) have been and are ſubject to: which is, when it comes to be divided in it ſelf, not to be conſide-

rable.

rable. Both *Honor* and *Eſtate* are too fair and ſweet *Flowers* to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered without ſome ſcratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in your ſelf to the ſervice of this State; when indeed you have made the only bar you have, by imagining you have one.

I confeſs (though) had *vice* ſo large an Empire in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the times ſo dangerous that to the living well there, wiſe *conduct* were more neceſſary then *vertue* it ſelf; Your Lordſhip would have reaſon (with *Æſops* country-mouſe) to undervalue all change of condition; ſince a quiet mediocrity is ſtill to be preferred before a troubled ſuperfluity: but theſe things are now no more: and if at any time they have threatned that Horizon, like great clouds, either they are fallen of themſelves to the ground, or elſe, upon the appearing of the Sun (ſuch a Prince as ours is) they have vaniſhed, and left behind them clear and fair dayes. To deſcend to parts, envy is ſo leſſen'd, that it is almoſt loſt into vertuous emulation, every mans truſting the Kings judgement ſo far, that he knowes no better meaſure of his own merit, then his reward. The little word behind the back, and undoing whiſper, which like pulling of a ſheat-rope at Sea, ſlackens the ſail, and makes the gallanteſt ſhip ſtand ſtill; that that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I beleeve, now ſo forgot

forgot, or at least so unpractis'd, that those that are the worst, have leisure to grow good, before any will take notice they have been otherwise, or at least divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, that it is as winds are, to clear, and keep places free from corruption; the oppositions being as harmless, as that of the Meeting-tides under the Bridge, whose encounter makes it but more easy for him that is to pass. To be a little pleasant in my instances; The very Women have suffered Reformation, and wear through the whole Court their faces as little disguised now, as an honest mans actions should be; and if there be any have suffered themselves to be gained by their Servants, their ignorance of what they granted may well excuse them from the shame of what they did. So that it is more than possible to be great and good: And we may safely conclude, if there be some that are not so exact, as much as they fall short of it, just so much they have gone from the great Original, God; and from the best Copies of him on Earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude, If those accidents or disasters which make men grow less in the world (as some such, my Lord, have happened to you) were inevitable as death, or, when they were once entered upon us, there were no cure for them; examples of others would satisfie me for yours; but since there have been that have delivered themselves from their ills, either by their good *Fortune*,

or

or *Vertue*, 'twould trouble me that my Friends ſhould not be found in that number, as much as if one ſhould bring me a Catalogue of thoſe that truly honored my Lord of—and I ſhould not find among the firſt

Your humble Servant.

To Mr. Henry German, *in the beginning of* PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sir,

THat it is fit for the King to do ſomething extraordinary at this preſent, is not onely the opinion of the wiſe, but the expectation. Men obſerve him more now then at other times: for Majeſty in an Eccliplſe, like the Sun, draws eyes that would not ſo much as have looked towards it, if it had ſhined out, and appeared like it ſelf. To lie ſtill now, would at the beſt, ſhew but a calmneſſe of mind, not a magnanimity; ſince in matter of government, to think well (at any time, much leſs in a very active) is little better then to dream well; nor he muſt he ſtay to act till his people deſire, becauſe 'tis thought nothing reliſhes elſe: for therefore hath nothing reliſht with them, becauſe the King hath for the moſt part ſtayed till they have deſired; done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for: But, that the King ſhould do, will not be ſo much the queſtion, as what he ſhould do. And certainly, for a King to have right counſel given him, is at all times ſtrange, and at this

preſent impoſſible. His party for the moſt part (I would that were modeſtly ſaid, and it were not all) have ſo much to do for their own preſervation, that they cannot (without breaking a Law in nature) intend anothers. Thoſe that have courage, have not perchance innocence, and ſo dare not ſhew themſelves in the Kings buſineſs; and if they have innocence, they want parts to make themſelves conſiderable; ſo conſequently the things they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much counſel, as they believed the King inclin'd, determine his good by his deſires: which is a kind of ſetting the Sun by the Dial; Intereſt which cannot erre, by paſſions which may.

In going about to ſhew the King a Cure, now a man ſhould firſt plainly ſhew him the diſeaſe. But to Kings, as to ſome kind of Patients, it is not alwayes proper to tell how ill they be: and it is too like a Country clown not to ſhew the way, unleſſe he know from whence, and diſcourſe of things before.

Kings may be miſtaken, and Councellors corrupted; but true Intereſt alone (ſaith *Monſieur de Rohan*) cannot erre. It were not amiſſe then to find out the Intereſt: for ſetting down right Principles before Concluſions, is weighing the ſcales before we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great intereſt of the King is, *Union with his People*, and whoſoever hath told him otherwiſe (as the Scripture ſaith of the Devil) *was a Seducer from the firſt*. If there ever had been any one

one Prince in the whole world that made a felicity in this life, and left fair Fame after death, without the love of his Subjects, there were some color to despise it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People then *Richard* the third, not so much out of fear, as out of wisdom. And, shall the worst of our Kings have striven for that? and shall not the best? (it being an Angelical thing to gain love.)

There are two things in which the People expect to be satisfied; *Religion* and *Justice*: nor can this be done by any little acts, but by Royal and Kingly resolutions.

If any shall think that by dividing the Factions (a good rule at other times) he shall master the rest now, he shall be strangely deceived: for in the beginning of things That would do much, but not when whole Kingdomes are resolv'd. Of those now that lead these Parties, if you could take off the major number, the lesser would govern, and do the same things still: nay, if you could take off all, they would set up one, and follow him.

And of how great consequence it is for the King to resume this right, and be the Author himself, let any body judge: since as *Cumneus* said, those that have the art to please the People, have commonly the power to raise them.

To do things so that there shall remain no jealousie, is very necessary, and is no more than real-

ly reforming', that is, pleasing them. For to do things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love (amongst lovers themselves, where there is easiest faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they desire, but he must do something more: I mean (by doing more doing something of his own, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they see the King doing the same things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehension that he thinks the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences, and takes away suspect for the future, the case will fall out to be no worse then when two duellists enter the Field, where the worsted party (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his Sword given him again (without further hurt after he is in the others power.) But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what may follow: for the people are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the nature of Cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the upper hand) to fetter only Royalty, but perchance (as timorous spirits use) will not think themselves safe while that is at all. And possibly, this is the present state of things.

In this great work (at least to make it appear perfect and lasting to the Kingdom) it is necessary the Queen really joyn; for if she stand aloof, there will still be suspicions: it being a received opinion

in

in the World, that ſhe hath a great Intereſt in the Kings favor and power. And to invite her, ſhe is to conſider with her ſelf, whether ſuch great vertues and Eminent Excellencies (though they be highly admired and valued by thoſe that know her) ought to reſt ſatisfied with ſo narrow a payment as the eſtimation of a few? And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at univerſal honor, and love, then private eſteem and value.

Then, how becoming a work, for the ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs of her Sex, is compoſing of differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whiſper'd abroad, buſies the Kings mind much (if not diſturbs it) in the midſt of theſe great Revolutions, and that is, the preſervation of ſome ſervants, whom he thinks ſomewhat hardly torn from him of late: which is of ſo tender a nature; I ſhall rather propound ſomething about it, then reſolve it.

The firſt *Quare* will be, Whether as things now ſtand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conſervation of the more general ſtill commands and governs the leſſe. As Iron by particular ſympathy ſticks to the loadſtone, but yet if it be joyned with a great body of Iron, it quits thoſe particular affections to the loadſtone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common-Country.

The ſecond will be, Whether, if he could pre-

ſerve thoſe Miniſters, they can be of any uſe to him hereafter? ſince no man is ſerved with a greater prejudice, then he that imployes ſuſpected inſtruments, or not beloved, though able and deſerving in themſelves.

The third is, Whether, to preſerve them, there be any other way then for the King to be firſt right with his people? ſince the rule in Philoſophy muſt ever hold good, *nil dat quod non habet.* Before the King have power to ſave, he muſt have power.

Laſtly, Whether the way to preſerve this power be not to give it away? For the people of *England* have been ever like wantons, which pull and tugg as long as the Princes have pull'd with them, as you may ſee in *Hen.* 3. King *John*, *Edw.* 2. and indeed all the troubleſome and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it go, they come and put into their hands again, that they may play on: as you may ſee in Queen *Elizabeth.*

I will conclude with a prayer (not that I think it needs at this preſent: Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well as to preſerve us from what is) *That the King be neither too inſenſible of what is without him, nor too reſolved from what is within him.* To be ſick of a dangerous ſickneſs, and find no pain, cannot but be with loſs of underſtanding ('Tis an Aphoriſme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other ſide, *Opiniaſtrie* is a ſullen Porter, and (as it was wittily ſaid of Conſtancy) ſhuts out often times Better things then it lets in.

FINIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF RELIGION BY REASON.

A Discourse upon Occasion presented to the Earl of *Dorset*.

By

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING*.

Printed by his own Copy.

Lucret. pag. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard, 1658.

THE EPISTLE.

I *Send you here* (my Lord) *that Diſcourſe enlarged, which frighted the Lady into a cold ſweat, and which had like to have made me an* Atheiſt *at Court; and your Lordſhip no very good Chriſtian. I am not ignorant that the fear of* Socinianiſme *at this time, renders every man that offers to give an account of Religion by Reaſon, ſuſpected to have none at all: yet I have made no ſcruple to run that hazard, not knowing why a man ſhould not uſe the beſt Weapon his Creator hath given him for his defence. That*

Faith

Faith *was by the Apostles both highly exalted, and severely enjoyned, is known to every man, and this upon excellent grounds; for it was both the easiest and best way of converting: the other being tedious, and almost useless: for but few among thousands are capable of it, and those few not capable at all times of their life, Iudgement being required. Yet the best servant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was so far from neglecting or contemning Reason, that his Epistles were admired, even by those that embraced not the truths he delivered. And indeed, had the* Fathers *of the* Church *only bid men* believe, *and not told them* why, *they had slept now un-Sainted in their Graves, and as much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary* Parish-

Priests

Prieſts *of their own Age.*

That man is deceivable, is true, but what part within him is not likelyer then his Reaſon? For as Manilius *ſaid,*

Nam neque dicipitur ratio nec
decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholly entitles us to future happineſſe, ſhould be laid aſide, and not uſed to the acquiring of it?

But by this time (my Lord) *you find how apt thoſe which have nothing to do themſelves, are to give others trouble. I ſhould only therefore let you know that your Commands to my Lord*

of

of Middlesex *are performed; and that when you have fresh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, then by*

Bath, Sept. 2.

Your Humble Servant,

JOHN SUCKLING.

A Diſcourſe by Sir John Suckling *Knight.*

AMong the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reaſonably commands our belief, then thoſe which by *all* men, at *all* times have been aſſented to. In this number and higheſt I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole world had been ſo eager to embrace, that rather then it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there ſhould be a great Diſpoſer and Orderer of things, a wiſe Rewarder and Puniſher of good and evil, hath appeared ſo equitable to men that by inſtinct they have concluded it neceſſary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having ſo far imprinted it in us all, that ſhould the envy of Predeceſſors deny the ſecret to Succeeders, they yet would find it out. Of all thoſe little ladders with which we ſcale Heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that ſeems to me not the worſt, of which man is the firſt ſtep. For but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine own being, ſhould be here, I come to ask the ſame queſtion for my Father, and ſo am led in a direct line to a laſt Producer, that muſt be more then man. For *if man made*

made man. Why died not I when my father died? since according to that *Maxime* of the Philsophers, *the cause taken away, the effect does not remain.* Or if the first man gave himself being, why hath he it not still? Since it were unreasonable to imagine any thing could have power to give it self life, that had no power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not be so much the dispute, as what this *God* is, or how to be worshipped, is that which hath troubled poor mortals from the first, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diversity, that some have almost thought God was no lesse delighted with variety in his service, then he was pleased with it in his works. It would not be amisse to take a survey of the world from its cradle; and with *Varro*, divide it into three ages: the *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*; and the *Historical.*

The first was a black *night*, and discovered *nothing*: the second was a weak and glimmering *light*, representing things imperfectly and falsly: the last (*more clear*) left handsom monuments to posterity. The *unknown* I place in the age before the Flood, for that Deluge swept away things as well as men, and left not so much as footsteps to trace them by: The *fabulous* began after the Flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, and men not knowing where to choose better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *historicall* took beginning: for men began to ingrave in pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joynt consent: for the three great *Epochas* or Terms of Accompt were

all

all eſtabliſhed within the ſpace of 30. years : The *Grecians* reckning from their *Olympiades*: The *Romans* from the building of their City: and the *Babylonians* from their King *Salmonaſſar*. To bring into the ſcale with Chriſtian Religion any thing out of the firſt Age, we cannot; becauſe we know nothing of it.

And the ſecond was ſo *fabulous*, that thoſe which took it up afterwards, ſmil'd at it as ridiculous and falſe (which though was eaſier for them to do than to ſhew a true,) in the *hiſtorical*, it improved, and grew more refined : but here the *Fathers* entred the field, and ſo clearly gained the victory, that I ſhould ſay nothing in it, did I not know it ſtill to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Chriſtians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *perfecter eſtate*, and look upon it in that age which was made glorious by the bringing forth of ſo many admirable ſpirits, and this was about the 80. *Olympiad*, in the year of the world 3480. for in the ſpace of an 100. years, flouriſhed almoſt all that *Greece* could boaſt of, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Architas*, *Iſocrates*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Heraclitus*, *Zenophon*, *Zeno*, *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Demoſthenes*, *Parmenides*, *Zenocrates*, *Theophraſtes*, *Empedocles*, *Tymæus*, with divers others Orators and Poets. Or rather (for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different) let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppoſe the Grecian inſolence) brought forth that happy birth of *Roman* wits:

wits: *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, *Livie*, *Salust*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Vitruvius*, *Ovid*, *Pliny*, *Cato*, *Marcus Brutus*; and this was from *Quintus Servilius* his Consulship to that of *Augustus*, 270 years after the other. And to say truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been professed by Heathens; which I conceive not so much an exprobation to it, as a confirmation; it being no derogating from truth to be warranted by common consent.

First then, the creation of the World is delivered almost the same in the *Phœnician* stories with that in *Moses*; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and *Ovid* the beginning of his *Metamorphosis*. That *All things were made by God*, was held by *Plato*, and others; that *darkness was before light*, by *Thales*; that the *Stars were made by God*, by *Aratus*; that *life was infused into things by the breath of God*, *Virgil*; That *Man was made of dust*, *Hesiod* and *Homer*; that *the first life of man was in simplicity and nakedness*, *the Ægyptians* taught: and from thence the Poets had their *Golden Age*. That *in the first times mens lives lasted a thousand years*, *Berosus*, and others: that *something divine was seen amongst men, till that the greatness of our sins gave them cause to remove*, *Catullus*: and this he that writes the story of *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians of a great Deluge*, almost all. But to the main, they hold *one God*, and though *multiplicity* hath been laid to their charge, yet certainly the clearer spirits understood these petty gods as things, not as Deities; second causes and several vertues of the great power: by *Neptune*, water; *Juno*, air; by *Dispater*, earth; by *Vulcan*, fire,

and

and ſometimes our God ſignified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole world, the whole Heaven; and ſometimes many gods one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno magna*, the earth. They concluded thoſe to be vices which we do; nor was there much difference in their vertues; onely Chriſtians have made ready belief the higheſt, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, and puniſhments for the ill, had their *Elizium*, and their *hell*; and that they thought the pains *eternall* there is evident, in that they beleev'd from thence was no return. They proportion'd ſufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Siſyphus*, and others among which that of Conſcience (the worm that never dies) was one, as in the Vultures gnawing of *Prometheus* heart, and *Virgils* ugliеſt of Furies thundring in *Perithous* ear, was not obſcurely ſhown; and yet neerer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but ſmall, and that there ſhould be a laſt day in which the World ſhould periſh by fire. Laſtly they had their Prieſts, Temples, Altars.

We have ſeen now the *Parallel*; let us enquire whether thoſe things they ſeem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner, and whether the reſt in which we differ, from all the world, we take not up with reaſon. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little ſtealths from *Moſes* works) how much more like a Deity are the actions our ſtories declare our God to have done, then what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellently

elevated are our deſcriptions of him? Theirs looking as if they knew that power only by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: for when he was *Capitolinus*, he appeared with thunder; when *Latiaris*, beſmear'd with blood; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible: We may gheſſe what their conceptions were, by the worſhip they gave him: How full of cruelty were their Sacrifices? it being received almoſt through the whole world, *that gods were pleaſed with the blood of men*; and this cuſtome neither the *Grecian* Wiſdom, nor *Roman* Civility aboliſhed, as appears by ſacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obſcene? and thoſe days which were ſet apart for the honor of the gods, celebrated with ſuch ſhews as *Cato* himſelf was aſhamed to be preſent at. On the contrary, our ſervices are ſuch as not only *Cato*, but God himſelf may be there: we worſhip him that is the pureſt Spirit, in purity of ſpirit; and did we not believe what the Scriptures deliver from himſelf, yet would our reaſon perſwade us that ſuch an Eſſence could not be pleaſed with the blood of beaſts, or delighted with the ſteam of fat; and in this particular, Chriſtians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans; beſides whom there has been no Nation that not ſacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the ſame vertues with them is very true; but who can deny that thoſe vertues have received additions from Chriſtianity, conducing to mens better living together? revenge of injuries

Moſes

Moſes both took himſelf, and allowed by the Law to others; *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle* placed it in Vertues quarter: We extoll patient bearing of injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the World, let the Indifferent judge. Their juſtice only took care that men ſhould not do wrong: ours that they ſhould not think it, the very coveting ſeverely forbidden: and this holds too in chaſtity, deſire of a woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commandment, as their enjoying; which ſhew'd not only the Chriſtians care, but wiſdom to prevent ill, who provided to deſtroy it where it was weakeſt, in the Cradle, and declared, He was no leſſe than a God which gave them theſe Laws; for had he been but man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the hearts of men, and what he could not puniſh, their thoughts. What charity can be produced anſwerable to that of Chriſtians? Look upon the Primitive times, and you ſhall find that (as if the whole world had been but a private Family) they ſent from Province to Province, and from places farr diſtant, to Releeve them they never ſaw nor knew.

Now for the happineſſe which they propoſed: if they take it as the Heathens underſtood it, it was an *Elizium*, a place of bleſſed ſhades, at beſt but a handſome retirement from the troubles of this VVorld: if according to the duller Jewes, Feaſtings and Banquettings; (for it is evident

that the *Sadduces*, who were great obſervers of the Moſaical Law, had but faint thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moſes* books no promiſes but of temporal bleſſings, and (if any) an obſcure mention of eternity. The Mahometans are no leſſe ſenſual, making the renewing of youth, high Feaſts, a Woman with great eyes, and dreſt up with a little more fancy, the laſt and beſt good.

Then the hell; how gentle with the Heathens? but the rowling of a ſtone, filling of a ſieve with water, ſitting before Banquets, and not daring to touch them, exerciſing the trade and buſineſſes they had on earth; with the Mahometans, but a Purgatory acted in the grave, ſome pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and thoſe quallified and mitigated too, by an aſſiſting good one. Now for the Jews, as they had no hopes, ſo they had no fears; if we conſider it rightly, neither their puniſhments were great enough to deterr them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite men to ſtrictneſs of life; for ſince every man is able to make as good a heaven of his own, it were unreaſonable to perſwade him to quit that certain happineſs for an uncertainty: whereas Chriſtians with as much more noble conſideration both in their Heaven and Hell, took care not only for the Body but the Soul, and for both above mans apprehenſion.

The ſtrangeſt, though moſt Epidemical diſeaſe of all Religions, has been an imagination men have had, that the impoſing painfull and difficult things

upon

upon themſelves, was the beſt wayes to appeaſe the Deity, groſly thinking the chief ſervice and delight of the Creator to conſiſt in the tortures and ſufferings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unneceſſary Ceremonies the Jews were, their feaſts, circumciſions, ſacrifices great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, faſt, burials, indeed almoſt all their worſhip, ſufficiently declare: and that the Mahometans are much more infected, appears by the cutting of the *Præpuces*, wearing iron rings in the skin of their Fore-parts, lancing themſelves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the ſight of their Prophets Tombe, and the like. Of theſe laſt we can ſhew no patterns amongſt us: for though there be ſuch a thing as whipping of the Body, yet it is but in ſome parts of Chriſtendom, and there perchance too more ſmil'd at than practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our ſelves: for we believe the God we ſerve, wiſe enough to chuſe his own ſervice, and therefore preſume not to adde to his commands. With the Jews it is true we have ſomething in common, but rather the names than things: Our Faſts being more the medicines of the body, than the puniſhments of it, ſpiritual as our Sabbaths; both good mens delight, not their trouble.

But leaſt this diſcourſe ſhould ſwell into a greatneſs, ſuch as would make it look rather like a defence which I have labour'd to get, than an accompt which I alway carry about me; I will now briefly

examine, whether we beleeve not with reason those things we have different from the rest of the World. First then, for the perswasion of the truth of them in general: let us consider what they were that conveighed them to us: men (of all the world) the most unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, being themselves but simple people, without ends, without designes, seeking neither honor, riches, nor pleasure, but suffering (under the contrary) ignominy, poverty, and misery; enduring death it self, nay courting it: all which are things distastefull to nature, and such as none, but men strangely assured, would have undergone. Had they feigned a story, certainly they would not in it have registred their own faults, nor delivered him whom they propounded as a God ignominously crucified: adde to this the progresse their doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other either before or since: other Religions were brought in with the Sword, Power, forcing a Custom, which by degrees usurp'd the place of truth: this even power it self opposing. For the Romans (contrary to their custom which entertained all Religions kindly) persecuted this: which by its own strength so possessed the hearts of men, that no age, sex or condition refused to lay down life for it. A thing so rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the sole martyr: and the Jews (unless of some few under *Manasses* and *Antiochus*) have not to boast of any. If we cast our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave,

and

and but with a touch or word, we must conclude them done by more than humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; These busie not themselves so much about the good of man: and this Religion not only forbids by precept the worship of wicked spirts, but in fact destroys it whereſoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Christians) that strange things were done, so it is plain they were done without impoſture. Deluſions shun the light; these were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the Master and Disciples daily looking on. But let us descend to those more principal particulars, which so much trouble the curious wits: these I take to be the *Incarnation*, *Paſsion*, *Reſurrection*, and *Trinity*.

For the first, That man should be made without man, why should we wonder more at it in that time of the World, then in the beginning? much easier, certainly, it was here, because nearer the natural way; Women being a more prepared matter then earth. Those great truths, and mysteries of salvation would never have been received without miracles; and where could they more opportunely be shown, then at his Entrance into the World, where they might give credit to his following actions and doctrine? So far it is from being against my reason to think him thus born, that it would be against it to believe him otherwise; it being not fit that the Son of God should be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be assumed by a Deity, the enemy of Christians,

Julian, confirms; and instances (himself) in *Esculapius*, whom he will have descend from Heaven in mortal shape, to teach us here below the Art of Physick. Lastly, that God has liv'd with men, has been the general fancy of all nations; every particular having this tradition, that the Deity at some time or other conversed amongst men. Nor is it contrary to reason to believe him residing in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in man himself the soul is in heaven when it remains in the flesh; for it reacheth with its eye the Sun; why may not God then being in heaven, be at the same time with us in the flesh? since the Soul without the body would be able to do much more than with it, and God much more than the soul, being the soul of the Soul. But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in heaven and all in earth? Observe man speaking (as you have done seeing) Is not the same speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every place: Receives not each particular ear, alike, the whole? and shall not God be much more Ubiquitary than the voice of man? For the *Passion* (to let alone the necessity of satisfying divine Justice this way, which, whosoever reads more particularly our Divines, shall find rationally enforced) we find: the Heathen had something near to this (though, as in the rest, imperfect) for they sacrificed single men for the sins of the whole City or Countrey. *Prophyrius* having laid this foundation, *That the supream happiness of the soul is to see God*, and that it cannot see him unpurified, concludes, That there must

be

be a way for the *cleansing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences serve but to set our wits right in the knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God: the like judgement he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the Mysteries of the Sun; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universal for the benefit of all mankind: in the end resolves that this cannot be done, but by one of the three *In-beginings* which is the word they use to expresse the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinest of the Heathens (and his Master *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpose. *That a truly just man be shewn* (saith he) *it is necessary that he be spoil'd of his Ornaments, so that he must be accounted by others a wicked man, be scoffed at, put in prison, beaten, may be crucified:* and certainly for him that was to appear the highest example of patience, it was necessary to undergo the highest tryal of it, which was an *undeserved death.*

Concerning the *Resurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not so much upon our Lord, as us, it being with easie Reason imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is something more that urges and presses us: for in our estate we promise our selves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement; to what purpose should we have a mouth, belly, or lesse comely parts? it being strange to imagine God to have created man, for a moment

of

of time, a body consisting of particulars, which should be useless to all eternity. Besides, why should we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a trouble, that very wise men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out? To this I should answer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it should share in the rewards or punishments hereafter: and though by reason of sin we blush at it here, yet when that should cease to be, why we should be more ashamed than our first Parents were, or some in the last discover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot understand. Who knows but these unsightly parts shall remain for good use, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect estate here, they shall serve to increase our content and happiness there? What kind of thing a glorified body shall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knows? Nor is it the meanest invitement to me now, to think that my estate there, is above my capacity here. There remains that which does not only quarrel which the likelyhood of a resurrection, but with the possibility; alleadging, that man corrupted into dust, is scattered almost into infinite, or devoured by an irrational creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature perchance is made like food to another: and truly did we doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we should be lost in: but it were hard, when we see every petty Chymick

mick in his little shop bring into one body things of the same kind, though scattered and disordered, that we should not allow the great Maker of all things to do the same in his own University.

There remains only the mystery of the *Trinity*; to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowness of words have no small addition.

St. *Austin* plainly says the word *Person* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Substance*, *Essence*, *Hypostasis*, *Suppositum*, and *Persona*, have caused sharp disputes amongst the Doctors: at length they are contented to let the three first and three last signifie the same thing. By all of them is understood something, *Compleat*, *Perfect*, and *Singular*: in this only they differ, that *Nature*, *Substance*, *Essence* are *communicable ad quid*, and *ut quo* (as they call it) The other are not at all: but enough of this; Those that were the immediate Conveighers of it to us, wrap it not up in any of these terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being grosse to imagine two Omnipotents, for then neither would be so; yet since this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodness cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it must be inordinate; we conclude a Second *Coeternal*, though *Begotten*: nor are these contrary (though they seem to be so) even in created substances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the *Sun* and *Light*. But

in

to these high Mysteries, similitudes may be the best Arguments. In Metaphysicks they tell us, that to the constituting of every thing, there is a *Posse sui esse*, from whence there is a *Sapientia sui esse*, and from these two proceedeth an *Amor sui esse*, and though these three be distinct, yet they may make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly: There is an hidden Original of waters in the earth, from this a spring flows up, and of these proceeds a stream: this is but one essence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our considering of it: the Head of a Spring is not a Head but in respect of the Spring; for if something flow'd not from it, it were no Original; Nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from something, nor the stream a stream but in respect of both: Now all these three are but one Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of Reason needed no more the spectacles of Faith, then for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the Load-stone, or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instance from his own nature: nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant; for this is distant and removed from sence; these near and subject to it; and

it

it were ſtranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and diſtinctly within himſelf, becauſe I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding; then if a Clown ſhould ſay the hand of a Watch did not move, becauſe he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreaſonable, becauſe I do not underſtand it, that it would be unreaſonable I ſhould: For why ſhould a created ſubſtance comprehend an uncreated, A circumſcribed and limited, an uncircumſcribed and unlimited? And this I obſerve in thoſe great Lovers and Lords of Reaſon, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroaſtres*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they ſpoke of this myſterie of the Trinity, of which all writ ſomething, and ſome almoſt as plainly as Chriſtians themſelves, that they diſcuſſed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themſelves, without diſpute.

Thus much of Chriſtian Profeſſion compared with others: I ſhould now ſhew which (compared within it ſelf) ought to be preferred; but this is the work of every pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it ſelf. This excuſe (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppoſe or diſpute againſt, it hath been forced to admit of Civil wars, and ſuffer under its own excellency.

FINIS.

AGLAURA.

Presented at the Private-House

IN

Black Fryers,

By His Majesties Servants.

VVritten by

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

PROLOGVE.

I've thought upon't; and cannot tell which way
Ought I can say now, should advance the Play.
For Plays are either good, or bad; the good,
(If they do beg) beg to be understood.
And in good faith, that has as bold a sound,
As if a Beggar should ask twenty pound.
—— Men have it not about them:
Then (Gentlemen) if rightly understood,
The bad do need less Prologue than the good:
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blind,
'Ill-cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it need must find
Compassion, —— It is a beggar without Art: ——
But it falls out in penny-worths of wit,
As in all bargains else; Men ever get
All they can in; will have London measure,
A handfull over in their very pleasure.
And now ye hav't; he could not well deny' ee,
And I dare swear he's scarce a saver by yee.

Prologue to the Court.

THose common passions, hopes, and fears, that still,
The Poets first, and then the Prologues fill
In this our Age, he that writ this, by me,
Protests against it as modest foolerie.
He thinks it an odd thing to be in pain,
For nothing else, but to be well again.
who writes to fear is so; had he not writ,
You ne're had been the Iudges of his wit;
And when he had, did he but then intend
To please himself, he sure might have his end.
Without th' expence of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thrifty, save your dooms
For the nex man, or the next Play that comes;
For smiles are nothing, where men do not care;
And frowns as little, where they need not fear.

To

THis (Sir) to them, but unto Majesty,
All he has said before, he does deny.
Yet not to Majesty: that were to bring
His fears to be, but for the Queen and King,
Not for your selves; and that he dares not say:
T'are his Soveraigns another way:
Your Souls are Princes, and you have as good
A title that way, as ye have by blood
To govern; and here your power's more great
And absolute then in the Royal Seat.
There men dispute, and but by Law obey;
Here is no Law at all, but what ye say.

Scena Persia.

King, *In love with* Aglaura.
Therſames, *Prince, in love with* Aglaura.
Orbella, *Queen, at firſt Miſtreſs to* Ziriff : *in love with* Ariaſpes.
Ariaſpes, *Brother to the King.*
Ziriff, *Otherwayes* Zorannez *diſguiſed, Captain of the Guard, in love with* Orbella; *brother to* Aglaura.
Jolas, *A Lord of the Councel, ſeeming friend to the Prince, but a Traytor, in love with* Semanthe.
Aglaura, *In love with the* Prince, *but nam'd Miſtreſs to the King.*
Orſames, *A young Lord antiplatonique; friend to the Prince.*
Philan, *The ſame.*
Semanthe, *In love with* Ziriff; *Platonique.*
Orithie, *In love with* Therſames.
Paſithas, *A faithful ſervant.*
Jolinas, Aglaura's *waiting-woman.*
Courtiers.
Huntſmen.
Prieſt.
Guard.

AGLAVRA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter IOLAS, IOLINA.

Iolas, MArried! and in *Diana's* Grove!
Iolin. So was th'appointment, or my Senſe (deceiv'd me;
Iolas, Married!
Now by thoſe powers that tye thoſe pretty knots,
'Tis very fine, good faith 'Tis wondrous fine:
Iolin. What is, Brother?
Iolas, Why? to marry Siſter ----
T'injoy 'twixt lawfull and unlawfull thus
A happineſs, ſteal as 't were his own;
Diana's Grove, ſayeſt thou? ---- *Scratcheth his head.*
Iolin. That's' the place; the hunt once up, and all
Engag'd in the ſport, they mean to leave
The company, and ſteal unto thoſe thickets,
Where there's a Prieſt attends them;
Iolas. And will they lie together, think'ſt thou?
Iolin. Is there diſtinction of ſex think you?
Or fleſh and blood?
Iolas, True; but the King, Siſter!
Iolin. But love, Brother!
Iolas, Thou ſayeſt well;
'Tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine:
Diana's Grove ----

Iolin. Yes, *Diana's* grove,
But Brother, if you should speak of this now, —(so fast:
Iol. Why thou know'st a drowning man holds not a thing
Semanthe! she shuns me too: *Enter* Semanthe, *she sees*
Iolin. The wound festered sure! (Jolas, *and goes in again.*
The hurt the boy gave her when first
She look'd abroad into the world is not yet cur'd.
Iolas. What hurt?
Iolin. Why, know you not
She was in love long since with young *Zorannes*,
(*Aglaura's* brother) and the now Queens betroth'd?
Iolas. Some such slight Tale I've heard. (nam'd
Iolin. Slight? she yet does weep when she but hear's him
And tells the prettiest and the saddest stories
Of all those civil wars, and those Amours,
That trust me both my Lady and my self
Turn weeping Statues still.
Iolas. Pish, 'tis not that.
'Tis *Ziriff* and his fresh glories here
Have rob'd me of her.
Since he thus appear'd in Court,
My love has languish'd worse then Plants in drought.
But time's a good Physician: come, lets in:
The King and Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Serving-men to Ziriff.

1 *Serv.* Yonder's a crowd without as if some strange Sight were to be seen to day here.

2. *Serv.* Two or three with Carbonadoes afore in stead of faces mistook the door for a breach, and at the opening of it, are striving still which should enter first.

3 *Serv.* Is my Lord busie? (*Knocks.*)

Enter Zeriff *as in his Study.*

1. *Serv.* My Lord, there are some Souldiers without——
Zir. Well, I will dispatch them presently
2. *Serv.* Th'Embassadors from the *Cadusians* too——
Zir. Shew them the Gallery.
3. *Serv.* One from the King——

Zir.

Zir. Again? I come, I come. *Exeunt Servingmen.*

Ziriff *solus.*

Greatneſs, thou vainer ſhadow of the Princes beams,
Begot by meer reflection, nouriſh'd in extreams
Firſt taught to creep, and live upon the glance,
Poorely to fare, till thine own proper ſtrength
Bring thee to ſurfet of thy ſelf at laſt:
How dull a Pageant, would this States-play ſeem
To me now, were not my love and my revenge
Mixt with it?
Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymiſts blowing ſtill the coales,
And ſtill expecting when the bleſſed hour
Would come, ſhould make me Maſter of
The Court *Elixar*, Power, for that turns all:
'Tis in projection now; down, ſorrow, down,
And ſwell my heart no more, and thou wrong'd ghoſt
Of my dead father, to thy bed again,
And ſleep ſecurely;
It cannot be long, for ſure *Fate* muſt,
As't has been cruel, ſo a while be juſt. *Exit.*

Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating for Priſoners.

King. I ſay they ſhall not live; our mercy
Would turn ſin, ſhould we but uſe it e're:
Pittie, and Love, the boſſes only be
Of government meerly for ſhow and Ornament.
Fear is the bit that mans proud will reſtrains,
And makes its vice its vertue —— See it done.

Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, *Ladies, the King addreſſes himſelf to* Aglaura.

So early and ſo curious in your dreſs, (fair Miſtreſs?)
Theſe pretty ambuſhes and traps for hearts
Set with ſuch care to day; look like deſign:
Speak Lady, is't a maſſacre reſolv'd?
Is conquering one by one grown tedious ſport?
Or is the number of the taken ſuch,

That for your safety you must kill out right?

Agl. Did none do greater mischief (Sir) than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with sad story,
Nor would the quarrel man has to the Stars
Be kept alive so strongly.

King. When he does leav't,
Woman must take it up, and justly too;
For robbing of the sex and giving all to you.

Agl. Their weaknesses you mean, and I confess Sir,

King. The greatest Subjects of their power or glory.
Such gentle rape thou act'st upon my Soul,
And with such pleasing violence do'st force it still;
That when it should resist, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of haste to be undone,
As if the way to victory were losse,
And conquest came by overthrow.

Enter an Expres's delivering a Packet upon his knee.
The King reads. (*Ladies heads.*

Qu. Pretty! (*The Queen looking upon a flower in one of the*
Is it the child of nature, or of some fair hand?

La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of some faces,
Arts issue only.

King. Therfames,
This concerns you most; brought you her picture?

Exp. Something made up for her in haste I have. (*Presents*

King. If she does owe no part of this fair dower (*the Pi-*
Unto the Painter, she is rich enough. (*ture,*

Agl. A kind of merry sadness in this face
Becomes it much.

King. There is indeed, *Aglaura*,
A pretty sullenness dreit up in smiles,
That says this beauty can both kill, and save.
How like you her *Therfames*?

Ther. As well as any man can do a house
By seeing of the portal; here's but a face,
And faces (Sir) are things I have not studied;
I have my duty, and may boldly swear,

What

What you like best will ever please me most.
King, Spoke like *Therſames*, and my ſon,
Come! the day holds fair,
Let all the Hunt∫-men meet us in the vale,
We will uncouple there. *Exeunt.*

Ariaſpes *ſolus ſtayes behind.*

Ariaſp. How odd a thing a croud is unto me!
Sure nature intended I ſhould be alone,
Had not that old doting man-mid-wife *Time*
Slept, when he ſhould have brought me forth, I had
Been ſo too.--- *Studies and ſcratches his head.*
To be born neer, and only neer a crown.---

Enter Jolas.

Iol. How now my Lord?
What? walking o'th'tops of Pyramids?
Whiſpering your ſelf away
Like a deny'd lover? come' to horſe, to horſe,
And I will ſhew you ſtreight a ſight ſhall please you
More than kind looks from her you dote upon
After a falling out.
Ariaſp. Prithee what is't?
Iol. He tell you as I go.---- *Exeunt,*

Enter Hunt∫-men hollowing and whooping.

Hunt. VVhich way? which way?

Enter Therſames, Aglaura *maſked.*

Ther. This is the grove, 'tis ſomewhere here within.--- *Ex.*

Enter dogging of them, Ariaſpes, Jolas.

Iol. Gently! Gently!

Enter Orſames, Philan, *a Hunt∫man, two Courtiers.*

Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.
Orſ. None, none,
Thou would'ſt have warranted it to another,
If I had broke my neck:
What? doſt think my horſe and I ſhew tricks?
That which way ſoever he throws me
Like a tumblers boy I muſt fall ſafe?
Was there a bed of roſes there? would I were Eunuch

if

if I had not as fief h'a falne in the ſtate, as where I did; the ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Platonick Ladies hearts, and this unconſcionable fellow askes whether I have no hurt; where's my horſe?

1 *Court.* Making love to the next mare I think:

2 *Court.* Not the next I aſſure you.

He's gallop't away, as if all the ſpurs i'th' field
Were in his ſides.

Orſ. Why there's it; the jades in the faſhion too.
Now ha's done me an injurie, he will not come nere me.
Well, when I hunt next, may it be upon a ſtarv'd cow,
Without a ſaddle too.
And may I fall into a ſaw-pit, and not be taken up, but with ſuſpition of having been private with mine own beaſt there. Now I better conſider on't too, Gentlemen, 'tis but the ſame thing we do at Court; here's every man ſtriving who ſhall be formoſt, and hotly purſuing of what he ſeldome overtakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

Phi. He that's beſt hors'd (that is beſt friended) gets in ſooneſt, and then all he has to do is to laugh at thoſe that are behind. Shall we help you my Lord?

Orſ. Prithee do----ſtay!
To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right.
And he that has a ſtrong faction againſt him, hunts, upon a cold ſent, and may in time come to a loſſe.

Orſ. Here's one rides two miles about, while another leaps a ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where note the indirect way's the neareſt.

Orſ. Good again----

Phi. And here's another puts on, and falls into a Quagmire, (that is) follows the Court till he has ſpent all (for your Court-quagmire is want of mony) there a man is ſure to ſtick, and then not one helps him out, if they do not laugh at him.

1 *Court.*

1 *Court.* What think you of him that hunts after my rate,
And never sees the Deer?

2 *Court.* Why he is like some young fellow that follows
The Court, and never sees the King.

Orf. To spur a horse till he is tir'd, is

Phi. To importune a friend till be weary of you.

Orf. For then upon the first occasion y'are thrown off,
As I was now.

Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your horse *Orsames.*

Orf. Thou say'st true, I think he is no transmigrated
Philosopher & therefore not likely to be taken with morals;
Gentlemen --- your help, the next I hope will be yours,
And then tw'ill be my turn ----- *Exeunt.*

Enter again married, Therſames, Aglaura, *Priest,*

Therf. Fear not my Dear; if when Loves diet
Was bare looks, and those stoln too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he do now? when every night will be
A feast, and every day fresh revelrie.

Agl. Will he not surfeit when he once shall come
To grosser fare (my Lord) and so grow sick?
And Love once sick, how quickly it will dye?

Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortal as the things
That elemented it, which were our souls:
Nor can they e're impair in health, for what
These holy rites do warrant us to do,
More than our bodyes would for quenching thirst,
Come let's to horse, we shall be mist,
For we are envies mark, and Court eyes carry far.
Your prayers and silence Sir: ----- *to the Priest.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaspes, Jolas.

Ari. If it succeed, I wear thee here my *Iolas* ---

Iol. If it succeed? will night succeed the day?
Or hours one to another? is not his lust
The Idol of his soul? and was not she
The Idol of his lust? as safely he might
Have stoln the Diadem from off his head,

And

And he would less have mist it.
You now, my Lord, must raise his jealousie,
Teach it to look through the false optick, fear,
And make it see all double : Tell him the Prince
Would not have thus presum'd but that he does
Intend worse yet; and that his crown and life
Will be the next attempt
Ari. Right, and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the present state,
To have the creatures, and the followers
Of the next Prince (whom all now strive to please)
Too near about him:
Iol. What if the male-contents that use
To come unto him were discovered?
Ari. By no means; for 'twere in vain to give
Him discontent (which too must needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nourishment.
Iol. Well, Ile away first, for the print's too big
If we be seen together.---- *Exit.*
Ari. I have so fraught this Barke with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any storm, or weather;
And if he sink or splits, all's one to me.
" Ambition seems all things, and yet is none,
" But in disguise stalkes to opinion
" And fools it into faith, for every thing:
'Tis not with th'ascending to a Throne,
As 'tis with stairs and steps that are the same;
For to a Crown, each humors a degree;
And as men change and differ, so must we.
The name of vertue doth the people please,
Not for their love to vertue, but their ease,
And Parrat Rumor I that tale have taught,
By making love I hold the womans grace;
'Tis the Courts double key, and entrance gets
To all the little plots; the fiery spirits
My love to Armes hath drawn into my faction;
All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,

And

And he shall be, or shall not be at all.
He that beholds a wing in pieces torn,
And knows not that to heav'n it once did bear
The high-flown and self-lessning bird, will think
And call them idle Subjects of the wind:
When he that has the skill to imp and bind
These in right places, will thus truth discover,
That borrowed instruments do oft convey
The Soul to her propos'd Intents, and where
Our Stars deny, Art may supply ----- *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithia, Orsames, Philan.

Sem. Think you it is not then
The little jealousies (my Lord) and fears,
Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope,
That crowns all love with pleasure? these are lost
When once we come to full fruition;
Like waking in the morning, when all night
Our fancy has been fed with some new strange delight.

Orf. I grant you, Madam, that the fears, and joys,
Hopes, and desires, mixt with despairs, and doubts,
Do make the sport in love; that they are
The very Dogs by which we hunt the Hare;
But as the Dogs would stop, and streight give o're,
Were it not for the little thing before;
So would our passions; both alike must be
Flesh't in the chase.

Ori. Will you then place the happiness, bute thre,
Where the dull plow-man, and the plow-mans horse
Can find it out? Shall Souls refin'd, not know
How to preserve alive a noble flame,
But let it dy, burn out to appetite?

Sem. Love's a Chamelion, and would live on aire
Phyfick for Agues, starving is his food.

Orf. Why? there's it now! a greater Epicure
Lives not on earth? my Lord and I have been
In's Privy Kitchin, seen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord?

Orf.

Orf. A mighty Prince,
And full of curiosity ---- Harts newly slain
Serv'd up intire, and stuck with little Arrows
In stead of Cloaves -----
Phi. Sometimes a cheek plumpt up
With broth, with cream and claret mingled
For sauce, and round about the dish
Pomegranate kernels, strew'd on leaves of Lillies.
Orf. Then will he have black eyes, for those of late
He feeds on much, and for variety
The gray -----
Phi. You forget his cover'd dishes
Of Jene-strayes, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by breath sweet as the beanes first blossoms.
Sem Rare!
And what's the drink to all this meat, my Lord?
Orf. Nothing but pearl dissolv'd, tears still fresh fetch'd
From Lovers eyes, which if they cannot come to be
Warm in the carriage, are streight cool'd with sighs.
Sem. And all this rich proportion, perchance
We would allow him:
Orf. True! but therefore this is but his common diet;
Onely serves
When his chief Cooks, *Liking* and *Opportunitie*,
Are out o'th'way; for when he feasts indeed,
'Tis there where the wise people of the world
Did place the vertues, it'th'middle ----- Madam.
Ori. My Lord there is so little hope we should convert you;
And if we should, so little got by it,
That wee'l not lose so much upon't as sleep.
Your Lordship servants -----
Orf. Nay Ladies wee'l wait upon you to your chambers.
Pri. Prithee lets spare the complement, we shall do no (good.
Orf. By this hand I'le trie.
They keep me fasting, and I must be praying, *Exeunt*
Aglaura *undressing of her self.* Jolina.
Agl. Undress me: -----

Is

Is it not late *Iolina*?
It was the longest day, this----

Enter Thersames.

Ther. Softly, as death it self comes on,
When it does steal away the sick mans breath,
And standers by perceive it not,
Have I trod, the way unto these lodgings.
How wisely do those Powers
That give us happiness, order it?
Sending us still fears to bound our joys,
Which else would overflow and lose themselves:
See where she sits,
Like day retir'd into another world.
Dear mine! where all the beauty man admires
In scattered pieces, does united lie.
Where sense does feast, and yet where sweet desire
Lives in its longing, like a Misers eye,
That never knew, nor saw saciety:
Tell me, by what Approaches must I come
To take in what remains of my felicity?

Agl. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
Is made already? you are entred here---
Long since (Sir) here, and I have giv'n up all.

Ther. All but the Fort; and in such wars, as these,
Till that be yielded up there is no peace,
Nor triumph to be made; come! undo, undo,
And from these envious clouds slide quick
Into Loves proper Sphere, thy bed:
The weary Traveller, whom the busie Sun
Hath vex't all day, and scortch'd almost to tinder,
Nere long'd for night, as I have long'd for this.
VVhat rude hand is that? *One knocks hastily.*
Go *Iolina*, see but let none enter----- *Iolina goes to the door.*

Iol. 'Tis *Zeriff*, Sir.

Ther.---Oh---
Something of weight hath fallen out it seems.
VVhich in his zeal he could not keep till morning.

But

But one short minute, Dear, into that chamber.

Enter Ziriff.

How now?
Thou start'st, as if thy sinnes had met thee,
Or thy Fathers ghost; what news man?

Zir. Such as will send the blood of hastie messages
Unto the heart, and make it call
All that is man about you into councell:
Where's the Princess, Sir?

Ther. Why what of her?

Zir. The King must have her ------

Ther. How?

Zir. The King must have her (Sir)

Ther. Though fear of worse makes ill still relish better;
And this look handsome in our Friendship, *Ziriff*,
Yet so severe a preparation ----
There needed not: come, come! what ist?

Ziriff *leads him to the door, and shews him a Guard.*

A Guard! *Therſames*,
Thou art lost; betray'd
By faithless and ungrateful man, (*and draws.*
Out of happiness: ----- *He steps between the door and him,*
The very thought of that,
Will lend my anger so much noble justice,
That wert thou master of as much fresh life,
As th'ast been of villany, it should not serve,
Nor stocke thee out, to glory, or repent
The least of it.

Zir. Put up: put up! such unbecomming anger
I have not seen you wear before.
What? draw upon your Friend! *Discovers himself.*
Do you believe me right now? ----

Ther. I scarce believe mine eyes: ---- *Zerannes.*

Zir. The same, but how preserv'd, or why
Thus long disguis'd, to you a freer hour must speak:
That y'are betray'd is certain, but by whom,
Unless the Priest himself, I cannot guesse,

More

More than the marriage, though he knows not of:
If you now send her on these early summons
Before the sparks are grown into a flame,
You do redeem th' offence, or make it less;
And (on my life) yet his intents are fair,
And he will but besiege, not force affection.
So you gain time; if you refuse, there's but
One way; you know his power and passion.

Ther. Into how strange a Labyrinth am I
Now faln! what shall I do *Zirannes*?

Zir. Do (Sir) as Sea-men, that have lost their light
And way: strike sail, and lye quiet a while.
Your forces in the Province are not yet
In readiness, nor is our friend *Zephines*
Arriv'd at Delphos; nothing is ripe, besides ---

Ther. Good heavens, did I but dream that she was mine?
Upon imagination did I climb up to
This height? let me then wake and dye:
Some courteous hand snatch me from what's to come,
And ere my wrongs have being give them end:

Zir. How poor and how unlike the Prince is this?
This trifle woman do unman us all:
Robs us so much it makes us things of Pitty.
Is this a time to lose our anger in,
And vainly breathe it out? when all we have
Will hardly fill the sail of Resolution,
And make us bear up high enough for action.

Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more;
The slave whom tedious custome has enur'd
And taught to think of misery as of food,
Counting it but a necessary of life,
And so disgesting it, shall not so much as once
Be nam'd to patience, when I am spoken of:
Mark me: for I will now undoe my self
As willingly, as Virgins give up all first nights
To them they love: --- *Offers to go out.*

Zir. Stay, Sir, 't were fit *Aglaura* yet were kept

In ignorance: I will dismiss the Guard,
And be my self again. *Exit.*

Ther. In how much worse estate am I in now,
Than if I near had known her! Privation
Is a misery as much above bare wretchedness,
As that is short of happiness:
So when the Sun does not appear,
'Tis darker cause it once was here.

Enter Ziriff, *speaks to* Orsames *and others half entred*

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen,
There needs no force, where there is no resistance:
Ile satisfie the King my self,

Ther.—— Oh 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me fresh Rebellion,
And reason was almost unking'd agen.
But you shall have her Sir—— *Goes out to fetch* Aglaura.

Zir. What doubtful combats in this noble youth
Passion and Reason have!

Enter Thersames *leading* Aglaura.

Ther. Here Sir—— *Gives her, goes out.*

Agl. What meanes the Prince, my Lord?

Zir. Madam, his wiser fear has taught him to disguise
His Love, and make it look a litle rude at parting.
Affairs that do concerne all that you hope from
Happiness, this night force him away:
And lest you should have tempted him to stay
(Which he did doubt you would and would prevaile)
He left you thus: he does desire by me
You would this night lodge in the little Tower,
Which is in my command; the reasons why
Himself will shortly tell you.

Agl. 'Tis strange, but I am all obedience.—— *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therſames, Jolas *a Lord of the Counſel.*

Iol. I Told him ſo, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knot,
that to the tying of it two powerful Princes,
Vertue and Love were joyn'd, and that
A greater then theſe two was now
Engaged in it; Religion; but 'twould not do,
The corke of paſſion boy'd up all reaſon ſo
That what was ſaid, ſwam but o'th'top of the'ear,
Near reach't the heart:

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to ſhew their power,
But in their Subjects wrongs? no ſubject neither
But his own ſonne?

Iol. Right Sir:
No quarrie for his luſt to gorge on, but on what
You fairly had flown at and taken?
Well——— wert not the King, or wert indeed
Not you, that have ſuch hopes, ſuch a crown
To venture, and yet——
'Tis but a woman.

Ther. How? that But again, and thou art more injurious
Than he, and wouldſt provok me ſooner.

Iol. Why Sir?
There are no Alters yet addreſt unto her,
Nor ſacrifice; if I have made her leſs
Than what ſhe is, it was my love to you;
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Nobleſt peece Nature ere lent our eyes,
And of the which' all Women elſe are but
Weak counterfeits, made up by her journey-men:
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,

And in a loſſe we ſhould not make things more;
'Tis miſeries happineſs, that we can make it leſs
By art, through a forgetfulneſs upon our ills;
Yet who can do it here?
When every voice muſt needs, and every face,
By ſhewing what ſhe was not, ſhew what ſhe was.

Ther. Ile inſtantly unto him ---- *draws.*

Iol. Stay Sir:
Though't be the utmoſt of my Fortunes hope
To have an equal ſhare of ill with you:
Yet I could wiſh we ſold this trifle life
At a far dearer rate, then we are like to doe,
Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha!
King! I! 'tis indeed!
And ther's no Art can cancel that high bond:

Iol. ---- He cooles again.---- *(to himſelf.)*
True Sir, and yet me thinks to know a reaſon-----
For paſſive nature ne'r had glorious end;
And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
Knows, 't is one motion to ſtrike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
They ſay, wait you.

Ther. What ſubtle State trick now?
But one turn here, and I am back my Lord. ---- *Exit*

Iol. This will not doe; his reſolution's like
A skilfull horſe-man and reaſon is the ſtirrop,
Which though a ſudden ſhock may make
It looſe, yet does it meet it handſomly agen.
Stay, 't muſt be ſome ſudden fear of wrong
To her, that may draw on ſudden act
From him, and ruine from the King; for ſuch
A ſpirit will not like common ones, be
Rais'd by every ſpell, 'tis in loves circle
Onely 't will appear.

Enter

Enter Therſames.

Ther. I cannot bear the burthen of my wrongs
One minute longer.

Iol. Why! what's the matter Sir?

Ther. They do pretend the ſafety of the State:
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Gaduſia*
Can ſecure th' adjoyning countrey to it;
Confinement during life for me if I refuſe
Diana's Nunnery for her ---- And at that Nunn'rie, *Iolas*,
Allegiance in me like the ſtring of a Watch
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nick,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Iol. Now by the love I bear to Juſtice,
That Nun'ry was too ſevere, when vertuous love's a crime,
What man can hope to ſcape a puniſhment,
Or who's indeed ſo wretched to deſire it?

Ther. Right!

Iol. What anſwer made you, Sir!

Ther. None, they gave till to morrow,
And e're that be, or they or I
Muſt know our deſtiny.
Come friend let's in; there is no ſleeping now;
For time is ſhort, and we have much to do. ----- *Exeunt.*

Enter Orſames, Philan, *Courtiers.*

Orſ. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
As a gameſter thinks himſelf upon the loſſe
Of the laſt ſtake; this is the firſt ſhe
I ever ſwore too heartily, and (by thoſe eyes)
I think I had continued unperjur'd a whole moneth,
(And that's fair you'l ſay.)

1 *Court.* Very fair -----

Orſ. Had ſhe not run mad betwixt. ------

2 *Court.* How? mad?
Who? *Semauthe?*

Orſ. Yea, yea, mad, ask *Philan* elſe.
People that want cleer intervals talk not
So wildly: I'le tell you Gallants; 'tis now, ſince firſt I

Found my self a little hot, and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten daies since, (a tedious Ague Sirs
(But what of that?)
The gracious glance, and little whisper past,
Approaches made from th'hand unto the lip,
I came to visit her, and (as you know we use)
Breathing a sigh or two by the way of Prologue,
Told her that in Loves Phisick 'twas a rule.
Where the disease had birth to seek a cure;
I had no sooner nam'd love to her, but she
Began to talk of Flames, and Flames
Neither devouring, nor devour'd of Aire,
And of Camelions——

1 *Court.* Oh the *Pantouiques!* (ship's merrie,

2 *Court.* Those o the new Religion in love! your Lord-Troth, how do you like the humor on't?

Orf. As thou would'st like red haire, or leaness In thy Mistriss; scurvily, 't does worse with handsomness, Than strong desire could do with impotence;
A meer trick to inhance the price of kisses——

Phi. Sure these silly women, when they feed
Our expectation so high, do but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raise a Spirit
Which handsomly they cannot lay again:

Orf. True, 'tis like some that nourish up
Young Lions till they grow so great they are affraid of
Themselves, they dare not grant at last,
For fear they should not satisfie.

Phi. Who's for the Town? I must take up again.

Orf. This Villanous Love's as changeable as the Philosophers stone, and thy Mistress as hard to compass too!

Phi. The Platonique is ever so; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point; as an old man
Falen into the stories of his youth.

2 *Court.* Or a widdow into the praises of her first husband

Orf. Well, if she hold out but one month longer,
If I do not quite forget I ere beleagured there,
And remove the siege to another place, may all The

The curses beguil'd virgins lose upon their perjur'd lovers
Fall upon me.

Phi. And thou wouldst deserve'em all.

Orf. For what?

Phi. For being in the company of those
That took away the Prince's Mistress from him.

Orf. Peace, that will be redeem'd——
I put on this wildness to disguise my self;
There are brave things in hand, hark i'thy eare:—(*Whisper*)

1. *Court.* Some severe plot upon a Maiden-head.
These two young Lords make Love,
As Embroyderers work against a Mask, night and day;
They think importunity a neerer way then merit,
And take a woman as School-boyes catch Squirrels;
Hunt'em up and down till they are weary,
And fall down before'em.

Orf. Who loves the Prince failes not——

Phi. And I am one: my injuries are great as thine,
And do perswade as strongly.

Orf. I had command to bring thee,
Fail not, and in thine own disguise.

Phi. Why in disguise?

Orf. It is the Princes Policy and love;
For if we should miscarry,
Some one taken might betray the rest
Unknown to one another;
Each man is safe, in his own valour;

2 *Court.* And what Mercers wife are you to cheapen now
Instead of his silks?

Orf. Troth; 'tis, not so well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine——
Come *Philan* let's along:—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Queen alone.

Orb. What is it thus within whispering remorse,
And calls love tyrant? all powers, but his,
Their rigour, and our fear, have made divine!
But every Creature holds of him by sense,
The sweetest Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother?

And what of that? do harmleſs birds or beaſts
Aſk leave of curious Heraldry at all?
Does not the womb of one fair ſpring,
Bring unto the earth many ſweet rivers,
That wantonly do one another chace,
And in one bed, kiſs, mingle, and embrace?
Man (Natures heir) is not by her will ti'd,
To ſhun all creatures are alli'd unto him,
For then he ſhould ſhun all; ſince death and life
Doubly allies all them that live by breath:
The Air that doth impart to all lifes brood
Refreſhing, is ſo neer to it ſelf, and to us all,
That all in all is individual:
But, how am I ſure one and the ſame deſire
Warms *Ariaſpes*? for Art can keep alive
A beddrid love;

Enter Ariaſpes.

Ar. Alone, (Madam) and overcaſt with thought?
Uncloud-uncloud-for if we may believe
The ſmiles of Fortune, love ſhall no longer pine
In priſon thus, nor undelivered travel
With throws of fear, and of deſire about it.
The Prince, (like to a valiant beaſt in nets)
Striving to force a freedom ſuddenly,
Has made himſelf at length, the ſurer prey:
The King ſtands only now betwixt, and is
Juſt like a ſingle tree, that hinders all the proſpect:
'Tis but the cutting down of him, and we ----

Orb. Why would't thou thus inbarque into ſtrange ſeas,
And trouble Fate for what we have already?
Thou art to me what thou now ſeek'ſt, a Kingdom,
And were thy love as great, as thy ambition,
I ſhould be ſo to thee.

Ari. Think you, you are not Madam?
As well and juſtly may you doubt the truths,
Tortur'd or dying men do leave behind them:
But then my Fortune turns my miſery,

When

When my addition shall but make you less;
Shall I indure that head that wore a crown,
For my sake should wear none? First let me lose
Th' Exchequer of my wealth, your love; nay, may
All that rich treasury you have about you,
Be rifled by the man I hated, and I look on;
Though youth be full of sin, and heav'n be just,
So sad a doom I hope they keep not from me;
Remember what a quick Apostacy he made,
When all his vows were up to heav'n and you.
How, e're the Bridal torches were burnt out,
His flames grew weak, and sicklier; think on that.
Think how unsafe you are, if she should now.
Not sell her honour at a lower rate,
Than your place in his bed.

Orb. And would not you prove false too then?

Ari. By this -- and this -- loves break-fast; (*Kisses her.*)
By his feasts too yet to come, by all the
Beauty in this face, divinity too great
To be Prophan'd —

Orb. O do not swear by that;
Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the stalk
(For sickness and mischance are great devourers)
And when there is not in these cheeks and lips,
Left red enough to blush at perjury,
When you shall make it, what shall I do then?

Ari. Our souls by that time (Madam)
Will by long custome so acquainted be,
They will not need that duller truch-man Flesh,
But freely, and without those poorer helps,
Converse and mingle; mean time wee'll teach
Our loves to speak, not thus to live by signs,
And action is his native language, Madam.

Enter Ziriff *unseen.*

This box but open'd to the Sense will do't.

Orb. I undertake I know not what.

Ari. Thine own safety (Dearest)

Let

Let it be this night, if thou do'ſt; *Whiſper and kiſs.*
Love thy ſelf or me.

Orb. That's very ſudden.

Ari. Not if we be ſo, and we muſt now be wiſe,
For when their Sun ſets, ours begins to riſe. --- *Exeunt.*

Ziriff *ſolus.*

Zir. Then all my fears are true, and ſhe's falſe;
Falſe as a falling Star, or Glow-worms fire:
This Devil Beauty is compounded ſtrangely,
It is a ſubtil point, and hard to know,
Whether 'thas in't more active tempting,
Or more paſſive tempted; ſo ſoon it forces,
And ſo ſoon it yields ----
Good Gods! ſhee ſeiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commiſſion to have uſ'd me ſo;
And all mankind beſides --- and ſhe, if the juſt Ocean
Makes more haſte to pay
To needy rivers, what it borrow'd firſt,
Then ſhe to give, where ſhe ne'er took;
Me thinks I feel anger, Revenges Harbinger
Chalking up all within, and thruſting out
Of doors, the tame and ſofter paſſions;----
It muſt be ſo:
To love is noble frailty, but poor ſin
When we fall once to Love, unlov'd agen. *Exit.*

Enter King Ariaſpes, Jolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Juſtice did conſider, (Sir)
What way it took; if you ſhould apprehend
The Prince for treaſon (which he never did)
And which, unacted, is unborn; (at leaſt will be believ'd ſo)
Lookers on, and the loud talking croud,
Will think it all but water colours
Laid on for a time;
And which wip'd off, each common eye would ſee,
Strange ends through ſtranger wayes:

King. Think'ſt thou I will compound with treaſon then?
And make one fear anothers Advocate?

Iol.

Iol. Vertue forbid Sir, but if you would permit,
Them to approach the room (yet who would advise
Treason should come so neer?) here would be then
No place left for excuse.

King. How strong are they?

Iol. Weak, considering
The Enterprise; they are but few in number,
And those few too having nothing but
Their resolutions considerable about them;
A Troop indeed design'd to suffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they are thus weary of their lives?

Iol. Their names I cannot give you.
For those he sent for, he did still receive
At a back door, and so dismist them too.
But I do think *Ziriff* is one.

King. Take heed! I shall suspect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this service;
This Treason thou thy self do'st say
Has but an hours age, and I can give accompt
Of him, beyond that time ---- Brother, in the little Tower
Where now *Aglaura's* prisoner,
You shall find him; bring him along:
He yet doth stand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preserve him so,
He shall not stir out of my eyes command
Till this great cloud be over.

Iol. Sir, 't was the Prince who first ------

King. I know all that! urge it no more!
I love the man;
And 'tis with pain we do suspect,
Where we do not dislike
Th'art sure he will have some,
And that they will come to night?

Iol. As sure as night will come it self.

King. Get all your Guards in readiness, we will our self
Disperse them afterwards; and both be sure

To

To wear your thoughts within: Ile act the rest: *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orsames, *Courtiers.*

2. *Court.* Well——If there be not some great storme to-
Ne'r trust me; Whisper (Court thunder) is in (wards,
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the Town a murmuring
And buzzing, such as men use to make,
When they do fear to vent their feares; (heads,

1. *Court.* True, and all the States-men hang down their
Like full ear'd corn; two of them
Where I sup't, askt what time of night it was,
And when twas told them, started, as if
They had been to run a race. (mirth

2. *Court.* The King too (if you mark him,) doth faign
And jollity, but through them both,
Flashes of discontent and anger make escapes:

Ors. Gentlemen! 'tis pitty heav'n
Design'd you not to make the Almanacks.
You guess so shrewdly by the ill aspects,
Or neer conjunctions of the great ones.
At what's to come still; that without all doubt
The Countrey had been govern'd wholly by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly; for mee,
I understand this mysterie as little
As the new love; and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the time that every thing
But Owles, and Lovers take their rest;
Good night, *Philan*——away—— *Exit.*

1. *Court.* 'Tis early yet; let's go on the Queens side
And fool a little; I love to warme my self
Before I go to bed, it does beget
Handsome and sprightly thoughts, and makes
Our dreames half solid pleasures

2. *Court.* Agreed *Exeunt.*

ACTUS.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Prince, *Conspirators.*

Ther. COuldst thou not find out *Ziriff*?
1. *Court.* Not speak with him my Lord,
Yet I sent in by several men.
Orf. I wonder *Iolas* meets us not here too.
Ther. 'Tis strange; but let's on now how ere,
When Forunes, honour, life, and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.
Excursions: *The Guard upon them.*
Ther. Betray'd! betray'd!
Orf. Shift for your self Sir, and Let us alone,
We will secure you, way and make our own. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lords.

King. Follow Lords and see quick execution done,
Leave not a man alive.
Who treads on fire and doth not put it out,
Disperses fear in many sparks of doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conspirators, and the Guard upon them
Orf. Stand friends, an equal party——(Fight)
Phi. Brave *Orsames* 'tis pleasure to die neer thee.
Orf. 'Talk not of dying *Philan*, we will live,
And serve the noble Prince agen: we are alone,
Off then with thy disguise, and throw it in the bushes;
Quick, quick; before the torrent comes upon us;
We shall be streight good subjects, and I despair not
Of reward for this nights service: So.—
We two now kill'd our freinds! 'tis hard,
But't must be so.

Three of the Conspirators fall, and three of the Kings side: Orsames & Philan kill the rest. They throw off their disguises.

Enter Ariaspes, Iolas, *two Courtiers, part of the Guard.*

Ari. Follow! Follow!
Orf. Yes; so you may now, y'are not likely to overtake

Iol.

Iol. Orſames, and Philan, how came you hither?
Orſ. The neereſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (I thank you)
As if 't had been through quickſets:
Iol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcap'd?
Orſ. Not all, two of them we made ſure;
But they coſt dear, look here elſe.
Ari. Is the Prince there?
Phi. They are both Princes I think, (vizors.
They fought like Princes I am ſure. Iolas *pulls off the*
Iol. Stephines, and Odiris ----- we trifle.
Which way took the reſt?
Orſ. Two of them are certainly hereabouts.
Ari. Upon my life they ſwam the river;
Some ſtreight to Horſe, and follow o're the bridge;
You and I my Lord, will ſearch this place a little better.
Orſ. Your Highneſs will I hope remember, who were
The men were in ---
Ari. Oh! fear not, your Miſtreſs ſhall know y'are valiant.
Orſ. Philan! if thou lov'ſt me, let's kill them upon the
Phi. Fie: thou now art wilde indeed? (place.
Thou taught'ſt me to be wiſe firſt,
And I will now keep thee ſo. Follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura *with a Lute.*
The Prince comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam!
Agl. What wretch is this that thus uſurps
Upon the Priviledg of Ghoſts, and walks
At mid-night?
Ther. Aglaura.
Agl. Betray me not
My willing ſence too ſoon, yet if that voyce
Be falſe.---
Ther. Open fair Saint, and let me in.
Agl. It is the Prince ---
As willingly as thoſe
That cannot ſleep do light; welcome (Sir,) (*Opens*)
Welcome above. ---- *Spies his ſword drawn,*

Bleſs

Bless me, what means this unsheath'd minister of death?
If Sir, on me quick Justice be to pass,
Why this? absence alas, or such strange looks
As you now bring with you, would kill as soon:
Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deer,
Have only herded here; and though the crie
Reach not our ears, yet am I follow'd close:
O my heart! since I saw thee,
Time has been strangely Active, and begot
A Monstrous issue of unheard of Story:
Sit; thou shalt have it all! nay, sigh not.
Such blasts will hinder all the passage;
Do'st thou remember how we parted last?
Agl. Can I forget it Sir?
Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd, I swear,
It may be ominous; but do'st thou know
Into whose hands I gave thee?
Agl. Yes, into *Ziriffs* Sir.
Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy brother, brave *Zeraunes*
Preserv'd by miracle in that sad day
Thy father fell, and since thus in disguise,
Waiting his just revenge.
Agl. You do amaze me, Sir.
Ther. And must do more, when I tell all the story.
The King the jealous King, knew of the marriage,
And wherethou thought'st thy self by my direction,
Thou wert his prisoner;
Unless I would renounce all right,
And cease to love thee, (O strange, and fond request!)
Immur'd thou must have been in some sad place,
And lockt for ever from *Therſames* sight.
For ever ----- and that unable to indure
This night, I did attempt his life.
Agl. Was it well done Sir?
Ther. O no! extreamly ill!
For to attempt and not to act was poor:
Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Souldiers)

Leaves.

Leaves the side 'twas on; to joyn with power,
Royal villany now will look so like to Justice;
That the time to come, and curious posterity
Will find no difference: weep'st thou *Aglaura*?
Come, to bed my Love!
And we will there mock Tyrany and Fate,
Those softer hours of pleasure, and delight,
That like so many single pearles, should have
Adorn'd our thread of life, we will at once
By Loves Mysterious power and this nights help
Contract to one and make but one rich draught
Of all.

Agl. What mean you Sir?

Ther. To make my self incapable of misery,
By taking strong preservatives of happiness:
I would this night injoy thee:

Agl. Do, Sir, do what you will with me,
For I am too much yours, to deny the right
How ever clai'd—but—

Ther. But what *Aglaura*?

Agl. Gather not Roses in a wet and frowning hour,
They'll lose their sweets then, trust me they will Sir.
What pleasure can Love take to play his game out,
When death must keep the stakes?—*A noise without.*
Hark Sir—grave-bringers, and last minutes are at hand,
Hide, hide your self, for Loves sake hide your self.

Ther. As soon the Sun may hide himself, as I.
The Prince of *Persia* hide himself?

Agl. O talk not Sir; the Sun doth hide himself
When night and blackness comes— (then;

Ther. Never sweet Ignorance, he shines in th'other world
And so shall I, If I set here in glorie:
Enter *Opens the door. Enter* Ziriff.
Ye hasty seekers of life
Soranez—

Agl. My brother!
If all the joy within me come not out,

To

To give a welcome to so dear an object?
Excuse it Sir; sorrow locks up all doors.
Zir. If there be such a Toy about you, Sister,
Keep't for your self, or lend it unto the Prince;
There is a dearth of that Commodity,
And you have made it Sir. Now,
What is the next mad thing you mean to do
Will you stay here? when all the Court's beset
Like to a great wood at a great hunt, and busie mischeif hasts
To be in view, and have you in her power------
Ther. To me all this----
For Great greife's deaf as well as it is dumbe,
And drives no trade at all with Counsell: (Sir)
Why do you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And see if he will fear an after Ague fit;
Such is all mischeif now to me; there is none left
Is worth a thought; death is the worst I know,
And that compar'd to shame; does look more lovely now
Than a chast Mistress, set by common women---
And I must court it Sir? (our selves:
Zir. No wonder if that heav'n forsake us when we leave
What is there done should feed such high despare?
Were you but safe-----
Agl. Dear (Sir) be) rul'd;
If love be love and Magick too,
(As sure it is where it is true;)
We then shall meet in absence, and in spight
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together
What niggard Fate thus peevishly denies.
Ther. Yea: but if pleasures be themsevs but dreams,
What then are the dreames of these to men?
That monster, Expectation, will devour
All that is within our hope or power,
And e're we once can come to shew how rich
We are, we shall be poor,
Shall we not *Soranuez*?
Zir. I understand not this,

In times of envious penury (such as these are)
To keep but love alive is faire, we should not think
Of feasting him: come (Sir)
Here in these lodgings is a little doore,
That leads unto another; that again
Unto a vault that has his passage under
The little river, opening into the wood;
From thence 'tis but some few minutes easie business
Unto a Servants house of mine (who for his faith
And honesty, hereafter must
Look big in story) there you are safe however;
And when this storme has met a little calme,
What wilde desire dares whisper to it self,
You may enjoy, and at the worst may steale;

Ther. What shall become of thee *Aglaura* then?
Shall I leave thee their rages sacrifice?
And like dull Sea-men threatned with a storme,
Throw all away I have, to save my self?

Agl. Can I be safe when you are not, my Lord?
Knowes Love in us divided happiness?
Am I the safer for your being here?
Can you give that you have not for your self?
My innocence is my best guard, and that your stay
Betraying it unto suspition, takes away.
If you did love mee?—— (*Kisses her.*

Ther. Grows that in question? then, 'tis time to part—
When we shall meet again Heav'n only knowes;
And when we shall, I know we shall be old.
Love does not calculate the common way;
Minutes are hours there, and the hours are dayes,
Each day's an year, and every year an age;
What will this come to think you?

Zir. Would this were all the ill,
For these are pretty little harmeless nothings;
Times horse runs full as fast hard borne and curb'd,
As in his full carreare, loose-rein'd and spurr'd:
Come: come, let's away.

Ther.

Ther. Happineſs, ſuch as men loſt in miſery,
Would wrong in naming, 'tis ſo much above them.
All that I want of it, all you deſerve,
Heav'n ſend you in my abſence.

Agl. And miſery, ſuch as witty malice would
Lay out in curſes, on the thing it hates,
Heav'n ſend me in the ſtead, if when you are gone
I welcome it but for your ſake alone. --- *Exeunt.*

Leads him out, and enters up out of the vault.

Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, til you hear from me,
So goodnight dear Prince

Ther. Goodnight dear friend.

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance ——
Joy never feaſts ſo high,
As when the firſt courſe is of miſery. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scena I.

Enter Three or four Courtiers.

1 *Court.* Bt this light----a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, then they
Would of a Taylor on a Mask night, that has refused
Trussing before.

2 *Court.* He's as Active as he is valiant too?
Did'st mark him how he stood like all the points
O'th' Compass, and as good Pictures,
Had his eyes toward every man?

3. *Court.* And his sword too;
All th'other side walk up and down the Court now,
As if they had lost there way, and stare
Like Grey-hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 *Court.* Right.
And have more troubles about them
Than a Serving-man that has forgot his message
When he's come upon the place-----

2 *Court.* Yonder's the King within chafing and swearing
Like an old Falconer upon the first flight
Of a young Halke, when some Clown
Has taken away the quarry from her;
And all the Lords stand round about him,
As if he were to be baited with much more fear.
And at much more distance, (time:
Than a Countrey Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
Look: he's broke loose.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him; or by *Osiris* self, you all are Traitours;
And equally shall pay to Justice; a single man,
And guilty too, breake through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of women and the Statesmans wisdome,
valour

Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence,)
Assist me now,
Sir, send these starers off:
I have some business will deserve your privacy.
King. Leave us.
Iol. How the villain swels upon us?-----*Exeunt.*
Zir. Not to punish thought,
Or keep it long upon the wrack of doubt,
Know Sir,
That by corruption of the waiting woman,
The common key of secrets, I have found
The truth at last, and have discover'd all:
The Prince your Son was by *Aglaura's* meanes,
Convey'd last night unto the Cypress Grove,
Through a close vault that opens in the lodgings.
Hee does intend to joyn with *Carimania*,
But e're he goes, resolve to finish all
The rites of Love, and this night meanes,
To steale what is behind.
King. How good is Heav'n unto me!
That when it gave me Traitours for my Subjects,
Would lend me such a Servant!
Zir. How just (Sir) rather,
That would bestow this fortune on the poor;
And where your bounty had made debt so infinite
That it grew desperate, their hope to pay it-----
King. Enough of that, thou do'st but gently chide
Me for a fault that I will mend; for I
Have been too poor, and low in my rewards
Unto thy virtue: but to our business;
The question is, whether we shall rely
Upon our Guards again:
Zir. By no meanes Sir.
Hope on his future fortunes, or their Love
Unto his person, has so sicklied o're
Their resolutions, that we must not trust them,
Besides, it were but needless here;

He passes through the vault alone, and I
My self durst undertake that business,
If that were all but there is somethings else
This accident doth prompt my zeale to serve you in.
I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with passion,
And would enjoy her; I know besides
She loves him so, that whosoe're shall bring
The tidings of his death, must carry back
The news of hers, so that your Justice (Sir)
Must rob your hope: but there is yet away——

King. Here! take my heart; for I have hitherto
Too vainly spent the treasure of my love,
I'le have it coyn'd straight into friendship all,
And make a present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich happiness
(Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it self,
Unto thy weak endeavours, I have enough,
Aglaura without doubt this night expects
The Prince, and why
You should not then supply his place by stealth,
And in disguise——

King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff.*
But there's difficultie——

Zir. Who treads in love must be an adventurer, (Sir)
But here is scarse enough to make the pleasure dearer.
I know the Cave; your Brother and my self
with *Iolas*, (for these w'are sure to hate him)
With some few chosen more betimes will wait
The Princes passing through the vault; if he
Comes first, he's dead; and if it be your self,
We will conduct you to the chamber doore,
And stand 'twixt you and danger afterwards,

King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great:
Till I have safe deliverance, Time's a cripple,
And goes on crutches.——As for thee my *Ziriff*,
I do here entertaine a friendship with thee,
Shall drowne the memory of all patterns past;

We

We will oblige by turnes; and that ſo thick,
And faſt, that curious ſtudiers of it,
Shall not once dare to caſt it up, or ſay
By way of gheſſe, whether thou or I
Remaine the debtors when we come to dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orſames.

Lords and Ladies.

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out?

Phi. Not yet ſure, the Kings brother is but newly entred

Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then.

Ori. The Song.

Orſ. A vengeance take this love, it ſpoils a voice
Worſe then the loſing of a maiden-head.
I have got ſuch a cold with riſing
And walking in my ſhirts anights, that
A Bittorne whooping in a reed is better muſick.

Ori. This modeſty becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing would us women; pray put's not to it.

Orſ. Nay Ladies, you ſhall finde me
As free as the Muſicians of the woods
Themſelves; what I have, you ſhall not need to call for,
Nor ſhall it coſt you any thing.

SONG.

WHy so pale and wan fond Lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevaile?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doo't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame this will not move
This cannot take her;
If of her self she will not Love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devill take her.

Ori. I should have ghest, it had been the issue of
Your brain, if I had not been told so;
Orf. A little foolish counsell (Madam) I gave a friend
Of mine four or five years agoe, when he was
Falling into a Consumption.——
Enter Queen
Orb. Which all of you have seen the fair prisoner
Since she was confinde?
Sem. I have Madam.
Orb. And how behaves she now her self?
Sem. As one that had intrench'd so deep in Innocence,
She fear'd no enemies; bares all quietly,
And smiles at Fortune, whilest she frownes on her.
Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beauty lyes

That

That thus inflames the royal blood? (them

Ori. Faces, Madam, are like books; thoſe that do ſtudy
Know beſt; and to ſo ſay truth, 'tis ſtill
Much as it pleaſes the Courteous Reader.

Orb. Theſe Lovers ſure are like Aſtronomers,
That the vulgar eye diſcovers but
A skye above, ſtudded with ſome few ſtars,
Finde out beſides ſtrange fiſhes, birds, and beaſts.

Sem. As men in a ſickneſs ſcorch'd into a raving
Do ſee the Devill, in all ſhapes and formes,
When ſtanders-by wondring, ask where, and when;
So they in Love; for all's but feaver there,
And madneſs too.

Orb. That's too ſevere *Semanthe*;
But we will have your reaſons in the park;
Are the doores open through the Gardens?

Lo. The King newly hath led the way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaſpes: Ziriff, *with a Warrant ſealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant *Ziriff*: I ſhall die with joy.

Zir. I muſt confeſs my Lord; had but the Princes ills
Prov'd ſlight, and not thus dangerous,
He ſhould have ow'd to me, at leaſt I would
Have laid a claime unto his ſafty; and
Like Phyſicians, that do challenge right.
In natures cures, look'd for reward and thanks;
But ſince 'twas otherwiſe, I thought it beſt
To ſave my ſelf, and then to ſave the State.

Ari. 'Twas wiſely done.

Zir. Safely I'me ſure, my Lord! you know 'tis not
Our cuſtome, where the Kings diſlike once ſwells to hate,
There to engage our ſelves; Court friendſhip
Is a Cable, that in ſtormes is ever cut,
And I made bold with it; here is the warrant ſeal'd
And for the execution of it, if you think
We are not ſtrong enough, we may have
Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is he not too much the Prince (Sir?)

Ari. He is as lights in Sceanes at Masques,
What glorious shew so e're he makes without,
I that set him there, know why, and how; *Enter* Iolas
But here he is.——
Come *Iolas*; and since the Heav'ns decreed,
The man whom thou should'st envie, should be such,
That all men else must do't; be not asham'd
Thou once wert guilty of it;
But bless them, that they give thee now a meanes
To make a friendship with him, and vouchsafe
To finde out a way to love, where well
Thou couldst not hate.

Iol. What meanes my Lord?

Ari. Here he stands that has preserv'd us all!
That sacrific'd unto a publique good,
(The deerest private good we mortals have)
Friendship: gave into our armes the Prince.
When nothing but the sword (perchance a ruine)
Was left to do it.

Iol. How could I chide my love, and my ambition now,
That thrust me upon such a quarrell? here I do vow——

Zir. Hold do not vow my Lord, let it deserve it first
And yet (if Heav'ns bless honest mens intents)
'Tis not impossible.
My Lord, you will be pleas'd to inform him in particulars;
I must be gone,——
The King I fear already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay——the hour and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras walk;
I will not faile you there. *Goes out, returns back again.*
I had forgot:——
'Tmay be, the small remainder of those lost men
That were of the conspiracy, will come along with him:
'Twere best to have some chosen of the Guard

Within

Within our call—— *Exit.* Ziriff.

Ari. Honeſt, and carefull *Ziriff*! Jolas *ſtands muſing*
How now Plannet-ſtrook?

Iol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the world.

Ari. Shallow man, ſhort-ſiteder than *Travelers* in miſts,
Or women that outlive themſelves; do'ſt thou not ſee,
That whileſt he does prepar a Tomb with one hand
For his friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himſelf?

Iol. How ſo?

Ari. Do'ſt think he ſhall not feel the weight of this,
As well as poor *Therſames*?

Iol. Shall we then kill him at the ſame inſtant?

Ari. And ſay, the Prince made an unluckey thruſt.

Iol. Right.

Ari. Dull dull, he muſt not dye ſo uſeleſly,
As when we wipe off filth from any place,
We throw away the thing that made it clean,
So this once done, he's gone.
Thou know'ſt the people love the Prince; to their rage
Something the State muſt offer up; who fitter
Than thy rivall and my enemy?

Iol. Rare! our witneſs will be taken.

Ari. Piſh! let me alone.
The Giants that made mountaines ladders,
And though to take great *Iove* by force, were fools:
Not hill on hill, but plot on plot, does make
Us ſit above, and laugh at all below us.——*Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura *and a Singing Boy.*

Boy. Madam 'twill make you melancholly,
I'le ſing the *Princes* Song, that's ſad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG.

NO, no, fair Heretique, it needs must be
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee.

For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last;

I would then so fall,
I might not Love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

2

True Love is still the same: the torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know:

For Love grown cold or hot
Is Lust, or Friendship, not
The thing we have;

For that's a flame would dye,
Held down or up too high:

Then think I love more then I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

Agl. Leave me! for to a Soul so out of Tune,
As mine is now, nothing is harmony:
When once the main-spring, *Hope* is fain into
Disorder; no wonder, if the lesser wheeles,
Desire, and *Joy*, stand still; my thoughts like Bees

When

When they have loſt their King, wander
Confuſedly up and down, and ſettle no where.

Enter Orithie.

Orithie. Flie! flie the roome,
As thou would'ſt ſhun the habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
Walk after death; here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too—misfortune; and ſo high,
That it is ſure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, ſo much more miſerable am I this way
That ſhould I pitty you, I ſhould forget my ſelf.
My ſufferings are ſuch, that with leſs patience
You may endure your own, then give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all but by conſidering mine!

Agl. O ſpeak them quickly then! the marriage day
To paſſionate Lovers never was more welcome,
Than any kinde of eaſe would be to me now.

Ori. Could they be ſpoke, they were not then ſo great.
I love, and dare not ſay I love; dare not hope,
What I deſire; yet ſtill too muſt deſire——
And like a ſtarving man brought to a feaſt,
And made ſay grace, to what he here ſhall taſte,
Be thankful after all, and kiſs the hand
That made the wound thus deep.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjuſt ſcales
You took, ſt the wait of our mis-fortunes,
Be thine own Judge now.
Thou mourn'ſt for loſs of that thou never had'ſt;
Or if thou had'ſt a loſs, it never was
Of a *Therſames.*
Would'ſt thou not think a Merchant mad, *Orithie,*
If thou ſhould'ſt ſee him weep, and teare his haire,
Becauſe he brought not both the Indies home?
And would'ſt not think his ſorrows very juſt.
If having fraught his ſhip with ſome rich Treaſure,
He ſunk i'th' very Port? This is our caſe.

Ori.

Ori. And do you think there is such odds in it?
Would Heaven we women could as easily change
Our Fortunes as ('tis said) we can our minds.
I cannot (Madam) think them miserable,
That have the Princes Love.

Agl. He is the man then——
Blush not *Orithie*, 'tis a sin to blush
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalship without
A jealousie——nay shall be glad of it:
Wee two will sit, and think and sigh.
And sigh, and talk of love——and *Therſames*.
Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
Admire he governs it so well;
Like this thing said thus, th'other thus done,
And in good language him for these adore,
While I want words to doo't yet do it more.
Thus will we do, till death it self shall us
Divide, and then whose fate shall be to dye
First of the two, by legacie shall all
Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
That shall survive; for no one stock can serve
To love *Therſames* so as he'll deserve.

Enter King Ziriff,

King. What have we here impossibility?
A constant night, and yet within the room,
That, that can make the day before the Sun?
Silent *Aglaura* too?

Agl. I know not what you say:
Is't to your pitty, or your scorn I owe
The favour or this visit (Sir?) for such
My fortune is, it doth deserve them both:

King. And such thy beauty is that it makes good
All Fortunes, sorrowes lookes lovely here;
And there's no man that would not entertaine
His greifs as friends, were he but sure they'd shew
No worse upon him——but I forgot my self,

I came to chide
Agl. If I have sinn'd so high, that yet my punishment
Equalls not my crime,
Do Sir; I should be loath to dye in debt
To Justice how ill so e're I paid
The scores of Love.——
King. And those indeed thou hast but paid indifferently
To me, I did deserve at least faire death,
Not to be murthered thus in private:
That was too cruell, Mistress.
And I do know thou do'st repent, and wilt
Yet make me satisfaction:
Agl. What satisfaction Sir?
I am no monster, never had two hearts;
One is by holy vows anothers now,
And could I give it you, you would not take it;
For 'tis a like impossible for me
To love again as you love perjury.
O Sir! consider what a flame love is.
If by rude means you think to force a light,
That of it self it would not freely give
You blow it out, and leave your self i'th' dark.
The Prince once gone, you may as well perswade
The light to stay behind, when the Sun posts
Toth'other world, as me; alas! we two
Have mingled souls more than two meeting brooks;
And whosoever is design'd to be
The murtherer of my Lord, (as sure there is,
Has anger'd heav'n so farr, that 'twas decreed
him to encrease his punishment that way)
Would he but search the heart, when he has done,
He there would finde *Aglaura* murthered too.
King. Thou hast o'rcome me, mov'd so handsomely
For pitty, that I will dis-inherit
The elder brother, and from this hour be
Thy Convert, not thy Lover.——
Ziriff. Dispatch away——

And

And he that brings news of the Prince's welfare,
Look that he hath the same reward we had decreed
To him brought tidings of his death.
'Tmust be a busie and bold hand that would
Unlinke a chain the Gods themselves have made:
Peace to thy thoughts: *Aglaura*— *Exit.*

Ziriff steps back and speaks.

Zir. What e're he saies, beleeve him not *Aglaura*;
For lust and rage ride high within him now:
He knowes *Therſames* made th' escape from hence,
And does conceale it only for his ends:
For by the favour of mistake and night,
He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Princes room;
I shall be mist—else I would tell thee more;
But thou mayest ghesse; for our condition
Admits no middle waies; either we must
Send them to Graves, or lie our selves in dust—*Exit.*

Aglaura stands still and studies.

Agl. Ha! 'tis a strange Act thought puts me now upon,
Yet sure my brother meant the self-same thing,
And my *Therſames* would have don't for me:
To take his life, that seeks to take away
The life of Life, (honour from me;) and from
The world, the life of honour, *Therſames*:
Must needs be something sure of kin to Justice.
If I do faile, th' attempt how'ere was brave,
And shall have at worst a handsome grave—*Exit.*

Enter Jolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe *steps back*. Jolas *stayes her.*

Iol. What? are we grown *Semanthe*, night, and day?
Must one still vanish when the other comes?
Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
(And 't has been fruitfull too) this is
The strangest issue.——

Sem. What my Lord?

Iol. Hate *Semanthe*.

Sem. You do mistake; if I do shun you 'tis,

A

As bashfull debtors shun their Creditors,
I cannot pay you in the self-same coyn,
And am asham'd to offer any other.

Iol. It is ill done *Semantha*, to plead bankrupt,
When with such ease you may be out of debt;
In loves dominions, native Commoditie
Is currant payment; change is all the Trade,
And heart for heart the richest merchandize. (prove

Sem. 'Twould here bemean my Lord, since mine would
In your hands but a Counterfeit, and yours in mine
Worth nothing! Sympathy, not greatness,
Makes those Jewels rise in value.

Iol. Sympathy! O teach but yours to love then,
And two so rich no mortal ever knew.

Sem. That heart would love but ill that must be taught,
Such fires as these still kindle of themselves.

Iol, In such a cold and frozen place as is
Thy breast, how should they kindle of themselves
Semantha?

Sem. Ask how the Flint can carry fire within?
'Tis the least miracle that love can do:

Iol. Thou art thy self the greatest miracle,
For thou art fair to all perfection,
And yet do'st want the greatest part of beauty,
Kindness; thy cruelty (next to thy self)
Above all things on earth takes up my wonder.

Sem. Call not that cruelty which is our fate,
Beleeve me *Iolas*, the honest Swaine
That from the brow of some steep cliff far off,
Beholds a ship labouring in vain against
The boysterous and unruly Elements, ne're had
Less power, or more desire to help than I;
At every sigh I die, and every look
Does move; and any passion you will have
But Love, I have in store: I will be angry,
Quarrel with destiny and with my self
That 'tis no better; be melancholy;

And (though mine own disasters well might plead
To be in chief,) yours only shall have place;
I'le pitty, and (if that's too low) I'le greive,
As for my sinns, I cannot give you ease:
All this I do, and this I hope will prove
'Tis greater Torment not to Love, than Love.——*Exit.*

Iol. So perishing Sailours pray to stormes,
And so they hear agen: So men
With death about them, look on Physitians that
Have given them o're, and so they turn away:
Two fixed Stars that keep a constant distance,
And by lawes made with themselves must know
No motion excentrick, may meet as soon as we:
The anger that the foolish Sea does shew,
When it does brave it out, and roar against
A stuborn rock that still denies it passage,
Is not so vaine and fruitless, as my prayers.
Ye mighty Powers of Love and Fate, where is
Your Justice here? It is thy part (fond Boy.)
When thou do'ft find one wounded heart, to make
The other so; but if thy Tyrany
Be such, that thou wilt leave one breast to hate,
If we must live, and this survive,
How much more cruel's Fate?—— *Exit.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaſpes, Iolas.

Iol. A Glorious night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove ſo,
Are we not there yet?
Zir. 'Tis about this hallow. *Enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th' inheritance of night!
Are we not miſtaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And ſtept into ſome melancholly Devils Territorie?
Sure 'tis part of the firſt *Caos*,
That would endure no change.
Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our purpoſe,
As the Lobbie for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And ſo we ſhall be ſure to put him paſt
Retreat: you know the word if't be the Prince. *Goes to the*
Enter King. *mouth of the Cave.*
Here Sir. follow me, all's quiet yet.—
King. He's not come then?
Zir. No.
King. Where's *Ariaſpes*?
Zir. Waiting within. *He leads him on, ſteps behind*
Iol. I do not like this waiting, *him, gives the falſe word,*
Nor this fellows leaving us. *they kill the King.*
Ari. This place doth put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine own nature too as jealous
As either Love or Honor: Come weare thy ſword in readi-
And think how near we are a Crown, (neſs,
Zir. Revenge!
Lo let's drag him to the light, and ſearch
His pockets, there may be papers there that will

Discover the rest of the Conspirators.
Iolas, your hand——— *Draw him out.*
Iol. Whom have we here? the King!
Zir. Yes and *Zorannes* too, Illo! hoe! *Enter* Pasithas
Unarme them. *and others.*
D'ee stare?
This for my Fathers injuries and mine: *Points to the Kings*
Half Love, half Duties Sacrifice; *dead body.*
This for the Noble Prince, an offering to friendship. *(runs at*
Iol. Basely and tamely! ——*dies* Iolas
Ari. What hast thou done?
Zir. Nothing——kill'd a Traitour,
So——away with them, and leave us,
Pasithas be onely you in call.
Ari. What do'st thou pawle?
Hast thou remorse already murtherer?
Zir. No fool: 'tis but a difference I put
Betwixt the crimes, *Orbella* is our quarrel;
And I do hold it fit, that love should have
A nobler way of Justice than Revenge
Or Treason; follow me out of the wood,
And thou shall be Master of this again: *(again*
And then, best arme and title take it. *They go out and enter*
There——— *Gives him his Sword.*
Ari. Extreamly good! Nature took paines I sweare,
The villain and the brave are mingled handsomly.
Zir. 'Twas fate that took it, when it decreed
we two should meet, nor shall they mingle now
We are brought together streight to part.——— *Fight.*
Ari. Some Devil sure has borrowed this shape. *Pawse.*
My sword ne're stay'd thus long to finde an entrance.
Zir. To guilty men, all that appeares is Devil.
Come triffer, come,——— *Fight again*, Ariaspes *falls.*
Ari. Whither, whither, thou fleeting Coward life?
Bubble of time, Natures shame, stay; a little, stay!
Till I have look'd my self into revenge,
And star'd this Traytour to a carkasse first

— It will not be: — *Falles.*
The Crown, the Crown, too
Now is loſt, for ever loſt —oh! ——
Ambition's, but an *Ignis fatuus*, I ſee,
Miſleading fond mortality,
That hurries us about, and ſets us down
Juſt —where--we---firſt begun— *Dies.*

Zir. What great ſpreading mighty thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how ſoon poor man
Vaniſhes into his noone-tide ſhadow?
But hopes o're-fed have ſeldom better done: ----(*Hollows?*
Take up this lump of vanity, and honour, *Enter* Paſitahas.
And carry it the back way to my lodging,
There may be uſe of Stateſmen, when th'are dead:
So.——for the Cittadell now, for in ſuch times
As theſe, when the unruly multitude
Is up in ſwarmes, and no man knowes which way
They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſames.

Ther. The Dog-ſtar's got up high, it ſhould be late:
And ſure by this time every waking eare,
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet me thought
A noiſe of weapons ſtruck my eare juſt now.
'Twas but my fancy ſure, and were it more,
I would not tread one ſtep that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, ſtood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands;
Danger! thou Dwarf dreſt up in Giants clothes,
That ſhew'ſt farr off ſtill greater then thou art
Go, terrifie the ſimple, and the Guilty, ſuch
As with falſe Opticks ſtill do look upon thee;
But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee
In thy worſt ſhape, and meet thee in them too.
Stay-----Theſe trees I made my mark, 'tis hereabouts,
-----Love guide me but right this night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back again
Thoſe eyes the Poets took ſo boldly from thee *Exit.*

Aglaura *with a torch in one hand, and a dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand, how much the worse,
This suits with this! one of the two should go.
The she within me sayes, it must be this——
Honour sayes this——and honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that she then? It is not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 't has done, it cannot light me out.
For fear does drive to Fate, or Fate if we
Do flie, or etakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doth seize us—— *Puts out the light.*
Ha! ——would 'twere in agen!
Antiques and strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soul, mine Eye,
Was ne'er acquainted with, Fancy let's in,
Like a distracted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, fear now a fresh comes on,
And charges love too home.
——He comes——he comes——
Woman, if thou would'st be the Subject of mans wonder,
Not his scorn hereafter, now shew thy self.

Enter Prince rising from the vault. she stabs him two or three times, he falls, she goes back to her Chamber.

Sudden and fortunate!
My better Angel sure did both infuse
A strength, and did direct it *Enter Ziriff.*

Zir. Aglaura!

Agl. Brother.——

Zir. The same.
So slow to let in such a long'd for Guest?
Must joy stand knocking Sister? come prepare,
Prepare——
The King of *Persia's* coming to you strait
The King—— mark that. (you

Ag. I thought how Poor the joyes you brought with

Were

Were in respect of those that were with me
Joyes are our hopes stript of their fears,
And such are mine; for know, deare Brother,
The King is come already and is gone —mark that.
Zir. Is this instinct, or riddle? what King? how gone?
Agl. The Cave will tell you more——
Zir. Some sad mistake—thou has undone us all *Goes out, enters hastily again,*
The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of earth
He lies upon, as senseless too! death hangs
Upon his lips
Like an untimely frost upon an early Cherry
The noble Guest, his Soule, took it so ill
That you should use his old Acquaintance so,
That neither prayers, nor teares, can n're perswade
Him back again —— Aglaura *swounes; rubs her.*
Hold hold! we cannot sure part thus!
Sister! *Aglaura!* *Thesames* is not dead,
It is the Prince that calls——
Agl. The Prince, where? —
Tell me, or I will strait go back again,
Into those Groves of Gessemine. thou took'st me from,
And find him out, or lose my self for ever.
Zir. For ever——I: there's it!
For in those Groves thou talk'st of,
There are so many by-waies and odd turnings,
Leading unto such wide and dismall place,
That should we go without a Guide, or stir
Before Heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared
We there should wander up and down for ever,
And be be nighted to eternity—
Agl. Benighted to eternity?——what's that
Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to eternity,
To sit i'th, darke, and do I know not what;
Unriddle at our own sad cost and charge,
The doubts the learned here only do move----
Agl. What place have murtherers brother there? for sure
The murtherer of the Prince must have

A punishment that Heav'n is yet to make.----------
Zir. How is religion fool'd betwixt our Loves,
And fears? poor Girle, for ought that thou hast done,
Thy Chaplets may be fair and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysium*?
Agl. Do you think so?
Zir. Yes I do think so.
The juster Judges of our Actions,
Would they have been severe upon
Our weaknesses,
Would (sure) have made us stronger.----
Fie! those teares
A Bride upon the marriage day as properly
Might shed as thou, here widdows doo't
And marrie next day after:
To such a funeral as this, there should be
nothing common----
Wee'l mourn him so, that those that are alive
Shall think themselves more buried far then he;
And wish to have his grave, to find his Obsequies: *dies*
But stay——the Body. *Brings up the body, she swounds and*
Agen! Sister——— *Aglaura* ———
O speaks once more, once more look out fair Soul.———
She's gone.——
Irrevocable gon.——And winging now the Aire
Like a glad bird broaken from some cage:
Poor Bankrupt heart, when't had not wherewithall
To pay to sad disaster all that was its due,
It broke——— mine would do so too.
My soule is now within me
Like a well metled Hauk, on a blind Faulkners fist,
Methinks I feel it baiting to be gone:
And yet I have a little fooliish business here
On earth; I will dispatch.—— *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, *with the body of* Ariaspes,

Pas. Let me be like my burthen, if I had not as lieve kill two of the Blood-royal for him, as carry one of them;

These

These Gentlemen of high actions are three times as heavie after death, as your private retir'd ones; look if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Courtier of the second forme now? and cannot stand upon his own legs, nor do any thing without help, Hum. ——And what's become of the great Prince, in prison as they call it now, the toy within us, that makes us talk, and laugh, and fight. I! why there's it, well, let him be what he will; and where, I'le make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir——come along:—— *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here——
They sleep to night
I' their winding sheets I think, there's such
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant:
For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.——
Courting her glasse, I sweare,! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shall se trulier what you are. (*Knocks. Enter the Queen.*

Orb. What make you up at this strange hour my Lord?

Zir. My business is my boldness warrant,
(Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. Tis a sad Prologue,
What follows in the name of virtue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I, what of him? is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes.——
If to be free from the great load
We sweat and labour under, here on earth,
Be to be well, he is?

Orb. Why he's not dead, is he?

Zir. Yes Madam, slain——and the Prince too.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but dead they are.

Orb. Dead?

Zir. Yes Madam.
Orb. Did'ſt ſee them dead?
Zir. As I ſee you alive.
Orb. Dead!
Zir. Yes dead!
Orb. Well we muſt all dye;
The Siſters ſpin no cables for us mortals,
Th' are thred; and Time and chance----.
Truſt me I could weep now;
But watry diſtillations do but ill on graves,
They make the lodging colder. *She knocks.*
Zir. What would you Madam?
Orb. Why my friends, my Lord!
I would conſult and know, what's to be done.
Zir. Madam 'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court;
Things thus unſetled, if you pleaſe to have-----
Orb. Where's *Ariaſpes*?
Zir. In's dead ſleep by this time I'm ſure.
Orb. I know he is not! finde him inſtantly.
Zir. I'm gone,------ *Turns back again.*
But Madam why make you choice of him, from whom
If the ſucceſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of danger?
Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe, as to be jealous;
Pray diſpute no further.
Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I goe
I muſt unlock a ſecret unto you! ſuch a one
As while the King did breathe durſt know no aire,
Zoranes lives.
Orb. Ha!
Zir. And in hope of ſuch a day as this
Has lingred out a life, ſnatching, to feed
His almoſt famiſhed eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a diſguiſe.
Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!
Zir. If you did love him, as they ſay you did,
And do ſo ſtill; 'tis now within your power.'

Orb.

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once
(And 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
May youth and Ignorance may well excus't.
Zir. Excuse it?
Orb. Yes excuse it Sir.
Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his father much,
And pitty him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stray no further.
Your pardon Madam: *Exit.* *Queen studies.*
Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must fear, because he knowes
He hates him: for these are Statesmen,
That when time has made bold with the King and Subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons coming in with floods,
That leap o're wyers and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff, Pasithas *throwing down the dead body of* Ariaspes.

Orb. Ha! murthered too!
Treason----treason-----
Zir. But such another word and half so loud,
And th'art----
Orb. Why? thou wilt not murther me too?
Wilt thou villain?
Zir. I do not know my temper----*Discovers himself.*
Look here vain thing, and see thy sins full blown:
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My self almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principal away.
Had I but staid, and not began revenge

Till

Till thou had'ſt made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have kill'd:
As wantons entring a Garden, take
The firſt fair flower they meet, and
Treaſure't in their laps;
Then ſeeing more, do make freſh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at length
The firſt poor flower o're charg'd, with too much weight
Withers, and dies:
So haſt thou delt with me,
And having kill'd me firſt, I will kill——
Orb. Hold ——hold——
Not for my ſake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And ſingle death is ſuch a wrong to Juſtice,
I muſt needs except againſt it.
Finde out away to make me long a dying;
For death's no puniſhment; it is the ſenſe,
The pains and feares afore that makes a death:
To think what I had had, had I had you,
What I have loſt in loſing of my ſelf,
Are deaths farr worſe then any you can give:
Yet kill me quickly; for if I have time,
I ſhall ſo waſh this ſoul of mine with teares,
Make it ſo fine, that you would be afreſh
In love with it, and ſo perchance I ſhould (*her head.*
Again come to deceive you. *She riſes up weeping, and hanging down*
Zir. So riſes day, bluſhing at nights deformity:
And ſo the pretty flowers bluber'd with dew,
And ever waſht with raine, hang down their heads.
I muſt not look upon her: (*Goes towards him*)
Orb. Were but theſe Lillies in this face as freſh
As are the Roſes; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to their bluſhes, I ſhould then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne're deni'd;
'Tis but a parting kiſs Sir——
Zir. I dare not grant it. ——
Orb. Your hand Sir then for that's a part I ſhould

Love

Love after death (if after death we love)
Cause it did right the wrong'd *Zoranes* here——
Steps to him opens the box of poyson, Zoranes *falls.*
Sleep, sleep for ever and forgotten too,
All but thy ills, which may succeeding time
Remember, as the Sea-man does his marks,
To know what to avoid: may at thy name
All good men start, and bad too; may it prove
Infection to the Aire, that people dying of it
Nay help to curse thee for me. *Turnes to the body of* Ariaspes.
Could I call thee back as easily now;
But that's a Subject for our tears, not hopes!
There is no peicing Tulips to their stalks,
When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand;
All we can do is to preserve in water
A little life, and give by curteous Art
What scanted Nature wants Commission for;
That thou shalt have: for to thy memory
Such Tribute moyst sorrow I will pay,
And that so purifi'd by love, that on thy grave
Nothing shall grow but Violets and Primroses,
Of which too, some shall be
Of the mysterious number, so that Lovers shall *She knocks*
Come hither not as to a Tombe but to an Oracle. *and raises the Court.*
Enter Ladies and Courtiers, as out of their beds
Orb. Come! come! help me to weep my self away,
And melt into a grave, for life is but
Repentance nurse, and will conspire with memory,
To make my hours my tortures.
Ori. What Scene of sorrow's this? both dead?
Orb. Dead? I! and 'tis but half death's triumphs this,
The King and Prince lye somewhere, just
Such empty truncks as these.
Ori. The Prince?
Then in greifs burthen I must bare a part.
Sem. The noble *Ariaspes*——valliant *Ziriff* too——*Weeps.*
Orb, Weep'st thou for him, fond Prodigall? do'st know

On

On whom thou ſpend'ſt thy teares? this is the man
To whom we owe our ills; the falſe *Loraunes*
Diſguis'd, not loſt, but kept alive, by ſome *Enter* Paſithas, *ſur-*
Incenſed power to puniſh *Perſia* thus: *veys the bodies. finds*
He would have kill'd me too; but Heav'n was juſt, *his Maſter.*
And furniſht me with meanes, to make him pay
This ſcore of villanie, e're he could do more. *(her, and flies*
Paſ. Were you his murth'rer then?--Paſithas *runs to her, kills*
Ori. Ah me! the Queen.----- *Ruth her till ſhe come to her*
Sem. How do you Madam? *ſelf.*
Orb. Well,--- but I was better and ſhall----*Dies*
Sem. Oh! ſhe is gon for ever!
Enter Lords in their night gownes, Orſames, Philan.
Orſ. What have we here?
A Church-yard? nothing but ſilence, and grave?
Ori. Oh! here has been (my Lords)
The blackeſt night the *Perſian* world e're knew
The King and Prince are not themſelves exempt
From this arreſt; but pale and cold, as theſe,
Have meaſured out their lengths.
Lo. Impoſſible! which way?
Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you.
For while the Queen was telling of a Story
An unknown villain here has hurt her ſo
That like a ſickly Taper, ſhe but made
One flaſh, and ſo expir'd:
Enter bearing in Paſithas.
Phi. Here he is, but no confeſſion.
Or. Torture muſt force him then:
Though 'twill indeed but weakly ſatisfie
To know now they are dead, how they did dye.
Phi. Come take the bodies up, and let us all
Go drowne our ſelves in teares, this maſſacre
Has left ſo torne a State, that 'twill be Policy
As well as debt, to weep till we are blinde;
For who would ſee the miſeries behinde?

Epilogue

Epilogue.

Our play is done, and yours doth now begin:
What different Fancies, people now are in?
How strange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If e're they rise, 't were possible to take
All votes.——
But as when an authentique watch is shown,
Each man winds up, and rectifies his own,
So in our very Iudgments; first there sits
A grave Grand Iury on it of Town-wits,
And they give up their verdict; then again
The other Iury of the Court comes in
(And that's of life and death) for each man sees
That oft condemns, what th' other Iury frees:
Some three dayes hence, the Ladies of the Town
Will come to have a Iudgment of their own:
And after them, their servants; then the City,
For that is modest, and is still last witty.
'Twill be a week at least yet e're they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a grave:
Such difficulty there is to unite
Opinion, or bring it to be right.

Epilogue for the Court.

SIR,

THat th' abuſing of your ear's a crime,
Above the excuſe any ſix lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knowes: I am but ſent
T' intreat he may not be a Preſident,
For he does think that in this place there be
Many have don't as much and more than he?
But here's, he ſayes, the difference of the Fates,
He begs a pardon after't, they Eſtates.

FINIS.

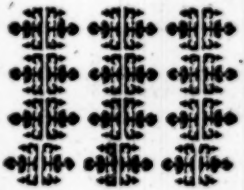
AGLAURA.

Represented at the

COURT,

By his Majesties Servants.

Written by
Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*



LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Mosely* at the Prince's Arms,
in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

Prologue.

FOre love, a mighty Seſſions: and I feare,
Though kinde laſt Sizes, 'twill be now ſevere;
For it is thought, and by judicious men,
Aglaura 'ſcap't only by dying then:
But 'twould be vain for me now to endeare,
Or ſpeak unto my Lords, the Judges here,
They hold their places by condemning ſtill,
And cannot ſhew at once mercie and skill;
For wit's ſo cruel unto wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want ith play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a plot,
But where the Servant had his miſtreſs got,
And whom to ſee a Lover dye it grieves,
Although 'tis in worſe language that he lives,
Will lik't w'are confident, ſince here will be,
That your Sex ever lik'd, varietie.

Prologue to the Court.

THIS ſtrange perchance (you'll think) that ſhe that (di'd
At Chriſtmas, ſhould at Eaſter be a Bride:
But 'tis a priviledg the Poets have,
To take the long-ſince dead out of the grave:
Nor is this all; old Heroes aſleep
Twixt marble coverlets, and ſix foot deep

In earth, they boldly wake, and make them doe
All they did living here--- sometimes more toe
They give fresh life, reverse and alter Fate,
And yet more bold; Almightie-like create,
And out of nothing onely to deifie
Reason, and Reasons friend, Philosophie;
Fame, honour, valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at least 'mongst us so understood.
They give; heav'ns theirs; no handsome woman dies,
But if they please, is strait some star i'th' skies.---
But oh-------
How those poore men of Meetre doe
Flatter themselves with that, that is not true,
And 'cause they can trim up a little prose,
And spoile it handsomely, vainly suppose
Th' are Omnipotent, can do all those things
That can be done onely by Gods and Kings.
Of this wild guilt, he faine would be thought free
That writ this play, and therefore (Sir) by mee,
He humbly begs, you would be pleas'd to know,
Aglaura's *but repriev'd this night, and though*
Shee now appeares upon a Poets call,
Shee's not to live, unless you say shee shall.

ACTUS.

ACTUS. V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, *and Guard: he places 'em: and Exit. A State set out. Enter* Ziriff, Jolas, Ariaspes

Iol. A Glorious night!
Ari. pray Heav'n it prove so.
Are we not there yet?
Zir. 'T s about this hollow. *They Enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th' enheritance of night;
Have we not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And stept into the confines of some melancholy
Devills Territorie?
Iol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.
Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobbie for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'le move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past *(to the doore,*
Retreat: you know the word if it be the Prince. Ziriff *goes*
Enter King.
Ziriff. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.
King. Is he not come then?
Zir. No.
King. Where's *Ariaspes?*
Zir. Waiting within.
Iol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this fellowes leaving of us.
Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine own nature too,
As jealous, as Love, or Honour, weare thy sword
In readiness, and think how neere we are a Crown.

Zor. Revenge! ---- *Guard ſeizeth on'em.*
King. Ha! what's this?
Zir. Bring them forth.----- *Brings them forth.*
Ari. The King!
Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend ----- *Diſcovers himſelf.*
D'you know this face?
King. Zorannes!
Zor. The very ſame,
The wrong'd *Zorannes*,---- King ----
D'you ſtare, -----
Away with them where I appointed.
King. Traytours, let me goe;
Villain, thou dar'ſt not do this ----
Zor. Poore Counterfeit,
How faine thou now would'ſt act a King, and art not:
Stay you ----- *to* Ariaſpes.
Unhand him,----- *Whiſpers.*
Leave us now. ----- *Exeunt.* *Manet* Ariaſp. Zoran.
Ari. What does this meane?
Sure he does intend the Crown to me.
Zo. We are alone,
Follow me out of the wood, and thou ſhalt be
Maſter of this again,
And then beſt arme and title take it.
Ari. Thy offer is ſo noble, ingratitude I cannot
But Propound gentler conditions,
We will divide the Empire.
Zor. Now by my fathers ſoule,
I doe almoſt repent my firſt intents,
And now could kill thee ſcurvily, for thinking
If I had a minde to rule
I would not rule alone.
Let not thy eaſie faith (loſt man)
Foole thee into ſo dull an hereſie;
Orbella is our quarrel, and I have thought it fit
That love ſhould have a nobler way of Juſtice;
Than Revenge, or Treaſon.

If thou dar'ſt die handſomly, follow me. *Ex. And enter b. th agen*

Zor. There,----- *Gives him his ſword.*

Ari. Extremely good; Nature took paines I ſweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handſomly:----
Zir. 'twas Fate that took it, when it decreed
We two ſhould meet, nor ſhall they mingle now,
We are but brought together ſtrait to part ——— *Fight.*

Ari. Some Divill ſure has borrowed this ſhape,
My ſword ne're ſtaid thus long to finde an entrance.

Zir. To guiltie men, all that appear is Devill;
Come trifler come, —— *Fight.*

Ari. Dog, thou haſt it.

Zir. Why then it ſeems my ſtar's as great as his,
I ſmile at thee. *Ariaſpes pants, and*
Thou now would'ſt have me kill thee, *(runs at him to catch*
And' tis a courteſie I cannot afford thee. *his ſword.*
I have bethought my ſelf, there will be uſe
Of thee, —— *Paſithas* —— to the reſt with him. *Exit.*

Enter Paſithas *and two of the Guard.* —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſames.

Ther. The Dog ſtar's got up high, it ſhould be late:
And ſure by this time every waking eare
And watchfull eye is charm'd; and yet mee thought
A noyſe of weapons ſtruck my eare juſt now.
'Twas but my fancie ſure, and were it more,
I would not tread one ſtep, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, ſtood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands.
Danger, thou Dwarf dreſt up in Giants clothes,
That ſhew'ſt farr off ſtill greater then thou art,
Goe, terrifie the ſimple, and the guiltie, ſuch
As with falſe Opticks ſtill do look upon thee
But fright not Lovers, we dare looke on thee
In thy worſt ſhapes, and meet thee in them too.---
Stay, theſe trees I made my mark, 'tis hereabouts.
----Love guide me but right this night,
And Lovers ſhall reſtore thee back againe

Thoſe eyes the Poets took ſo boldly from thee. *Exit.*

A taper. Table out.

Enter Aglaura *with a Torch in one hand, A Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand? much worſe
This ſuits with this one of the two ſhould goe.
The ſhe within me ſayes, it muſt be this----
Honor ſayes this----and honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that ſhe then? is it not a thing
That ſets a price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when't has done, it cannot light me out?
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, or etakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or Infamy, or both to ſeize us.---- *Puts out the light.*
Ha! ---would 'twere in agen. Antiques & ſtrange miſhapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquained with, Fancie lets in,
Like a diſtrouted multitude, by ſome ſtrange accident
Piec'd together; feare now afreſh comes on,
And charges Love too home.
------He comes, he comes ---- *A little noiſe below.*
Woman, if thou woul'dſt be the ſubject
Of mans wonder, not his ſorne hereafter,----
---Now ſhew thy ſelf.

Enter Therſames *from the Vault, ſhe ſtabs him as he riſeth.*

Ther. Unkindly done---
Agl. The Princes voyce, defend it goodneſs?
Ther. What art thou that thus poorely
Haſt deſtroy'd a life?
Agl. Oh ſad miſtake, 'tis hee?
Ther. Haſt thou no voyce?
Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.
Ther. Aglaura. it cannot be!
Agl. Oh ſtill beleeve ſo, Sir,
For 'twas not I indeed, but fatall Love.

Ther.

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than theſe were,
The paines they give us have ſome pleaſure
In them, and that theſe have not. *Enter* Ziriff *with a taper.*
Oh doe not ſay 'twas you, for that does wound agen:
Guard me my better Angel,
Doe I wake? my eyes (ſince I was man)
Ne're met with any object gave them ſo much trouble,
I dare not ask neither to be ſatisfied,
Shee lookes ſo guiltily——

Agl. Why do you ſtare and wonder at a thing
That you your ſelfe have made thus miſerable?

Zir. Good gods, and I o'the partie too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this night
Meant to attempt my honour; that our condition
Would not admit of middle wayes, and that we muſt
Send them to graves, or lye our ſelves in duſt?

Zir. Unfortunate miſtake? Ziriff *knocks.*
I never did intend our ſafety by thy hands: *Enter* Paſithas.
Paſithas, go inſtantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his bed; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. As with the beſieg'd:
My ſoul is ſo beſet it does not know,
Whether't had beſt to make a deſperate
Sally out by this port or not?

Agl. Sure I ſhall turne Statue here

Ther. If thou do'ſt love me, weep not *Aglaura*:
All thoſe are drops of blood and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the gods defend this way of expiation,
Think'ſt thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be leſs,
By adding to it? or canſt thou hope
To ſatisfie thoſe powers, whom great ſins
Do diſpleaſe, by doing greater.

Agl. Diſcourteous courteſie.
I had no other meanes left me than this,
To let *Therſames* know I would do nothing
To him, I would not doe unto my ſelf,
And that thou takeſt away.

Ther.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little neerer,
I find a kind of willing neſs to ſtay,
And find that willingneſs ſomething obey'd.
My blood now it perſwades it ſelf
You did not call in earneſt,
Makes not ſuch haſte. ——

Agl. Oh my deareſt Lord,
This kindneſs is ſo full of crueltie,
Puts ſuch an uglineſs on what I have done,
That when I look upon it, needs muſt fright
Me from my ſelf, and which is more inſufferable,
I feare from you. (me?

Ther. Why ſhould that fright thee, which moſt comforts
I glorie in it and ſhall ſmile i'th' grave,
To think our love was ſuch, that nothing
But it ſelf could e're deſtroy it.

Agl. Deſtroy it? can it have ever end?
Will you not be thus courteous then in the other world?
Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:
The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here.
And when thou art more pure,
Why ſhould I not more doubt it?

Agl. Becauſe if I ſhall be more pure,
I ſhall be then more fit for you.
Our prieſts aſſure us an *Elyſium*;
And can that be *Elyſium* where true Lovers
Muſt not meet? Thoſe powers that made our loves,
Did they intend them mortal,
Would ſure have made them of a courſer ſtuff,
Would they not my Lord? ——

Ther. Prethee ſpeak ſtill,
This muſick gives my ſoule ſuch pleaſing buſineſs;
Takes it ſo wholly up, it findes not leaſure to
Attend unto the ſummous death does make;

Yet

Yet they are loud and peremptorie now,
And I can onely——— *Faints.*

Agl. Some pitying Power inſpire me with
Away to follow him: heart wilt thou not
Break it of thy ſelf!

Zir. My greifs beſot me:
His ſoule will faile out with this purple tide,
And I ſhall here be found ſtaring
After't, like a man that's too ſhort' o'th' ſhip,
And's left behind upon the land. *Shee ſwounes.*

Enter Andrages.

Oh welcome, welcome, here lies *Andrages*,
Alas too great a trial for thy art.

And. There's life in him: from whence theſe wounds?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for ſtorie.

And. 'Tis not mortal my Lord, bow him gently,
And help me to infuſe this into him;
The ſoule is but aſleep, and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh ——ho: ——

Zir. Hearke, the Prince does live.

Ther. What e're thou art haſt given me now a life,
And with it all my cares and miſeries,
Expect not a reward, no not a thanks.
If thou would'ſt merit from me,
(Yet who would be guilty of ſo loſt an action)
Reſtore me to my quietneſs agen,
For life and that are moſt incompatible.

Zir. Still in diſpaires:
I did not think till now 'twas in the power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Therſames* of himſelf;
For pitie, Sir, and reaſon live;
If you will die, die not, *Aglaura's* murther'd,
That's not ſo handſome; at leaſt die not
Her murthered and her murtherer too;
For that will ſurely follow. Looke up, Sir,
This violence of Fortune cannot laſt ever:
Who knowes but all theſe clouds are ſhadowes

To

To ſet of your fairer dayes: if it grows blacker,
And the ſtormes do riſe, this harbour's alwaies open.
Ther. What ſay'ſt thou *Aglaura*?
Agl. What ſayes *Andrages*?
And. Madam, would Heaven his mind would admit
As eaſie cure, as his body will,
'Twas onely want of blood,
And two houres reſt reſtores him to himſelf.
Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miſeries ſome eaſe:
Come Sir, repoſe upon a bed,
There's time enough to day.
Ther. Well, I will ſtill obey,
Though I muſt feare it will be with me
But as 'its with tortured men,
Whom States preſerve onely to wrack agen. *Exeunt*
Take off table.

Enter Ziriff *with a taper.*

Zir. All faſt too here!
They ſleep to night
I' their winding ſheets, I thinke, there's ſuch
A general quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant you:
For luſt does take as little reſt, as care or age;
Courting her glaſſe, I ſweare, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you ſhall ſee trulier what you are. *He knocks, Enter Queen*
Orb. What make you up at this ſtrange houre, my Lord?
Zir. My buſineſs is my boldneſs warrant,
(Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n ſo pleaſ'd.
Orb. 'Tis a ſad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?
Zir. The King ——
Orb. I: what of him? is well, is he not?
Zir. Yes. ——
If to be on's journey to the other world

Be

Be to be well, he is

Orb. Why hee's not dead, is he?

Zir. Yes, Madam, dead.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I do not know particulars.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes (Madam.)

Orb. Art ſure hee's dead?

Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead.
As I know you too muſt die hereafter.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, dead.

Orb. We muſt all die.
The Siſters ſpin no cables for us mortals;
Th'are threds; and Time, and chance——
Truſt me I could weep now,
But watry diſtillations do but ill on graves,
They make the lodging colder. *She knocks*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord,
I would conſult and know what's to be done.

Zir. (Madam)'tis not ſo ſafe to raiſe the Court,
Things thus unſetled; If you pleaſe to have——

Orb. VVhere's *Ariaſpes?*

Zir. In's dead ſleep by this time ſure.

Orb. I know he is not! find him inſtantly.

Zir. I'm gone,—— *Turns back again.*
But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom
If the ſucceſſion meet diſturbance,
All muſt come of Danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet ſo wiſe, as to be
Jealous; Pray diſpute no further.

Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before *I* goe,
I muſt unlock a ſecret to you; ſuch a one
As while the King did breathe durſt know no aire;
Zoranes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir.

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this
Has lingred out a life, snatching to feed
His almost famish'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And do so still; 'tis not within your power!

Orb. I would it were, my Lord: but I am now
No private woman; if I did love him once,
(As 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it?

Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir,

Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his father much,
And pitty him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stay no further.
(Your pardon Madam:) *Exit.*

Orb. May be 'tis but a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must feare, because he knowes
He hates him: for these great States men,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing down all fence
That stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons coming in with floods,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the return to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Look here vain thing, and see thy sins full blown:
There's scarce a part in all this face thou hast
Not been forsworn by, Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My self almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principal away:—*Prompt.*
As wantons entring a Garden, take

The first faire flower they meet, and
Treasur't in their laps.
Then seeing more, do make fresh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at length,
The first poore flower o're charg'd, with too much weight
Withers and dies:
So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill d me first, I will kill——
Orb. Hold —— hold ——.
Not for my sake, but *Orbella*'s (Sir) a bare
And single death's such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death's no punishment; it is the sence,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death:
To think what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my self,
Are deaths far worse than any you can give.
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this soule of mine with teares,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance I should
Again come to deceive you. *She rises up weeping, & hanging down her head.*
Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformity:
And so the pretty flowers with dew,
And over-washt with raine, hang down their heads.
I must not look upon her: *(Queen goes towards him.)*
Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the Roses; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to these blushes, I should then be bold;
For when they went a begging they were ne're deni'd;
'Tis but a parting kisse Sir ——

Enter Pasithias, *and two Guard.*

Zir. I dare not grant it. —— *Pasithas* —— away with her.
A bed put out. Therfames *and* Aglaura *on it*, Andrages *by.*
Ther. She wake't me with a sigh,
And yet she sleeps her self. Sweet Innocence,

Can

Can it be ſinne to love this ſhape,
And if it be not, why am I perſecuted thus?----
Shee ſighs agen; ſleep that drowns all cares,
Cannot I ſee charm loves? bleſt pillowes,
Through whoſe fineneſs does appear
The Violets, Lillies, and the Roſes,
You are ſtuft with all, to whoſe ſoftneſs
I owe the ſweet of this repoſe, (wakes.
Permit me to leave with you this.---- *Kiſſes them, ſhee*
See if I have not wak't her,
Sure I was borne, *Aglaura*, to deſtory
Thy quiet.

Agl. Mine, my Lord!
Call you this drowſineſs a quiet then?
Beleeve me; Sir, 'twas an intruder I much
Struggled with, and have to thank a dreame,
Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A dreame! what dreame, my Love?

Agl. I dream't (Sir) it was day,
And the feare you ſhould be found here.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir Awake! how is it with you, Sir?

Ther. Well, extremely well, ſo well, that had I now
No better a remembrancer than paine,
I ſhould forget I ever was hurt,
Thanks to heav'n, and good *Andrages*.

Zir. And more than thanks; I hope we yet ſhall
Live to pay him. How old's the night?

And. Far ſpent I fear my Lord

Zir. I have a cauſe that ſhould be heard
Yet ere day break, and I muſt needs intreat
You Sir to be the Judge in't.

Ther. What cauſe *Zorannes*?

Zir. When you have promis'd---- (*Zorannes.*

Ther. Twere hard I ſhould deny thee any thing----*Exit*
Knowſt thou. *Andrages*, what he meanes?

And. Nor cannot gueſſe Sir, ------*Draw in the bed.*

I read a trouble in his face, when first
He left you, but understood it not.

Enter Zorannes, *King* Ariaspes, Jolas, *Queen*, *and two or three Guard.*

Zor. Have I not pitcht my nets like a good Huntsman?
Looke, Sir the noblest of the Herd are here.

Ther. I am astonished.

Zor. This place is yours.— *Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldst thou have me do.

Zor. Remember Sir, your promise,
I could do all I have to do, alone;
But Justice is not Justice unlesse't be justly done:
Here then I will begin, for here began my wrongs.
This woman (Sir) was wondrous fair, and wondrous
King,—I fair and kind for so the storie runs.
She gave me look for look, and glaunce for glaunce,
And every sigh like ecchoes was return'd,
We sent up vow by vow, promise on promise,
So thick and strangely multiply'd.
That sure we gave the heavenly Registers
Their business, and other mortals oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others pains,
Each others joys, thought the same thought,
And spoke the very same;
We were the same, and I have much ado
To think she could be ill, and I not
Be so too, and after this, all this (Sir)
She was false, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun revenge,
Till she had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdom to have killd,
What does this deserve?

Ther. A punishment he best can make
That suffered the wrong.

Zor. I thank you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you
His life is mine, I won it fairly,

And his is yours, he loſt it foully to you —
To him (Sir) now:
A man ſo wicked that he knew no good,
But ſo as't made his ſins the greater for't.
Thoſe ills, which ſingly acted bred deſpair
In others, he acted daily, and ne're thought
Upon them.
The grievance each particular has againſt him,
I will not meddle with; it were to give him
A long life, to give them hearing;
I'le only ſpeak my own.
Firſt then the hopes of all my youth,
And a reward which Heaven hath ſetled on me,
(If holy contracts can doe any thing)
He raviſh from me, kil'd my father,
Aglaura's father Sir, would have whor'd my ſiſter,
And murther'd my friend, this is all:
And now your ſentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no puniſhment can reach theſe crimes;
Therefore 'tis juſteſt ſure to ſend him where
Th'are wittier to puniſh then we are here:
And cauſe repentance oft ſtops that proceeding,
A ſudden death is ſure the greateſt puniſhment.

Zor. I humbly thank you, Sir. (ſelf

King. What a ſtrange glaſſe th'have ſhew'd me now, my
In our ſins like to our ſhadows,
When our day in is i'ts glorie ſcarce appear'd,
Towards our evening how great and monſtrous
They are.

Zor. Is this all you have to ſay? —

Ther. Hold: — now go you up.

Zor. What mean you, Sir?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, —
That all thy accuſations are juſt,
I muſt acknowledg;
And to theſe crimes, I have but this t'oppoſe,
he is my Father, andthy Soveraigne. —

'Tis

'Tis wickedneſs (dear Friend) we go about
To puniſh, and when w'have murther'd him,
What difference is there 'twixt him and
Our ſelves but that he firſt was wicked?——
Thou now would'ſt kill him 'cauſe he kil'd thy Father,
And when th'haſt kill'd, have not I the ſelf ſame
Quarrel?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your ſelf
Have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his life,
There was no way for me to have
Redeem'd th'intent, but by a real
Saving of it. *Be ready Courtiers, and*
If he did raviſh from thee thy *Orbella*, *Guard, with their*
Remember that that wicked iſſue had *ſword drawn, at the*
A noble parent Love,—Remember *breſts of the Priſoners.*
How he lov'd *Zorannes* when he was *Ziriff*,——
Ther's ſomething due to that.
If you muſt needs have blood for your revenge, (*away.*
Take it here—deſpiſe it not *Zorannes*: Zorannes *turns*
The gods themſelves, whoſe greatneſs
Makes the greatneſs of our ſins,
And heightens'm above what we can do
Unto each other, accept of a ſacrifice
For what we do 'gainſt them;
Why ſhould not you? and 'tis much thriftier too:
You cannot let out life here, but my honor
Goes; and all the life you can take here,
Poſterity will give me back agen;
See, *Aglaura* weeps:
That would have been ill Rhetorique in me,
But where it is, it cannot but perſwade.

Zor. Th'have thaw'd the ice about my heart;
I know not what to do.

King. Come down, come down, I will be King agen,
There's none ſo fit to be the Judg of this
As I, the life you ſhew'd ſuch zeal to ſave,

I here could willingly return you back;
But that's the common price of all revenge.

Enter Guard, Orſames, Philan, *Courtiers*, Orithie, Semanthe.

Tal, *Ari.* Ha, ha, ha: how they look now?

Zor. Death: what's this?

Ther. Betray'd agen;
All th'eaſe our Fortune gives our miſeries is hope,
And that ſtill proving falſe, grows part of it.

King. From whence this Guard? ſoners,

Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his pri-
One of his own to raiſe the Court; ſhallow ſouls,
That thought we could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good poſture to diſpatch them.

King. Lay hold upon his inſtrument:
Fond man, do'ſt think I am in love with villany?
All the ſervice they can do me here
Is but to let theſe ſee, the right I do
Them now is unconſtrain'd, then thus I do proceed.
Upon the place *Zorannes* loſt his life
I vow to build a tomb, and on that tomb
I vow to pay three whole years penitence,
If in that time I find that Heaven and you
Can pardon; I ſhall find again the way
To live amongſt you.

Ther. Sir, be not ſo cruell to your ſelf, this is an age,—

King. 'Tis now irrevocable; thy Fathers lands
I give thee back agen, and his commands;
And with them leave to wear the Tyara,
That man there has abus'd.—
To you *Orbella*,
Who it ſeems are foul as well as I,
I do preſcribe the ſelf ſame Phyſick
I doe take my ſelf:
But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnerie.

Orb. Above my hopes.

King.

King. For you, who ſtill have been
The ready inſtrument of all my cruelties.
And there have cancell'd all the bonds of brother,
Perpetuall baniſhment: nor, ſhould
This time expire, ſhall thy right have a place.
Ari. Hell and furies.---- *Exit.*
King Thy crimes deſerve no leſs; yet 'cauſe thou wert
Heavens inſtrument to ſave my life,
Thou onely haſt that time of baniſhment, (*Kings hand*
I have of penitence.----*Comes down.* Ziriff *Offers to kiſſe the*
Jol. May it be plague and famine here till I return.
No: thou ſhalt not yet forgive me:
King. Aglaura, thus I freely part with thee,
And part with all fond flames and warme diſires,
I cannot feare new agues in my blood
Since I have overcome the charmes
Thy beauty had, no other ever can
Have ſo much power, *Therſames*, thou look'ſt pale,
Is't want of reſt? (*whiſper.*
Ther. No Sir? but that's a ſtorie for your eare----*They*
Orſ. A ſtrange and happy change.
Ori. All joyes wait on you ever.
Agl. Orithie
How for thy ſake now could I wiſh
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit diviſion, that *Therſames* might,
Though at my charge pay thee the debt he owes thee.
Ori. Madam, I loved the Prince, not my ſelf;
Since his vertues have their full rewards,
I have my full deſires;
King. What miracles of preſervation have we had?
How wiſely have the ſtars prepar'd you for felicitie?
Nothing endeares a good more then the contemplation
Of the difficultie we had to attain to it:
But ſee, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auſpitiouſly does begin;
Let us goe ſerve the gods, and then prepare

For jollitie, this day Ile borrow from my vows,
Nor shall it have a common celebration;
Since't must be.
A high record to all posteritie.----*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

PLays are like Feasts, and every Act should be
Another Course, and still varietie:
But in good faith provision of wit
Is grown of late so difficult to get,
That do we what we can we are not able,
Without cold meats, to furnish out the Table.
Who knows but it was needless too? may be
'Twas here, as in the Coach-mans trade; and he
That turns in the least Compasse, shews most Art:
How e're, the Poet hopes (Sir) for his part,
You'll like not those so much, who shew their skill
In entertainment, as who shew their will.

FINIS.

THE GOBLINS.

A

COMEDY.

Presented at the Private-House

IN

Black Fryers.

By his Majesties Servants.

Written by

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Mosely* at the Prince's Arms, in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

Prologue.

WIt in a Prologue, Poets justly may
Stile a new imposition on a Play.
When Shakspear, Beamont, Fletcher rul'd the Stage,
There scarce were ten good pallats in the age,
More curious Cooks then guests; for men would eat
Most heartily of any kind of meat,
And then what strange variety each Play,
A Feast for Epicures, and that each day.
But mark how odly it is come about,
And how unluckily it now falls out:
The pallats are grown higher, number increast,
And there wants that which should make up the Feast;
And yet ye are so unconscionable, You'd have
Forsooth of late, that which they never gave
Banquets before; and after-----
Now pox on him that first good Prologue writ,
He left a kind of rent-charge upon wit;
Which if succeeding Poets fail to pay,
They forfeit all their worth, and that's their play:
Y' have Ladies humors, and y'are grown to that.
You will not like the man lest that his boots and hat
Be right; no play unlesse the Prologue be,
And Epilogue writ to curiosity.
VVell (Gentiles) 'tis the grievance of the place,
And pray consider't for here's just the case;
The richness of the ground is gone and spent,
Mens brains grow barren, and you raise the Rent.

Francelia.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter as to a Duell.

Samorat, Philatel, Torcular.

Sam. But my Lords,
May not this harsh business
Yet be left undone! (sister;
Must you hate me because I love your
And can you hate at no lesse rate then (death?
Phi. No, at no lesse:
Thou art the blaster of our fortunes,
The envious cloud that darkenst all our day,
While she thus prodigally and fondly
Throws away her love on thee;

She

She has not wherewithall to pay a debt
Unto the Prince——
Sam. Is this all?
Tor. Faith, what If in short we do not think
You worthie of her?——
Sam. I swear that shall not make a quarrel.
I think so too;
'Have urg'd it often to my self;
Against my self have sworn't as oft to her,
Pray let this satisfie.——
Phil. Sure (*Torcular*) he thinks we come to talk, *draws.*
Look you Sir;——
And brother since his friend has fail'd him,
Do you retire.
Tor. Excuse me (*Philatel*)
I have an equal interest in this,
And fortune shall decide it.——
Phil. It will not need, he's come.——

Enter *Orsabrin.*

Orf. *Mercury* protect me, what are these?
The brothers of the high-way!
Phil. A stranger by his habit.——
Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman.
Sir,—will you make one!
We Want a fourth——
Orf. I shall be rob'd with a trick now!
Sam. My Lords, excuse me!
This is not civil.
In what concerns my self,
None but my self must suffer.——
Orf. A duell by this light,——
Now has his modestie,
And t'others forwardness warn'd me.——*goes towards them.*
Gentlemen, I wear a sword.
And commonly in readiness,
If you want one, speak Sir.—— *to Samorat.*

I do not fear much ſuffering.
Sam. Y'are noble Sir.
I know not how to invite you to it;
Yet, there is juſtice on my ſide;
And ſince you pleaſe to be a witneſs
To our actions, tis fit you know our Story —
Orſ. No Story Sir I beſeech you, —
The cauſe is good enough as 'tis,
It may be ſpoil'd i'th telling.
Phil. Come we trifle then. ———
Sam. It is impoſſible to preſerve I ſee
My honor and reſpect to her.
And ſince you know this too my Lord,
It is not handſome in you thus to preſſe me,
But come. —
Torcular beckens to *Orſabrin.* —
Oh! I underſtand you Sir. — *Exeunt.*
Philatel and *Samorat* fight.
Phil. In poſture ſtill.
Oh, y'are mortal then it ſeems. — *A ſlight wound.*
Sam. Thou haſt undone thy ſelf raſh man,
For with this blood thou haſt let out a ſpirit
Will vex thee to thy grave. ———
Fight agen, *Samorat* takes away *Philatells* ſword, and takes breath, then gives it him.
Sam. I'm cool agen,
Here my Lord. —
And let this preſent bind your friendſhip. —
Phil. Yes thus. — *Runs at him,*
Sam. Treacherous and low. —
Enter *Orſabrin.*
Orſ. I have dril'd my Gentleman,
I have made as many holes in him
As would ſink a Ship Royal
In ſight of the Haven: —
How now? — *Samorat upon his knee.*

S'foot

S'foot yonder's another going that way too. ——
Now have I forgot of which side I'm on,
No matter.
I'le help the weakest;
There's some justice in that.
Phil. The Villain sure has slain my brother.
If I have any friends above,
Guide not my hand unto his heart. —— *Orsabrin puts it by,*
Sam. Hold noble youth: *(runs at him, Sam-*
Destroy me not with kindness: *orat steps in.*
Men will say he could have kil'd me,
And that injustice should not be
For honors sake, leave us together. ——
Orf. 'Tis not my business, fighting —— *puts up.*
Th'employment's yours Sir;
If you need me,
I am within your call.
Sam. The gods reward thee: ——
Now *Phil itel* thy worst. —— *They fight agen and close, Sam:*
Enter Orsabrin. *(forces his sword,*
Orf. Hell and the Furies are broke lose upon us
Shift for your self Sir. — *Flye into the woods, several ways*
Enter. Torcular weak with bleeding. *Pursued by Theeves*
Tor. It will not be. —— *In Devils Habits.*
My body is a Jade:
I feel it tire, and languish under me.
Those thoughts came to my Soul
Like Screech-owles to a sick mans window. ——
Enter Theeves *back again.*
Thee. Here ——here ——
Tor. Oh! I am fetcht away alive. —— *Exeunt. They bind*
Enter Orsabrin. right) *him, and carry*
Orf. Now the good gods preserve my senses *him away*
For they were never in more danger:
I'th name of doubt, what could this be?
Sure 'twas a Conjurer I dealt withall:

And

And while I thought him buſie at his prayers,
'Twas at his circle levying this Regiment,
Here they are agen. ——

Enter *Samorat.*

Sam Friend —— Sranger —— Noble youth ——
Orſ. Here —— here ——
Sam. Shift, ſhift the place,
The wood is dangerous,
As you love ſafety,
Follow me. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Philatel.

Phi. Th'have left the place,
And yet I cannot find the body any where ——
May be he did not kill him then,
But he recover'd ſtrength,
And reacht the Town ——
—— It may be not too. ——
Oh that this hour could be cal'd back agen.
—— But 'tis too late,
And time muſt cure the wound that's given by fate.--- *Exit.*

Enter Samorat. Orſabrin.

Orſ. I'th ſhape of Lyons too ſometimes,
And Beares? ——
Sam. Often Sir ——
Orſ. Pray unriddle. ——
Sam. The wiſer ſort do think them Theeves,
Which but aſſume theſe forms to rob
More powerfully. ——
Orſ. Why does not then the State
Set out ſome forces and ſuppreſs them?
Sam. It often has (Sir) but without ſucceſs. ——
Orſ. How ſo?
Sam. During the time thoſe leavies are abroad,
Not one of them appears,
There have been
That have attempted under ground;

But

But of thoſe as of the dead
There has been no return. ——
Orſ. Strange!
Sam. The common people think them a race
Of honeſt and familiar Divils,
For they do hurt to none,
Unleſs reſiſted;
They ſeldome take away, but with exchange;
And to the poor they often give,
Returne the hurt, and ſick recover'd
Reward, or puniſh, as they do find cauſe, ——
Orſ. How cauſe? ——
Sar. Why Sir, they blind ſtill thoſe they take,
And make them tell the ſtories of their lives,
Which known, they do accordingly ——
Orſ. You make me wonder! Sir, ——
How long is't ſince they thus have troubled you?
Sam. It was immediately upon
The great deciding day, fought
'Twixt the two pretending Families,
The *Samorats* and the *Orſabrins*.
Orſ. Ha! *Orſabrin*?
Sam. But Sir, that ſtorie's ſad and tedious.
W'are entring now the Town,
A place leſs ſafe then were the Woods,
Since *Torcular* is ſlain ——
Orſ. How Sir? ——
Sam. Yes. ——
He was the Brother to the Princes Miſtriſs,
The lov'd one too.
If we do prize our ſelves at any rate,
We muſt embarque, and change the clime.
There is no ſafety here. ——
Orſ. Hum ——
Sam. The little ſtay we make, muſt be
In ſome dark corner of the Town;

From

From whence, the day hurried to th'other world,
Wee'l ſally out to order for our journey.
That I am forc't to this, it grieves me not:
But (gentle youth) that you ſhould for my ſake. ——
Orſ. Sir looſe not a thought on that
A ſtorm at Sea threw me on land,
And now a ſtorm on land drives me
To Sea agen. ——
Sam. Still noble. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Naſſurat. Pellagrin.*

Na. Why; ſuppoſe 'tis to a Wench,
You would not goe with me would you? ——
Pella. To chuſe, —— to chuſe, ——
Na. Then there's no remedy. —— *Flings down his hat,*
Pella. What doeſt mean? —— *(unbuttons him ſelf,*
Na. Why? ſince I cannot leave you alive, *(draws.*
I will trie to leave you dead.
Pella. I thank you kindly Sir, very kindly.
Now the Sedgly curſe upon thee,
And the great Fiend ride through thee
Booted and ſpur'd, with a Sith on his neck;
Pox on thee. I'le ſee thee hang'd firſt;
S'foot, you ſhall make none of your fine
Points of honour up at my charge:
Take your courſe if you be ſo hot.
Be doing, —— be doing, —— *Exit.*
Na. I am got free of him at laſt:
There was no other way;
Has been as troubleſome as a Woman that
Would be lov'd, whether a man would or not:
And has watcht me as if he had been
My Creditors Serjeant. If they ſhould have diſpatch
In the mean time, there would be fine
Opinions of me. —— I muſt cut his throat
In earneſt, if it ſhould be ſo. —— *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Theeves, A horn sounds.

Thee. A prize —— A prize —— A prize ——

Perid. Some duell (Sir) was fought this morning, this
Weakened with loss of blood, we took, the rest
Escapt.——

Tamoren. He's fitter for our Surgeon, then for us,
Hereafter wee'l examine him——

A gen a shout.

Thee. A prize—— A prize —— A prize ——

(They set them down) *Ardelan, Piramant.*

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortal Sin,
Pinch them, as you dance about,
Pinch them till the truth come out.——

Per. What art?

Ar. Extreamly poor, and miserable.

Per. 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed,
No body will take that away from thee.
Fear not, —— what Country? ——

Ar. — *Francelia*——

Per. Thy name?——

Ar. Ardelan.——

Per. And thine,——

Pira. Piramant.——

Per. Thy story,——come——

Ar. What story!——

Per. Thy life, thy life.—— (Pinch him)

Ar. Hold, hold.
You shall have it.—— (he sighs)
It was upon the great defeat
Given by the *Samorats* unto the *Orsabrins*,
That the old Prince for safety of the young,
Committed him unto the trust of *Garradan*
And some few servants more,
'Mongst whom I fil'd a place——

Tam. Ha! *Garradan*!

Ar.

Ar. Yes.

Tam. Speak out and ſet me nearer;
So; void the place, proceed.—

Ar. We put to Sea, but had ſcarce loſt the ſight
Of Land, e're we were made a prey
To Pirates; there *Garradan*
Reſiſting the firſt Boord, chang'd life with death;
With him the Servants too,——
All but my ſelf and *Piramant*.
Under theſe Pirats ever ſince
Was *Orſabrin* brought up,
And into ſeveral Countries did they carry him.

Tam. Knew *Orſabrin* himſelf?

Ar. Oh! no, his ſpirit was too great;
We durſt not tell him any thing,
But waited for ſome accident
Might throw us on *Francelia*,
'Bout which we hover'd often,
And we were near it now,
But heaven decreed it otherwayes;—— (he ſighs)

Tam. Why do'ſt thou ſigh?——

Ar. Why do I ſigh? (indeed,)
For tears cannot recall him;
Laſt night about the ſecond watch, the
Winds broke looſe,
And vext our ſhip ſo long,
That it began to reele and totter,
And like a Drunken man,
Took in ſo faſt his liquor,
That it ſunk down i'th place.——

Tam. How did you ſcape?

Ar. I bound my ſelf unto a maſte,
And did adviſe my maſter to do ſo,
For which he ſtruck me only,
And ſaid I did conſult too much with fear.——

Tam. 'Tis a ſad ſtory.—— (*within there*)

Let them have Wine and
Fire,----but heark you,---- (*Whispers*)

Enter Theeves.

With a *Poet.*

Thee. A prize,----A prize,----A prize. ----

Per. Set him down.----

Poet. ------Sings-----

----And for the blue,-----
Give him a cup of Sack 'twill mend his hue.---

Per. Drunk as I live---- (*pinch him, pinch him.*
What art ? ----

Poet. I am a Poet,
A poor dabler in Rhime.------

Per. Come, confess, confess ;

Poet. I do confess I want money.

Per. By the description he's a Poet iudeed.
Well proceed.-------- (*pinch him*)

Poet. What do you mean ?-----
Pox on you,
Prethee let me alone,
Some Candles here,-----
And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us
Rogue, Drawer, the t'other Quart,
Some small Beere.-----
And for the blue,
Give him a cup of Sack, 'twill mend his hew.--

Tam. Set him by till he's sober,
Come let's go see our Duellist
Dresst.----- *Exeunt.*

Enter *Taylor*, two *Serjeants.*

Tay. He's something tall, and for his Chin
It has no bush below :
Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe
Peach doth wear ;
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.-----

Ser: Is he of furie ?

Will he foine,
And give the mortal touch?
Ta. Oh no!
He ſeldome wears the ſword.
Ser. *Topo* is the word if he do,
Thy debt my little *Mirmidon.*
Tay. A yard and a half I aſſure you without abatement.
Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:
Is he retir'd into this houſe of pleaſure?
Tay. One of theſe he's entred;
'Tis but a little waiting,
You ſhall find me at the next Taverne.—— *Exit.*
Ser. Stand cloſe, I hear one coming.

Enter Orſabrin.

Or. This Houſe is ſure no Seminary for *Lucreces*,
Then the Matron was ſo over diligent,
And when I ask't for meat or drink,
She look't as if I had miſtook my ſelf,
And call'd for a wrong thing.
Well! 'tis but a night, and part of it I'le ſpend
In ſeeing of this Town,
So famous in our tales at Sea.——
Ser. Look, look, muffled, and as melancholy after't
As a Gameſter upon loſſe; upon him, upon him.
Or. How now my friends,
Why do you uſe me thus?
Ser. Quietly; 'twill be your beſt way.
Or. Beſt way? for what?
Ser. Why 'tis your beſt way,
Becauſe there will be no other.
Topo is the word,
And you muſt along.——
Or. Is that the word?
Why then this is my ſword—— (*Run away*)
Ser. Murder, murder, murder;
H'as kill'd the Princes Officer,

Murder----Murder-----Murder-----

Or. I muſt not ſtay,
I hear them ſwarm.-----

Enter *Conſtable, People*

Con. Where is he, where is he?

Ser. Here,-----here----oh a Man-mender,
A Man-mender!
Has broacht me in ſo many places,
All the liquor in my body will run out.

Con. In good ſooth (neighbour) has tapt you at the Wrong end too;
He has been buſie with you here behind,
As one would ſay, lend a hand, ſome of you,
And the reſt follow me.----- *Exeunt.*

Enter *Orſabrin.*

Or. Still purſued!
Which way now?
I ſee no paſſage;
I muſt attempt this wall,---
Oh----a lucky door,
And open.----- *Exit.*

Enters again.

Where am I now?
A garden and an handſome houſe,
If't be thy will a Porch to't,
And I'me made;
'Twill be the better lodging of the two--- (*goes to the Porch*]

Enter Maid.

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir,
My Lady hath been in ſuch frights for you.

Or. Hum! for me?

Phe. And thought you would not come to night.

Or. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her:

Phe. She's in the gallery alone i'th dark.

Or. Good, very good.

Phe. And is ſo melancholy,------

Or. Hum-----
Phe. Have you ſhut the Garden doors?
Come I'le bring you to her, enter, enter.-----
Or. Yes, I will enter:
He who has loſt himſelf makes no great venter. ----- *Exit.*

ACT. II.

Enter *Sabrina, Orſabrin.*

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open air to priſoners;
I have had ſuch fears for you.
Or. She's warm, and ſoft as lovers language:
Shee ſpoke too prettily;
Now have I forgot the danger I was in.-----
Sab. What have you done to day (my better part)
Or. Kind little Rogue!
I could ſay the fineſt things to her me thinks,
But then ſhe would diſcover me;
The beſt way will be to fall too quietly.---- (*kiſſes her.*)
Sab. How now my *Samorat*,
What ſaucy heat hath ſtoln into thy bloud,
And heightned thee to this?
I fear you are not well.-----
Or. S'foot 'tis a *Platonique*:
Now cannot I ſo much as talk that way neither.
Sab. Why are you ſilent, Sir?
Come I know you have been in the field to day.
Or. How does ſhe know that?-----
Sab. If you have kill'd my brother, ſpeak:
It is no new thing that true Love
Should be unfortunate:
Or. 'Twas her brother I kill'd then,

Would I were with my Devils agen:
I got well of them.
That will be here impoſſible.----
Enter Phemillia.
Phe. Oh! Madam, Madam,
Y'are undone;
The garden walls are ſcal'd,
A flood of people are entring the houſe.
Or. Good-----why here's variety of ruine yet.----
Sab. 'Tis ſo,
The fleet of Juſtice
Like to thoſe of Time,
More quick,
And will deſtroy I fear as ſure:
Oh Sir, what will you do?
There is no venturing forth;
My Cloſet is the ſafeſt,
Enter there,
While I go down and meet their fury,
Hinder the ſearch if poſſible.---- *Exit.*
Or. Her Cloſet,
Yea where's that?
And, if I could find it,
What ſhould I do there?
She will return,-----
I will venture out.----- *Exit.*
{ Enter the *Prince*, *Philatel*, *Phontrell*, *Company Muſique*. }
Phi. The lighteſt aires, 'twill make them
More ſecure,-----
Upon my life hee'l viſit her to night.---- *Muſick playes and ſings.*
Prince. Nor ſhe, nor any leſſer light
Appears,-----
The calm and ſilence 'bout the place,
Perſwades me ſhe does ſleep.
Phi. It may be not, but hold,

It

It is enough,——let us retire.
Behind this Pillar, *Phontrel* is thy place,
As thou didſt love thy Maſter, ſhew thy care,
You to th'other Gate,
There's thy Ladder,—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sabrina.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
Our feares were falſe,
It was the Prince with Muſick,
Samorat, *Samorat*,
He ſleeps,——*Samorat*,
Or elſe he's gone to find me out
I'th Gallery, *Samorat*, *Samorat*, it muſt be ſo.——*Exit.*

Enter Orſabrin.

Orſ. This houſe is full of Threſholds,
And Trap-doors,
I have been i'th Cellar,
Where the Maids lie too,
I laid my hand groping for my way
Upon one of them,
And ſhe began to ſqueak,
Would I were at Sea agen i'th ſtorm,
Oh! a door:
Though the Devil were the Porter,
And kept the Gate, I'de out.——

Enter Samorat.

Or. Ha! guarded? taken in a trap?
Nay, I will out,
And there's no other
But this.—— (*Retires and draws, runs at him.*
Sam. Philatel in ambuſh on my life. *Another paſſe, they*
Enter Sabrina and Phemilla with a light. (*cloſe:*
Sab. VVhere ſhould he be?
Ha!——
Good Heavens what ſpectacle is this? my *Samorat*?
Some apparition ſure,— *They diſcover one another by the light, throw away their weapons and embrace.*

Sam. My noble friend,
What angry, and malicious Planet
Govern'd at this point of time! ——
Sab. My wonder does grow higher.
Or. That which governs ever:
I seldome knew it better.
Sam. It does amaze me Sir, to find you here.
How entred you this place?
Or. Forc't by unruly men i'th street.
Sab. Now the mistake is plain.
Or. Are you not hurt?
Sam. No,——but you bleed?
Or. I do indeed,
But 'tis not here,
This is a scratch,
It is within to see this beauty;
For by all circumstance, it was her brother,
Whom my unlucky sword found out to day.
Sab. Oh! my too cruel fancy— *(Weeps)*
Sam. It was indeed thy sword,
But not thy fault,
I am the cause of all these ills.
Why d'you weep *Sabrina*!
Sab. Unkind unto thy self and me;
The tempest this sad newes has rais'd within me,
I would have laid with Sheares,
But thou disturb'st me.
Oh! *Samorat.*
Hadst thou consulted but with love as much
As honour, this had never been.
Sam. I have no love for thee that has not had
So strict an union with honour still,
That in all things they were concern'd alike;
And if there could be a division made;
It would be found,
Honour had [illegible]re the leaner share:

'Twas

'Twas love that told me 'twas unfit
That you ſhould love a Coward.
Sab. Theſe handſome words are now
As if one bound up wounds with ſilk,
Or with fine knots,
Which do not help the cure,
Or make it heal the ſooner:
Oh! *Samorat* this accident
Lies on our love,
Like to ſome foul diſeaſe,
Which though it kill it not,
Yet wil't deſtroy the beauty;
Diſfigur't ſo,
That 'twill look ugly to th' world hereafter.——
Sam. Muſt then the acts of Fate be crimes of men?
And ſhall a death he pull'd upon himſelf,
Be laid on others?
Remember Sweet, how often
You have ſaid it in the face of Heaven;
That 'twas no love
Which length of time, or cruelty of change
Could leſſen, or remove.
Oh kill me not that way *Sabrina*,
This is the nobler;
Take it and give it entrance any where—— *Kneels and preſents his Sword.*
But here,
For you ſo fill that place,
That you muſt wound your ſelf.——
Or. Am I ſo ſlight a thing?
So bankerupt?
So unanſwerable in this world,
That being principally i'th debt,
Another muſt be call'd upon,
And I not once look't after?
Madam why d'you throw away your Teares
On one that's irrecoverable?

Sab.

Sab. VVhy therefore Sir,
Becauſe he's irrecoverable.
Orſ. But why on him?
He did not make him ſo.
Sab. I do confeſs my anger is unjuſt,
But not my ſorrow ſir;
Forgive theſe teares my *Samorat*;
The debts of nature muſt be paid,
Though from the ſtock of Love:
Should they not ſir?
Sam. Yes,----
But thus the precious minutes paſs,
And time, e're I have breath'd the ſighs,
Due to our parting,
VVill be calling for me.
Sab. Parting?----
Sam. Oh yes *Sabrina*, I muſt part,
As day does from the world,
Not to return till night be gone,
Till this dark cloud be over,
Here to be found,
VVere fooliſhly to make a preſent
Of my life unto mine enemy.
Retire into thy Chamber fair,
There thou ſhalt know all.----
Sab. I know too much already.------*Exeunt.*

Enter Phontrell.

Hold rope for me, and then hold rope for him.
VVhy this is the wiſdom of the Law now,
A Prince loſes a Subject and does not
Think himſelf paid for the loſſe,
Till he loſes another:
VVell I will do my endeavour
To make him a ſaver;
For this was *Samorat*.------ *Exit.*

Enter Samorat, Orſabrin bleeding.

Or. Let it bleed on,------you ſhall not ſtir

I ſwear.——

Sam. Now by the friendſhip that I ow thee,
And the Gods beſide, I will
Noble youth, were there no danger in thy wound,
Yet would the loſſe of bloud make thee
Unfit for travel.
My ſervants wait me for direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'le bring him inſtantly,
Pray go back.—— *Exit.*

Enter Philatel, Guard.

Phil. There,—— *places them at the door.*
You to the other Gate,
The reſt follow me. *Exit.*

Enter Orſabrin, Sabrina.

Sab. Heark a noiſe Sir.
This tread's too loud to be my *Samorat's.*

Searchers. (Which way?——which way)—— (*to them.*
Some villany in hand,
Step in here ſir, quick, quick.—— *Locks him into her cloſet.*

Enter Philatel, Guard, and paſſe o're the Stage.

Phi. Look every where.— *Philatel dragging out his ſiſter.*
Protect thy brothers murderer!
Tell me where thou haſt hid him,
Or by my fathers aſhes I will ſearch
in every vein thou haſt about me, for him.——

Enter Orſabrin. *Orſabrin bounces thrice at the door, it flies open.*

Or. E're ſuch a villany ſhould be
The Gods would lend unto a ſingle arme
Such ſtrength, it ſhould have power to puniſh
An Army ſuch as thou art.——

Phi. Oh! are you here ſir?——

Or. Yes I am here ſir.—— (*fight*)

Phil. Kill her.—— (*ſhee's interpos'd*)

Or. Oh! ſave thy ſelf fair excellence,
And leave me to my Fate.

Baſe

Baſe,—— *Comes behind him, catches hold of his armes*
Phi So, bring him on,
The other is not far.—— *Exeunt.*
Enter Sabrina, Phemilia.
Sab. Run, run, *Phemilia*
To the Garden walls,
And meet my *Samorat*;
Tell him, oh tell him any thing,
Charge him by all our loves
He inſtantly take horſe,
And put to Sea;
There is more ſafety in a ſtorm,
Then where my brother is.—— *Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

Enter *Theeves.*

Thee. A Prize---A prize, A prize,
Per. Bring him forth, bring him forth; *They dance a-*
Welcome, welcome, mortal wight, *bout him & ſing.*
To the Manſion of the night:
Good or bad, thy life diſcover,
Truly all thy deeds declare;
For about thee Spirits hover
That can tell, tell what they are.
——Pinch him, if he ſpeak not true,
——Pinch him, pinch him black and blue.
Per. What art thou?
Stra. I was a man.
Per. Of whence?——
Str. The Court.
Per. Whether now bound?
Str. To my own houſe.

Per.

Per. Thy name?

Stra. Stramador.

Per. Oh you fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out men of parts, d'you not?

Str. Yes.----

Per. A foolish Utensil of State,
Which like old Plate upon a Gaudy day,
Is brought forth to make a show, and that is all;
For of no use y'are, y'had best deny this:

Str. Oh no!

Per. Or that you do want wit,
And then talk loud to make that pass for it:
You think there is no wisdom but in form;
Nor any knowledg like to that of whispers:----

Str. Right, right.

Per. Then you can hate and fawn upon a man
At the same time,
And dare not urge the vices of another,
You are so foul your self;
So the Prince seldome heares truth.

Str. Oh! very seldome.

Per. And did you never give his Grace odd Counsels,
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Perswade him take them on himself.----

Str. Yes, yes, often.

Per. Get baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming oyles,
This crime is new, and will deserve it.
He has inverted all the rules of State,
Confounded policie.
There is some reason why a subject
Should suffer for the errors of his Prince;
But why a Prince should bear
The faults of's Ministers, none, none at
All.----Cauldrons of Brimstone there.

Thee. Great Judge of this infernal place,
Allow him yet the mercy of the Court.

Str.

Str. Kind Devil.——
Per. Let him be boyl'd in ſcalding lead a while
T'enure and to prepare him for the other,
Str. Oh! hear me, hear me,
Per. Stay!
Now I have better thought upon't,
He ſhall to earth agen:
For villany is catching, and will ſpread:
He will enlarge our empire much,
Then w'are ſure of him at any time,
So 'tis enough——where's our Governour?—— *Exit.*

Enter Goalor, Samorat, Naſſurat, Pellegrin, three others in diſguiſe.

Jai. His hair curles naturally,
A handſome youth——
Sam. The ſame,—— *Drinks to him.*
Is there no ſpeaking with him?
He owes me a trifling ſum.——
Jay. Sure ſir the debt is ſomething deſperate,
There is no hopes he will be brought
To clear with the world,
He ſtruck me but for perſwading him
To make even with Heaven,
He is as ſurly as an old Lyon,
And as ſullen as a Bulfinch,
He never eat ſince he was taken.—— *Gentlemen*
Sam. I muſt needs ſpeak with him,
Heark in the ear.——
Jay. Not for all the world.
Sam. Nay I do but motion ſuch a thing.
Jai. Is this the buſineſſe Gentlemen?
Fare you well——
Sam. There is no choice of ways then—— *Runs after him, draw their daggers, ſet it to his breſt.*
Stir not, if thou but think'ſt a noiſe,
Or breath'ſt aloud, thou breath'ſt thy laſt,
So bind him now.——

Undo,

Undo,
Quickly, quickly,
His Jerkin, his Hat.
Na. What will you do?
None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an eye of white in them.
Pel. Pull out the silver'd ones in his,
And stick them in the other.
Na. Cut them, cut them out,
The bush will suit well enough
With a grace still.
Sam. Desperate wounds must have desperate
Cures, extreams must thus be serv'd,——
You know your parts,
Fear not, let us alone.——
Sings a Catch.
Some drink,——what *Boy*,——some drink,——
Fill it up, fill it up to the brink,
When the Poets cry clink,
And the pockets chink,
Then 'tis a merry world.
To the best, to the best, have at her,
And a Pox take the Woman hater.——
The Prince of darkness is a Gentleman,
Mahu, *Mohu* is his name,
How d'you sir?
You gape as you were sleepy,
Good faith he looks like an——*O yes.*
Pel. Or as if he had overstrain'd himself
At a deep note in a *Ballad*.——
Na. What think you of an oyster at low ebb?
Some liquor for him;
You will not be a pimp for life you Rogue?
Nor hold a door to save a Gentleman,
You are----pox on him, what is he *Pellagrin?*
If you love me, lets stifle him,
And say 'twas a sudden judgement upon him;

For ſwearing; the poſture will confirm it.
Pell. We're in excellent humour,
Lets have another bottle,
And give out that *Anne* my wife is dead,
Shall I Gentlemen? ——
Na. Rare Rogue in Buckram,
Let me bite thee,
Before me thou ſhalt go out wit,
And upon as good termes
As ſome of thoſe in the Ballad too. ——
Pel. Shall I ſo?——Why then foutree for the Guiſe,
Saines ſhall accrew, and ours ſhall be
The black-ey'd beauties of the time;
I'le tick you for old ends of Playes: ——
They ſing——
A Round,——A Round,——A Round——
A Round,——A Round,——A Round—— (*Knock.*)
Some bodie's at door.
Preethee, preethee, Sirra, Sirra,
Try thy skill.
Na. Who's there?
Meſſen. One *Sturgelot* a Jaylor here——
Na. Such a one there was my friend,
But hee's gone above an hour ago:
Now did this Rogue whiſper in his heart,
That's a lie,——and for that very reaſon,
I'le cut his throat.——
Pell. No prethee now,——for thinking?
Thou ſhalt not take the paines,
The Law ſhall do't——
Na. How,——How? ——
Pel. Marry wee'l write it over when we're gone,
He joyn'd in the plot, and put himſelf
Into this poſture, meerly to diſguiſe it to
The world.——
Na. Excellent!
Here's to thee for that conceit,

We

We ſhould have made rare Stateſmen,
We are ſo witty in our miſchief;
Another ſong, and ſo let's go,
It will be time.
——Sing——

A health to the Nut brown Laſs,
With the hazell eyes let it paſs.
She that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,
Let it paſs,------ let it paſs.——

As much to the lively Grey,
'Tis as good i'th night as the day;
She that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,
Drink away,-----drink away.-----

I pledge, I pledge; what ho ſome Wine,
Here's to mine, and to thine,
The colours are divine.----
But oh the black, the black;
Give me as much agen, And let't be Sack:
She that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,
And't may be a better knack.——

Na. A reckoning boy.------ (*They knock*)
There------ (*payes him*)
Do'ſt heare?
Here's a friend of ours, has forgotten himſelf
A little (as they call it)
The wine has got into his head,
As the froſt into a hand; he is benumm'd,
And has no uſe of himſelf for the preſent.
Boy. Hum Sir.----- (*ſmiles*)
Na. Prethee lock the door, and when he

Comes t'himſelf,
Tell him he ſhall find us at the old place,
He knowes where.
Boy. I will *Sir.*—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Orſabrin.

Or. To die! yea what's that?
For yet I never thought on't ſeriouſly.
It may be 'tis——hum.——
It may be 'tis not too.——

Enter Samorat *as Goaler, undoes his Fetters.*

Ha.------ *(as amaz'd.)*
What happy interceſſion wrought this change?
To whoſe kind prayers owe I this my friend?
Sam. Unto thy vertue------Noble youth,
The Gods delight in that as well as prayers.
I am-----
Or. Nay, nay,----
Be what thou wilt,
I will not queſtion't.
Undoe, undo.
Sam. Thy friend *Samorat.*
Or. Ha?
Sam. Lay by thy wonder,
And put on theſe cloathes,
In this diſguiſe thoul't paſſe unto the
Priſon-gates, there you ſhall find
One that is taught to know you;
He will conduct you to the corner
Of the wood, and there my horſes wait
Us-----
I'le throw this Goaler off in ſome odd place.
Or. My better Angel.---- *Exeunt.*

Enter Theeves.

Per. It is e'en as hard a world for theeves
As honeſt men,---nothing to be got-----
No prize ſtirring.——

1 *Thee.* None, but one with horſes,
Who ſeem'd to ſtay for ſome
That were to come,
And that has made us wait thus long.
Per. A lean dayes work, but what remedy ?
Lawyers that rob men with their own conſent,
Have had the ſame :
Come, call in our Perdues,
We will away.----- (*they whiſtle.*)
Enter Orſabrin, *as ſeeking the horſes.*
Or. I hear them now,
Yonder they are. ——
Per. Hallow, who are theſe ?
Any of ours ?
Thee. No, ſtand cloſe,
They ſhall be preſently,
Yield,----yield. ——
Or. Agen betrai'd ? there is no end of my misfortune,
Miſchief vexes me
Like a quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returnes
E're I have loſt the memory of
My former fit. ——
Per. Sentences ſentences,
Away with him, —— Away with him.—— *Exeunt.*
Enter Goaler, Drawers,
over the Stage.
Goaler. I am the Goaler, undone, undone,
Conſpiracie, a cheat, my priſoner, my priſoner,—— *Exeunt.*
Enter Samorat.
Sam. No men ?—— nor horſes ?——
Some ſtrange miſtake, ——
May it be, th'are ſheltred in the wood.-----
Enter Peridor *and other theeves, examining*
the young Lord Torcular *that*
was hurt.
Perid. And if a Lady did but ſtep aſide,

To fetch a Maſque or ſo,
You follow'd after ſtill,
As if ſhe had gone proud?
Ha? Is't not ſo? —
Tor. Yes.
Per. And if you were us'd but civilly in a place,
You gave out doubtfull words upon't,
To make men think you did enjoy.
Tor. Oh! yes, yes.
Per. Made love to every piece of cried-up beauty,
And ſwore the ſame things over to them.
Tor. The very ſame.-----
Per. Abominable.
Had he but ſworn new things, yet't had been
Tolerable. —
Reades the ſum of the Confeſſion.
Th. Let me ſee,----- let me ſee.
Hum.
Court Ladies Eight,
Of which two great ones. —
Country Ladies twelve.
Termers all----
Per. Is this right?
Tor. Very right.
Per. Citizens wives of ſeveral trades,
He cannot count them.-----
Chamber-maides, and Country-wenches
About thirty.----
Of which the greater part,
The night before th' were married,
Or elſe upon the day:
Per. A modeſt reckoning, is this all?
Tor. No.-----
I will be juſt t'a ſcruple.
Per. Well ſaid,---- well ſaid,----
Cut with it.----
Tor. Put down two old Ladies more.

Per.

Per. I'th name of wonder,
How could he think of old,
In ſuch variety of young?
Ter. Alas I could never be quiet for them.
Per. Poor Gentleman!
Well what's to be done with him now?
Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron
With the Cuckolds?
Or with the Jealous?
That's the hotter place.
Per. Thou miſtakeſt,
'Tis the ſame, they go together ſtill:
Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwiſe
Then Sheriff and Alderman;
A little time makes th'one th'other;
What think you of gelding him,
And ſending him to earth agen,
Amongſt his women?
'Twould be like throwing a dead fly
Into an Ants neſt.
There would be ſuch tearing, pulling,
And getting up upon him,
They would worry the poor thing
To death.-----
Th. 1. Excellent!
Or leave a ſtring as they do ſometimes
In young Colts:
Deſire and impotence
Would be a rare puniſhment.
Fie, fie, the common diſeaſe of age,
A very old man has it.

Enter The.

A prize,----A prize,----A prize, *Horns blow, braſſe pots, &c.*
Orſ. This muſt be hell by the noiſe.
Ta. Set him down, ſet him dow;
Bring forth the neweſt wrack,
And flaming pinching Irons.

This is a ſtubborn piece of fleſh,
'Twould have broke looſe.
Or. So, this comes of wiſhing my ſelf
VVith Devils agen.----
Per. VVhat art? ----
Or. The ſlave of Chance,
One of Fortunes fooles;
A thing ſhe kept alive on earth
To make her ſport.
Per. Thy name?
Or. Orſabrin.
Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pirats?
VVas lately in a ſtorm?
Or. The very ſame.----
Ta. Such reſpect as you have paid to me — *(whiſpers)*
Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on:
But let each man ſtill keep his ſhape.---- *Exit.*

They unbind him, all bow to him.

(Muſick)
Or. Ha!
Another ſmile of Fortune?— *(They bring out ſeveral*
Is this the place the Gowned Clarks *(ſuites of cloathes, and*
Do fright men ſo on earth with? *(a banquet.*
VVould I had been here before.
Maſter Devil,
To whoſe are theſe ſet out?
Ta. To yours Sir.
Or. I'le make bold to change a little,— *(takes a hat.*
Could not you afford a good plain ſword *(dreſſes himſelf.*
To all this gallantry? —
Per. VVe'l ſee Sir.
Or. A thouſand times civiller then men,
And better natur'd.

Enter Tamoron, Reginella.

Tam. All leave the room.
I like not this, — *Ex.*
Tam. Cupid do thou the reſt,

A blunter arrow, and but slackly drawn,
VVould perfect what's begun;
VVhen young and handsome meet,
——The work's half done.——
Or. She cannot be lesse then a Goddess,
And't must be *Proserpine*:
I'le speak to her, though *Pluto's* self stood by.
Thou beauteous Queen of this dark world,
That mak'st a place so like a hell,
So like a Heaven, instruct me
In what forme I must approach thee,
And how adore thee? ——
Re. Tell me what thou art first:
For such a creature
Mine eyes did never yet behold.-----
Or. I am that which they name above, a man:
I'th watry Elements I much have liv'd,
And there they terme me *Orsabrin.*
Have you a name too? -----
Re. VVhy do you ask?
Or. Because I'de call upon it in a storme,
And save a ship from perishing sometimes.
Re. 'Tis *Reginella.*
Or. Are you a woman too?
I never was in earnest until now.
Re. I know not what I am,
For like my self I never yet saw any.
Or. Nor ever shall.
Oh! how came you hither?
Sure you were betrayed.
VVill you leave this place,
And live with such as I am?
Re. Why may not you live here with me?
Or. Yes. ----
But I'de carry thee where there is a glorious light,
VVhere all above is spread a Canopie,
Studded with twinckling Gemms,

Beauteous as Lovers eyes;
And underneath Carpets of flowry Meads
To tread on.----
A thousand thousand pleasures
Which this place can ne're afford thee.---
Re. Indeed!
Or. Yes indeed------
I'le bring thee unto shady walks,
And Groves fring'd with silver purling streames,
Where thou shalt hear soft feather'd Quiristers
Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.
I'le fill thy lap with early flowers;
And whil'st thou bind'st them up mysterious wayes,
I'le tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee;
Thus presse thy hand, and warm it thus with kisses.
Re. Will you indeed?-------
Enter King, Per. *above with others.*
Ti. Fond Girle,
Her rashnesse sullies the glory of her beauty,
'Twill make the conquest cheap,
And weaken my designes.
Go part them instantly.
And bind him as before;
Be you his keeper *Peridore.*
Per. Yes, I will keep him.
Or. Her eyes like lightning shoot into my heart
They'l melt it into nothing,
E're I can present it to her,
Sweet excellence.-----
Enter Theeves.
Ha! why is this hatefull curtain drawn before my eyes?
If I have sin'd, give me some other punishment,
Let me but look on her still,
And double it, oh whether, whether do you hurry me?
Per. Madam, you must in.---- *(carry him away.*
Re. Ay me, what's this?----

Must

Muſt!—— *Exeunt.*

Enter other Devils.

The. 1. We have had ſuch ſport;
Yonder's the rareſt Poet without,
Has made all his confeſſion in blank verſe:
Not left a God, nor a Goddeſſe in Heaven,
But fetcht them all down for Witneſſes;
Has made ſuch a deſcription of Styx,
And the Ferry,
And verily thinks h'as paſt them.
Enquires for the bleſt ſhades,
And asks much after certain Brittiſh blades,
One *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*:
And grew ſo peremptory at laſt,
He would be carried where they were.

The. 2. And what did you with him?

The. 1. Mounting him upon a Cowle-ſtaffe,
Which (toſſing him ſomething high)
He apprehended to be *Pegaſus*.
So we have left him to tell ſtrange lies,
Which hee'l turn into verſe;
And ſome wiſe people hereafter into Religion.

ACT. IV.

Enter Samorat, Naſhorat, Pellegrin.

Na. GOod faith 'tis wondrous well,
We have ee'n done like eager diſputers;
And with much ado,
Are got to be juſt where we were.
This is the corner of the wood.

Sa. Ha! 'tis indeed——

Pell. Had we no walking fire,
Nor ſawcer-ey'd Devil of theſe woods that led us?
Now am I as weary

As

As a married man after the first week.
And have no more desire to move forwards,
Then a Post-horse that has past his Stage.
Na. 'Sfoot yonders the night too stealing away
With her black gown about her:
Like a kind wench, that had staid out the
Last minute with a man.
Pel. What shall we do, Gentlemen?
I apprehend falling into this Jaylors
Hands strangely? he'd use us worse
Then we did him.
Na. And that was ill enough of Conscience:
What think you of turning beggars?
Many good Gentlemen have don't: or Theeves?
Pel. That's the same thing at Court:
Begging is but a kind of robbing the Exchequer.
Na. Look four fathom and a half *O O S*---
In contemplation of his Mistress:
There's a Feast, you and I are out now *pellegrin*;
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoyning in absence.
What a rare invention 'twou'd be,
If a man could find out a way to make it real.
Pel. Dost think theres nothing in't as 'tis?
Na. Nothing, nothing.
Didst never hear of a dead *Alexander*,
Rais'd to talk with a man?
Love's a learned Conjurer,
And with the Glasse of Fancy will do as strange things?
You thrust out a hand,
Your Mistresse thrusts out another;
You shake that hand that shakes you agen:
You put out a lip; she puts out hers:
Talk to her, she shall answer you;
Marry, when you come to grasp all this,
It is but air. (*As out of his study.*
Sam. It was unlucky,----
Gentlemen, the day appeares,

This

This is no place to ſtay in;
Let's to ſome neighbouring Cottage,
May be the Searchers will neglect
The nearer places,
And this will but advance unto our ſafety

Enter Fidlers.

Na. Who are there?

*Fi.*1. Now if the ſpirit of Melancholy ſhould poſſeſs them?

F. 2. Why if it ſhould,
An honourable retreat.

Na. I have the rareſt fancy in my head,——
Whether are you bound my friends ſo early?

Fid. To a wedding Sir.

Na. A wedding?
I told you ſo.
Whoſe?

Fid. A Country wenches here hard by,
One *Erblins* daughter.

Na. Good; *Erblin*: the very place;
To ſee how things fall out.
Hold here's mony for you.
Harke you, you muſt aſſiſt me in a ſmall deſign.

Fid. Any thing.

Sam. What do'ſt mean?

Na. Let me alone,
I have a plot upon a wench.------

Fid. Your worſhip is merry.

Na. Yes faith to ſee her only.
Look you, ſome of you ſhall go back to'th Town
And leave us your Coats,
My Friend and I am excellent at a little inſtrument
And then wee'l ſing catches.

Pel. I underſtand thee not;
Thou haſt no more forecaſt then a Squirrel,
And haſt leſſe wiſe conſideration about thee.
Is there a way ſafer then this?
Doſt think what we have done

Will

Will not be ſpread beyond this place with every light.
Should we now enter any houſe
Thus near the Town, and ſtay all day,
'Twould be ſuſpicious; what pretence have we?
P. He ſpeaks reaſon *Samorat.*
Sa. I do not like it.
Should any thing fall out 'twould not look well,
I'de not be found ſo much out of my ſelf,
So far from home as this diſguiſe would make me,
Almoſt for certainty of ſafety.
N. Certainty? why this will give it us,
Pray let me govern once.
Sa. Well, you ſuffer'd firſt with me,
Now 'tis my turn.
P. Prethee name not ſuffering.
N. Come, come, your Coats,
Our beards will ſuit rarely to them:
There's more mony,
Not a word of any thing as you tender-----
Fid. O Sir.
N. And ſee you carry't gravely too-----
Now afore me *Pellegrin*'s rarely tranſlated.
'Sfoot they'l apprehend the head of the Baſe Viol
As ſoon as thee,
Thou art ſo likely;
Only I muſt confeſs, that has a little the better face.
P. Has it ſo? ——
Pox on thee, thou look'ſt like I cannot tell what.
N. Why, ſo I would fool,
Th'end of my diſguize is to have none
Know what I am:
Look, look, a Devil airing himſelf. (*Enter a Devil.*
I'le catch him like a Mole e're he can get under ground.
P. *Naſhorat, Naſhorat.*----
N. Pox on that noiſe, he's earth't;
Prethee let's watch him and ſee
Whether he'l heave agen.

P

P. Art mad?----
N. By this light, three or four of their skins
And wee'd rob.
'Twould be the better way.----
Come, come, let's go.---- *Exeunt.*

Enter Captain and Soldiers.

Cap. Let the horſe skirt about this place,
Wee'l make a ſearch within.--- *Ex.*

Enter agen.

Now diſperſe
I'th hollow of the wood,
Wee'l meet agen.

Enter Na. Pe. Sa. Fid.

Sol. Who goes there?
Speak,-----Oh th'are Fidlers.----
Saw you no men nor horſe
I'th wood to day,----as you came along?
(*Naſhorat* puls one of the Fidlers by the skirt)
Na. Speak, ſpeak Rogue.
Fid. None Sir.----
Sol. Paſſe on.------ *Exeunt.*

N. Gentlemen what ſay you to th'invention now
I'm a Rogue if I do not think
I was deſign'd for the Helm of State,
I am ſo full of nimble ſtratagems,
That I ſhould have ordered affaires, and
Carried it againſt the ſtream of a Faction,
With as much eaſe as a skippar
Would laver againſt the wind.----- *Ex.*

Enter Captain, and Soldiers meet agen.

Cap. What, no newes of any?
Sol. No,-----not a man ſtirring;

Enter other Soldiers.

Sa how, away,-----away----
Cap. What, any diſcovery?
1 *Sol.* Yes, the horſe has ſtaid three fellowes,
Fidlers they call themſelves;

There's

There's something in't; they look suspitiously;
One of them has offer'd at confession once or twice,
Like a weak stomack at vomiting,
But 'twould not out.——
Ca. A little cold iron thrust down his throat
Will fetch it up.——
I am excellent at discovery,
And can draw a secret out of a Knave,
With as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
Wou'd a hollow tooth.
Lets joyn forces with them.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Orsabrin.

Or. Sure 'tis eternal night with me;
Would this were all too——
For I begin to think the rest is true,
Which I have read in books,
And that there's more to follow.——

Enter Reginella.

Re. Sure this is he—— (*she unbinds him.*
Or. The pure and first created Light
Broke through the Chaos thus.——
Keep off, keep off thou brighter Excellence,
Thou fair Divinity. If thou com'st near,
(So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
I shall grow sawcy in desire agen,
And entertain bold hopes which will but draw
More, and fresh punishment upon me.——
Re. I see y'are angry Sir:
But if you kill me too, I meant no ill:
That which brought me hither,
Was a desire I have to be with you,
Rather then those I live with: This is all
Beleeve't.——
Or. With me? Oh thou kind Innocence!
Witnesse all that can punish falshood,
That I could live with thee,
Even in this dark and narrow prison:

And think all happineſſe confin'd within the walls——
Oh, hadſt thou but as much of Love as I.
Re. Of Love? what's that?
Or. VVhy 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis known:
A gentle flame that ſteales into a heart,
And makes it like one object ſo, that it ſcarce cares
For any other delights, when that is preſent.
And is in pain when 'tis gone; thinks of that alone,
And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
Intrude and ſo divert it——
Re. If this be love, ſure I have ſome of it,
It is no ill thing, is it Sir?
Or. Oh moſt Divine,
The beſt of all the goods ſtrangely abound in't,
And mortals could not live without it:
It is the ſoul of vertue, and the life of life.
Re. Sure I ſhould learn it Sir, if you would teach it.
Or. Alas, thou taught'ſt it me;
It came with looking thus.---- (*They gaze one upon another*)

Enter Per.

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
But tell her what I am,
Before this ſmooth-fac'd youth
Hath taken up all the room
Up in her heart,
Ha! unbound! and ſure by her!
Hell and Furies.
P. VVhat ho—— within there—— *Enter other thieves.*
Practice eſcapes?
Get me new irons to load him unto death.
Or. I am ſo us'd to this,
It takes away the ſence of it:
I cannot think it ſtrange.
Re. Alas, he never did intend to goe.
Uſe him for my ſake kindly:
I was not wont to be deny'd.
Ah me! they are hard-hearted all.

VVhat

What ſhall I do ? I'le to my Governor,
He'l not be thus cruel.------- *Exeunt.*

Enter Samorat, Naſhorat, Pellegrin.

Naſ. 'Tis a rare wench, ſhe'th blew ſtockings :
What a complexion ſhe had when ſhe was warm------
'Tis a hard queſtion of theſe Country Wenches,
Which are ſimpler their beauties or themſelves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A Town-Lady, and one of theſe,
As there is betwixt a wild Pheaſant and a tame.

Pell. Right :----
There goes ſuch eſſenſing, waſhing, perfuming,
Dawbing to th' other, that they are the leaſt part
Of themſelves.
Indeed there's ſo much ſauce, a man cannot taſte the meat.

N. Let me kiſſe thee for that ;
By this light I hate a woman dreſt up to her height,
Worſe then I do Sugar with Muskadine.
It leaves no room for me to imagine :
I could improve her if ſhe were mine :
It looks like a Jade with his tayl tied up with ribbons,
Going to a Fair to be ſold.

Pel. No, no, thou hateſt it out of another reaſon, *Naſhorat.*

Naſ. Prethee what's that ?

Pell. VVhy th'are ſo fine, th'are of no uſe that day.

Na. *Pellegrin* is in good feeling.
Sirra, did'ſt mark the Laſſe i'th green upon yellow,
How ſhe bridled in her head,
And danc'd a ſtroak in, and a ſtroak out,
Like a young Fillet training to a pace.

Pell. And how ſhe kiſt,
As if ſhe had been ſealing and delivering her ſelf up
To the uſe of him that came laſt,
Parted with her ſweet-hearts lips ſtill
As unwillingly, and untowardly,
As ſoft Wax from a dry Seal.

N. True ; and when ſhe kiſſes a Gentleman,

The

She makes a Curtſey, as who ſhould ſay,
The favour was on his ſide.
What dull fooles art we to beſiege a face
Three months for that trifle!
Sometimes it holds out longer, ——
And then this is the ſweeter fleſh too,——

Enter *Fidlers.*

Fid. You ſhall have horſes ready at the time,
And good ones too (if there be truth in drink)
And for your letters, they are there by this.——

Sa. An excellent Officer.——

Enter *Wedding.*

Clowne. Tut, tut, tut,
That's a good one y'faith, not dance?
Come, come, ſtrike up. (*Enter ſouldiers muffled up in*
Sa. Who are thoſe that eye us ſo ſeverely? (*their cloaks.*
Belong they to the Wedding?
Fid. I know 'em not. (*women*
Clo. Gentleman, will't pleaſe you dance?—(*Offer their*
Sol. No, keep your women, wee'l take our others here.
Samorat. If I miſtake not.
Sa. Ha! betraid? ——— (*A buſtle.*
Clo. How now! what's the matter? abuſe our Fidlers?
2Sol. Theſe are no Fidlers; fools, obey the Princes Officers,
Unleſs you deſire to goe to Priſon too.
Sa. The thought of what muſt follow diſquiets not at all:
But tamely thus to be ſurpriz'd
In ſo unhandſome a diſguiſe?——— (*they carry him away.*
Pel. I'ſt ee'n ſo? Why then,
Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
Which made ambition vertue.———
Naſ. I, I, Let them goe, let them goe.
Pel. Have you ever a ſtratagem *Naſharot*?
'Twood be very ſeaſonable. What think you now?
Are you deſign'd for the helme of State?
Can you Laver againſt this Tempeſt?
Na. Prethee let me alone, I am thinking for life.

Pe. Yes 'tis for life indeed would 'twere not.
Cl. This is very ſtrange; Let's follow after,
And ſee if we can underſtand it.——*Exeunt.*

Enter *Peridor*, *Orſabrin.*

Per. A meer fantaſme
Raisd by Art to trie thee.
Or. Good kind Devill,
Trie me once more.
Help me to the fight of this Phantaſme agen,
Per. Thou art undone.
Wer't thou not amorous
In th' other world?
Did'ſt not love woman?
Or. Who did hate them?
Per. Why there's it;
Thou thought'ſt there was no danger in the ſin,
Becauſe 'twas common.
Above the half of that vaſt multitude
Which fills this place, Women ſent hither:
And they are highlieſt puniſht ſtill
That love the handſomeſt.
Or. A very lying Divill this
Certainly.——
P. All that had their women with you,
Suffer wite us.
Or. By your friendſhips favor though,
There's no juſtice in that:
Some of them ſuffered enough
In all conſcience by 'em there.——
P. Oh, this is now your mirth:
But when you ſhall be pinch't
Into a gellie,
Or made into a cramp all over,
There will be ſad truths.
Or. He talkes odly now, I do not like it
Do'ſt heare? —— (ſell
Prithee exchange ſome of thy good coun-

For deeds.
If thou bee'ſt an honeſt Devill,
(As thou ſeem'ſt to be)
Put a ſword into my hand,
And help me to the ſight of this
Apparition agen.——————

P. Well ſomething I'le do for thee,
Or rather for my ſelf.——————*Exeunt*

Enter two other *Devils*.

1. *D.* Come, Lets goe releive our Poet.

2*D.* How, relieve him? hee's releas't; is he not?

1. *D.* No, no;
Berſat bethought him ſelf at the mouth of the Cave,
And found he would be neceſſary to our Maſque too night.
We have ſet him with his feet in a great tub of water,
In which he dabbles and beleeves it to be Helicon:
There he's contriving ith' honor of *Mercury*,
Who I have told him comes this night of a meſſage
From *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feaſted here by him.

Enter *Poet* and *Theeves*.

Th. Oh, they have fetcht him off.

Po. Carer per ſolo Carer,
Or he that made the fairie Queen.

1 *Th.* No, none of theſe:
They are by themſelves in ſome other place;
But here's hee that writ *Tamerlane*.

P. I beſeech you bring me to him,
There's ſomething in his Scene
Betwixt the Empreſſes a little high and clowdie,
I would reſolve my ſelf.

1. *Th.* You ſhall Sir.
Let me ſee——the Author of the bold Beauchams,
And *Englands* Joy.

Po. The laſt was a well writ peice, I aſſure you,
A *Brittain* I take it; and *Shakeſpears* very way.
I deſire to ſee the man.

1 *Th.* Excuſe me, no ſeeing here.

The gods in Complement to *Homer*,
Do make all Poets poore above,
And we all blind below.
But you shall confess Sir;
Follow.------ *Ex.*

Enter *Peridor*. *Orsabrin*.

Or. Ha! light and fresh aire agen? (*Peridor unbindes him*
The place I know too.---------- (*and slips away.*
The very fames I fought the Duell in.
The Devill was in the right;
This was a meere Apparition:
But 'twas an handsome one, it left impressions here,
Such as the fairest substance I shall ere behold,
Will scarce deface
Well I must resolve, but what, or where?
I' that's the question.
The Town's unsafe, there's no returning thither:
And then the Port.—— (*Enter some*
Ha! What means the busie haste of these,— (*to pass over.*
Honest friend.—— No—— (*Passes hastily*
Do'st heare?—— ——— (*To an other.*
What's the matter pray?

Clo. Gentlemen, gentlemen,
That's good satisfaction indeed.

Orf. Prethee good fellow tell me, (*Enter another.*
What causes all this hurry?----- (*To another*

Clo. One *Samorat* is led to prison Sir,
And other Gentlemen about Lord *Torcular*.
Ha! *Samorat*!
There no meane nor end of Fortunes malice:
Oh! 'tis insufferable;
I'm made a boy whipt on anothers back:
Cruell; I'de not endure't by heaven,
He shall not dye for me:
I will not hold a wretched life upon such wretched termes.

Enter *Tamaran*, *Peridor*, and others, (*Ex.*

Tam. Flie; flie abroad, search every place, and

Bring him back:
Thou haſt undone us all with thy neglect,
Deſtroi'd the hopes we had to be our ſelves agen;
I ſhall run mad with Anger;
Fly, be gone.——— *Exeunt* all but *Tam.*

Enter *Reginella.*

My *Reginella*, what brings you abroad?

Re. Deare Governor? I have a ſuite to you.

Ta. To me my pretty ſweetneſs, what?

Re. You will deny me Sir I feare;
Pray let me have the ſtranger that came laſt in keeping.

Ta. Stranger? Alas hee's gone, made an eſcape.

Re. I feard he would not ſtay, they us'd him ſo unkindly.
Indeed I would have us'd him better, (*weeps.*
And then he had been here ſtill.

Tam. Come, do not weep my girle:
Forget him pretty Penſiveneſs, there will
Come others every day as good as he.

Re. Oh! never: I'le cloſe my eyes to all now he's gone.

Tam. How catching are the ſparks of love? ſtill this
Miſchance ſhows more and more unfortunate.
I was too curious.———
Come indeed, you muſt forget him,
The gallant'ſt and goodli'ſt to the eye are not the beſt,
Such handſome and fine ſhapes as thoſe
Are ever falſe and foul within.

Re. Why Governour d' you then put
Your fineſt things ſtill in your fineſt Cabinets?

Ta. Pretty Innocence! no, I do not;
You ſee I place not you there,
Come no more teares:
Lets in and have a Mate at Cheſſe,
Diverſion cures a loſs, or makes it leſs.———*Exit.*

ACT

Act V.

Enter *Tamoran*, *Peridor*, and others.

Pe. CRoſt all the High-wayes, ſearcht the Woods,
Beat up and down with as much pain and diligence
As ever Huntſman did for a loſt Deere.
Ta. A race of Cripples, are y' all
Iſſue of Snayles, he could not elſe have ſcap't us
Now, what newes bring you?
Th. Sir, we have found him out,
The party is in priſon.
Ta. How? in priſon?
Th. For certain Sir.
It ſeemes young *Samorat* and he
Were thoſe that fought the duell t' other day,
And left our *Torcular* ſo wounded there.
For his ſuppoſed death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this youth had found,
He did attempt to free him (ſcaling the wall
By night) but finding it impoſſible,
Next morning did preſent himſelf
Into the hands of Juſtice, imagining
His death that did the fact, an equal ſacrifice.
Ta. Brave *Orſabrin!*
Th. Not knowing that the greedy law ask's more,
And doth preſcribe the acceſſary
As well as principal.
Ta. Juſt ſo 'ith nick? 'ith very nick of time?
Per. Hee's trout led.
Ta. It will be excellent.
Be all in Souldiers ſtraight.
Where's *Torcular?*
Th. Forth-comming Sir.
Ta. How are his wounds?
Will they endure the Aire?
Under your gaberdines weare Piſtols all,

Per. VVhat

Per. What does he mean?

Ta. Give me my other habit and my Sword;
'Ith'leaſt ſuſpected way haſte after me.

Th. All?

Tam. All but *Peridor*. I will abroad,
My broken hopes and ſuff'rings
Shall have now ſome cure.
Fortune ſpite of her ſelf ſhall be my friend,
And either ſhall redreſſe, or give them end. —— *Exit.*

P. I've found it out.
He does intend to fetch this ſtranger back,
And give him *Reginella*.
Or elſe —— No, no, it muſt be that;
His anger and the ſearch declere it;
The ſecret of the Priſon-houſe ſhall out I ſwear.
I'le ſet all firſt on fire;
For middle wayes to ſuch an end are dull. —— *Exit.*

Enter *Prince*, *Phi.*

S. Since ſhe was refus'd to ſpeak with you ſir,
Nor look of any,
Languiſhes ſo faſt,
Her Servants fear ſhe will not live
To know what does become of him.

Phi. Sir'tis high time you viſit her

Pri. I cannot look upou her, aud deny her;

Pri. Nor need you Sir;
All ſhall appear to her moſt gracious,
Tell her the form part o'th' Law
Muſt paſs, but when it comes t'execute.
Promiſe her that you intend to interpoſe.

Pr. And ſhall then Samorat live?

Ph. Oh! ——
Nothing leſſe! The cenſure paſt,
His death ſhall follow without noiſe:
'Tis but owning of the fact.
Diſgracing for a time a Secretarie,
Or ſo——the thing's not new——

Put on forgiving looks Sir,
We are there ——
Enter *Sabrina's Chamber.*
A mourning silence
Sister *Sabrina*------
Sab. Hence, hence,
Thou cruel hunter after life:
Thou art a pain unto my eyes as great,
As thy dear Mother had when she did
Bring thee forth ---- And sure that was
Extream since she produc't a monster.
Pb. Speak to her your self,
She's so incenst against me,
She will not welcome happiness,
Because I bring it.
Pr. Fair ornament of grief,
Why are you troubled--------
Can you beleeve there's any thing within
My power which you shall mourn for?
If you have any fears, impart them;
Any desires give them a name,
And *I* will give thee rest:
You wrong the greatness of my love,
To doubt the goodness of it.
Sab. Alas, I do not doubt your love my Lord,
I fear it; 'tis that which does undo me.
For 'tis not *Somorat* that's prisoner now,
It is the Princes Rival;
Oh! for your own sake Sir be mercifull:
How poorly will this sound hereafter,
The Prince did fear another's merit so,
Found so much vertue in his rival, that
He was forc't to murder it, make it away:
There can be no addition to you Sir by his death
By his life there will; You get the point
Of honor; fortune does offer here
What time perchance cannot agen:

A handſome opportunity to ſhow
The bravery of your mind ——
Pri. This pretty Rhetorique cannot perſwade me (*fair*
To let your *Samorat* live for my ſake:
It is enough he ſhall for yours.
Sab. Though virtue ſtill rewards it ſelf, yet here
May it not ſtay for that; but may the gods
Showre on you ſuddenly ſuch happineſſe,
That you may ſay, my mercy brought me this——
P. The gods no doubt will heare when you do pray
Right wayes: But here you take their names in vain,
Since you can give your ſelfe that happineſs
Which you do ask of them.
Sab. Moſt gracious Sir, do not——
Pr. Hold, I dare not hear thee ſpeak,
For fear thou now ſhould'ſt tell me,
What I do tell my ſelf;
That I would poorly bargain for any favors;
Retire and baniſh all thy feares;
I will be kind and juſt to thee *Sabrina*,
Whats'ere thou prov'ſt to me.
Ph. Rarely acted Sir. —— *Ex. Sabr.*
Pr. Ha! ——
Ph. Good faith to th'very life.
Pr. Acted? ——No, ——'twas not acted.
Ph. How Sir?
Pr. I was in earneſt.
I mean to conquer her this way.
The others low and poor.
Ph. Ha?
Pr. I told thee 'twould be ſo before.
Ph. Why Sir, you do not mean to ſave him?——
Pr. Yes—— I do——
Samorat ſhall be releas't immediately.——
Ph. Sure you forget I had a brother Sir,
And one that did deſerve Juſtice at leaſt.
Pr. He did ——

And he ſhall have it:
He that kil'd him ſhall dye----
And 'tis high ſatisfaction, that,
Look not ----
It muſt be ſo---- *Exeunt.*

Enter *Stramador*, and *Peridor*.

P. No Devils *Stramador*.
Beleeve your eyes----To which I
Cannot be ſo loſt, but
You may call to mind
One *Peridor*.

Str: Ha? *Peridor*? thou did'ſt
Command that day
In which the Tamorens fell.

P. I did----
Yet *Tamoren* lives.

Str. Ha?

P. Not *Tamoren*, the Prince, he fell indeed;
But *Tamoren* his brother, who that day
Led our horſe:
Young *Reginella* too,
Which is the ſubject of the ſuit.----
You have ingag'd your ſelf by oath,
The King ſhall grant.

Str. Oh! 'tis impoſſible;
Inſtruct me how I ſhould beleeve thee.

Pe. Why thus----
Neceſſity upon that great defeat
Forc't us to keep the Woods, and hide our ſelves
In holes, which ſince we much inlarg'd,
And fortifi'd them in the entrance ſo,
That 'twas ſafe retreat upon purſuit:
Then ſwore we all allegeance to this *Tamoren*.
Theſe habits better to diſguiſe our ſelves, we tooke at firſt
But finding with what eaſe we rob'd,
We did continue 'em, and took an Oath,
Till ſome new troubles in the State ſhould happen,

Or

Or fair occasion to make known our selves
Offer it self, we would appear no other:
But come let's not lose
VVhat we shall ne're recover,
This opportunitie----
Enter *Nasborat*, *Pe.*
Pe. Nasborat, you have not thought of any
Stratagem yet----
N. Yes *I* have thought----
Pe. VVhat?----
N. That if you have any accompts with heaven
They may go on----
This villanous dying's, like a strange tune,
Has run so in my head,
No wholsome consideration would enter it.
Nothing angers me neither but that?
I pass by my Mistresses window to't.
Pe. Troth, that's unkind,
I have some thing troubles me too.
N. What's that.
Pe. The people will say as we go along,
Thou art the properer fellow.
Then I break an appointment
With a Merchants Wife,
But who can help it?----(*Nasborat.*
N. Yea who can help it indeed?
She's too blame though 'faith, if she
Does not bear with thee,
Considering the occasion----
P. Considering the occasion as you say,
A man would think he might be born with.
There's a Scrivener I should have paid
Some mony to, upon my word,
But----
Enter *Orsabrin*, *Samorat*, Princes servants,
Or. By fair *Sabrina's* name,
I conjure you not to refuse the mercy

Of the Prince———

Sam. It is reſolv'd Sir, you know my anſwer.

Or. Whether am I falne?

I think if I ſhould live a little longer,
I ſhould be made the cauſe of all the miſchief
Which ſhould ariſe to the World———
Hither I came to ſave a friend,
And by a ſlight of fortune I deſtroy him:
My very ways to good prove ills.
Sure *I* can look a man into misfortune:
The Plague's ſo great within me 'tis infectious.
Oh! *I* am weary of my ſelf:
Sir *I* beſeech you accept of it,
For *I* ſhall be his way
A ſufferer,
And an executioner too———

Sam. *I* beg of thee no more,
Thou do'ſt beget in me deſire to live;
For when *I* find how much *I* am
Behind in noble act's of friendſhip,
I cannot chuſe but wiſh for longer time, that *I* might
Struggle with thee, for what thou haſt too clearly now
Got from me: The point of honor ——
Oh! it is wiſdom and great thrift to dye;
For who with ſuch a debt of friendſhip and
Of Love, as you and my *Sabrina* muſt expect from me
Could e're ſubſiſt.

N. They are complementing;
'Sfoot they make no more of it,
Then if 'twere who ſhould go in firſt at
A door——I think *Pellegrin* as you and *I*
Have caſt it up, it comes to ſomething
More———

Meſſ. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is ſetting.

Sam. Friends, this is no time for ceremony;
But what a rack have *I* within me,
To ſee you ſuffer?

And

And yet I hope the Prince wil let this anger die
In me, not to take the fofeiture of you.
N. If he ſhould, *Pellegrin* and I are reſolv'd,
And are ready, all but our ſpeeches to the people,
And thoſe will not trouble us much,
For we intend not to trouble them. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Prince Peridor*, and others.

Pr. Not accept it?
Loſe this way too?----VVhat ſhall I do?
He makes advantages of mine,
And like a skilful Tennis-player,
Returns my very beſt with excellent deſign.
It muſt not be;
Bring to the Cloſet here above, the chief o' th' Jury:
I'le trie another way.---- *Ex.*

Enter *Judges*, *Priſoners*, *Lawyers*,

N. Of all ways of deſtroying mankind,
Theſe Judges have the eaſieſt,
They ſleep and do it.
Pe. To my thinking now,
This is but a ſolemner kind of Puppet-play:
How the Divil came we to be Actors in't?
So; it begins.
Judg. The Princes Councel, are they ready?
Are they ready?
Lawy. Here----
Judg. Begin then----
Law. My Lords, that this ſo great and ſtrange.
Sa. Moſt reverend Judges,
To ſave th'expence of breath and time,
And dull Formalities of Law----
I here pronounce my ſelf guilty.
Pri. from above. Agen he ha's prevented me---
Sa. So guilty that no other can pretend
A ſhare----
This noble youth, a ſtranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Laws and Cuſtoms,

Has

Has made perchance
(*In* ſtrange ſeverity) a forfeit of himſelf;
But ſhould you take it,
The gods when he is gone, will ſure revenge it.
If from the ſtalk you pull this bud of vertue,
Before 't 'has ſpread and ſhewn it ſelf abroad,
You do an injurie to all mankind;
And publick miſcheif cannot be private juſtice.
This man's as much above a common man,
As man's above a beaſt; And if the Law
Deſtroys not man for killing of a beaſt,
It ſhould not here for killing of a man.
Oh what miſtake 'twould be?
For here you ſit to weed the Cankers out
That would do hurt 'ith' State to puniſh vice;
And under that you'd root out vertue too----

Or. If I do bluſh, 'tis not (moſt gracious Judges)
For any thing which *I* have done; 'tis for that
This much miſtaken youth hath here deliver'd.
'Tis true (and *I* confeſs) *I* ever had
A little ſtock of honor (which *I* ſtill preſerv'd)
But that (by leaving me behind alive)
He now moſt cunningly doe's think to get from me:
And I beſeech your Lordſhips to aſſiſt me;
For 'tis moſt fraudulent all he deſires.
Your Laws *I* hope are are reaſonable;
Elſe why ſhould reaſonable men
Be ſubject to them? and then
Upon what grounds is he made guilty now?
How can he be thought acceſſary
To th'killing of a man,
That did not know o'th fighting with him?
VVitneſs all thoſe powers which ſearch mens hearts,
That *I* my ſelf, (untill he beckned me)
Knew nothing of it, if ſuch a thing
As ſacrifice muſt be----why? Man for man's enough:
Though elder times t'appeaſe diviner Juſtice,
Did offer up---- (VVhether

(Whither through gallantrie, or ignorance)
Vaſt multitudes of Beaſts in ſacrifice:
Yet numbers of men is ſeldome heard of:
One ſingle *Curtius* purg'd a whole States ſin:
You will not ſay th'offence is now as great,
Or that you ought to be more highly ſatisfied
Then Heaven----

P. Brave youths----

N. Pellegrin, you and I will let our ſpeeches alone.

1 *Judg.* If that the law were of ſo fine a web,
As wit and fancy ſpin it out to, here,
Then theſe defences would be juſt, and ſave:
But that is more ſubſtantial,
Of another make----
And Gentlemen if this be all,
Sentence muſt paſs----

Enter *Tamorin*.

Tam. Orſabrin!

Or. Ha! who names me there?

Ta. A friend: hear me:
I am an officer in that dark world
From whence thou cam'ſt, ſent
Thus diſguis'd by *Reginella* our fair Queen,
And to redeem thee.

Or. Reginella!
I'th midſt of all theſe ills,
How preciouſly that name does ſound?

Ta. If thou wilt ſwear to follow me,
At th'inſtant th'art releaſt;
I'le ſave thee and thy friends,
In ſpite of Law.----

Or. Doubt not of that;
Bring me where *Reginella* is:
And if I follow not, perpetual miſery follow me:
It cannot be a Hell
Where ſhe appears----

Tam. Be confident----(*Goes out and brings* Torcular.

Behold

Behold (grave Lords) the man
Whose death question'd the life of these,
Found and recovered by the Theeves
'Ith Woods:
And rescued since by us, to rescue Innocence.
Or. Rare Devil!
With what dexterity h'as raised this
Shape up; to delude them------
Pr. Ha? *Torcular* alive?
Pb. Torcular?
I should as soon beleeve my brother
Neere in being too.
Tor. You cannot wonder more to find me here,
Then I do to find my self.
Na. Come unbind, unbind, this matter's answered.
Judg. 2. Hold: they are not free the Law exacts
The same for breach of prison that it did before.
Or. There is no scaping out of fortunes hands.
Doest hear; hast never a trick for this?-------
Ta. Doubt me not, I have without, at my command
Those which never fail'd me;
And it shall cost many a life yet
Sir, ere yours be lost ——
Pr. Stramador you have been a stranger here of late.
Str. Peruse this paper Sir, you'l find there was good reason (for't.
Enter Prince *Philatell* from above.
Stramador, Peridor, Reginella meet them below.
Pr. How! old *Tamarens* brother, Captain
Of the Theeves, that has infested thus
Our Country?
Reginella too, the heire of that fear'd Family!
A happy and a strange discovery.
Ta. Peridor, and *Reginella*; the villaine
Has betrail'd me.
Re. 'Tis *Orsabrin*, they have kept their words.
Or. Reginella? she was a woman then.
O let me go.

Jay. You

Jay. You do forget sure what you are!
Orf. I do indeed: oh, to unriddle now.
Stray. And to this man you owe it Sir,
You find an engagement there to him;
And I must hope you'l make me just to him.
Pr. He doth deserve it,
Seise on him ———
Tam. Nay then all truths must out.
That I am lost and forfeit to the Law,
I doe confess,
Yet since to save this Prince;
P. Prince!
Or. (Our *Mephstoophilus* is mad.)
Ta. Yet Prince, this is the *Orfabrin.*
Or. Ha! ———
Tam. So long agoe,
Supposed lost,
Your Brother Sir!
Fetch in there *Ardelan* and *Piramont*,
Enter *Ardelan* and *Piramont.*
N. What mad Planet rules this day!
Ardelan, and *Piramont.*
Or. The Devil's wanton,
And abuses all mankind to day.
Ta. These faces are well known to all Francelians.
Now let them tell the rest———
Pi. My noble Master living! found in Francelia;
Ar. The gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.
Ph. Some Imposture.
Or. A new design of fortune———
I dare not trust it.
Ta. Why speak you not?
Piram. I am so full of joy, it will not out.
Know ye Francelians,
When Sanborne fatal field was fought,
So desperate were the hopes of *Orfabrin*,
That 'twas thought fit to send away this Prince:

And give him safety in another clime;
That spite of an ill day, an *Orsabrin* might be
Preserv'd alive.
Thus you all know,
To *Garradans* cheif charge he was committed:
Who when our Barke by Pyrats was surpris'd,
(For so it was) was slain 'ith first encounter;
Since that we have been forc't to wait
On fortunes pleasure;
And Sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledg of your self,
You'l pardon; It was our zeale that err'd,
Which did conclude it would be prejudicial.

Ar. My L rds, you look as if you doubted still:
If *Piramont* and I be lost unto your memory,
Your hands I hope are not ———
Here's our Commission:
There's the Diamond Elephant,
That which our Princes Sons are ever known by;
Which we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his riband in that fatal day
When we were made prisoners:
And here are those that took us,
Which can witness all circumstances,
Both how, and when, time and place;
With whom we ever since have liv'd by force:
For on no Kingdome, friend unto Francelia,
Did Fortune ever Land us, since that houre;
Nor gave us means to let our Country know
He liv'd ———

T. These very truths, when they could have no ends,
(For they beleev'd him lost)
I did receive from them before,
Which gave me now the boldness to appear
Here, where I'm lost by Law.

Shouts without { Long live Prince *Orsabrin.*
Long live Prince *Orsabrin.*

Na. Pellegrin let's second this;
Right or wrong 'tis best for us.
Pe. Observe, observe.
Pr. What shouts are those?
Str. Souldiers of *Tamarens* the first;
The second was the peoples, who
Much press to see their long lost Prince:
Phi. Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agree,
This was his colour'd haire,
His Aire, though alter'd much with time:
You weare too strange a face upon this newes:
Sir, you have found a brother;
I, *Torcular*, the Kingdomes happiness;
For here the Plauge of Robberies wil end.
It is a glorious day——
Pr. It is indeed, I am amaz'd, not sad;
Wonder does keep the passage so,
Nothing will out.
Brother (for so my kinder Stars will have it)
I here receive you as the bounty of the gods,
A blessing I did not expect,
And in return to them, this day
Francelia ever shall keep holy.
Or. Fortune by much abusing me, has
So——dull'd my faith, I cannot
Credit any thing.
I know not how to own such happiness.
P. Let your doubts lessen your joyes:
If you have had disasters heretofore,
They were but given to heighten what's to come.
Na. Here's as strange a turne as if' twere the
Fift Act in a Play.——
Peli. I'm sure 'tis a good turne for us.
Or. Sir, Why stands that Lady so neglected there
That does deserve to be the businesse of mankind?
Oh ye gods, since you'l be kind
And bountiful, let it be here.

As fearfully, as jealous husbands ask
After some secrets which they dare not know;
Or as forbidden Lovers meet i'th night,
Come I to thee (and 'tis no ill sign this,
Since flames when they burn highest tremble most)
Oh should she now deny me!

Re. I know not perfectly what all this meanes;
But I do find some happiness is neare,
And I am pleas'd because I see you are-----

Or. She understands me not-----

Pr. He seems to have pallion for her.

Ta. Sir, in my dark commands these flames broke out
Equally, violent at first sight;
And 'twas the hope I had to reconcile my self.

Or. It is a holy Magick that will make
Of you and I but one.------

Re. Any thing that you wou'd ask me, sure I might grant.

Or. Harke Gentlemen, she do's consent,
What wants there else?

Re. My hopes grow cold, I have undone my self.

Pr. Nothing, we all will joyn in this;
The long-liv'd feud between the Families
Here dyes, this day the Hymineal
Torches shall burn bright;
So bright that they shall dim the light
Of all that went before.
See *Sabrina* too.----- Enter *Sabrina.*

Ta. Sir. I must have much of pardon,
Not for my self alone, but for all mine----

Pr. Rise, had'st thou not deserv'd what now thou su'st for,
This day should know no clouds.

Peridor kneeles to *Tamaren.*

Tam. Taught by the Princes mercy, I forgive too.

Sab. Frighted hither Sir.
They told me you would not except the Princes mercy.

Sam. Art thou no further yet in thy intelligence?
See. thy brother lives----

Sab. My brother?

Tor. And 'tis the leaſt of wonders has falne out.
Or. Yes, ſuch a one as you are, fair, *Reginella looks*
And you ſhall be acquainted. (*at Sabrina*
Sam. Oh could your hate my Lords, now,
Or your love die.
Phy. Thy merit has prevail'd
With me.
Tor. And me.
Pr. And has almoſt with me.
Samorat, thou do'ſt not doubt thy Miſtreſs Conſtancie?
Sam. No Sir.
Pr. Then I will beg of her,
That till the Sun returnes to viſit us,
She will not give away her ſelf for ever.
Although my hopes are faint,
Yet I would have 'em hopes,
And in ſuch jolly hours as now attend us,
I would not be a deſperate thing,
One made up wholly of deſpair.
Sab. You that ſo freely gave me *Samorats* life,
Which was in danger,
Moſt juſtly, juſtly may be ſuffer'd to attempt
Upon my love, Which is in none.
Pr. What ſays my noble Rival?
Sab. Sir, y'are kind in this, and wiſely do
Provide I ſhould not ſurfeit:
For here is happineſs enough beſids to laſt the Sun's return.
N. You and I are but ſavers with all this *Pellegrin*.
But by the Lord 'tis well we came off
As we did, all was at ſtake——
Pr. Come, no more whiſpers here,
Let's in, and there unriddle to each other——
For I have much to ask.
Or. A Life! a Friend! a Brother! and a Miſtreſs!
Oh! what a day was here?
Gently my Joys diſtill,
Leaſt you ſhould break the Veſſel you ſhould fill.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

And how, and how, in faith,---a pretty plot;
And smartly carried through too, was it not?
And the Devils, how, well? and the fighting,
Well too; a foole, and't had been just old writing.
O what a monster wit must that man have
That could please all which now their twelve pence give!
High characters'd (cries one) and he would see
Things that ne're were, nor are, nor ne're will be.
Romances crie easie-soules, and then they sweare,
The Playe's well writ, though scarce a good line's there.
The VVoman---Oh if Stephen *should be kil'd!*
Or misse the Lady, how the Plot is spil'd?
And into how many peices a poore play
Is taken still before the second day?
Like a strange beauty newly come to Court;
And to say truth, good faith'tis all the sport:
One will aske all the ill things in a Play,
Another, some o'th'good, but the wrong way;
So from one poore Play there comes t'arise
At severall Tables severall Comedies.
The ill is only here, that't may fall out
In Playes as Faces, and who goes about
To take asunder oft destroyes (we know)
VVhat altogether made a pretty show.

FINIS.

BRENNORALT.

A

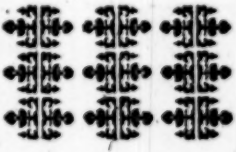
TRAGEDY.

Presented at the Private-House
IN

Black Fryers.

By his Majesties Servants.

Written by
Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*



LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Mosely* at the Prince's Arms,
in St. *Paul's* Churchyard. 1658.

The Scæn Poland.

The Actors.

Sigismond —— *King of* Poland.

Miesla.
Melidor. } *Counsellors to the King.*
A Lord.

Brennoralt —— *a discontent.*
Doran —— *His Friend.*

Villanor.
Grainvert. } *Cavaliers and Officers under Brennoralt.*
Marinel.

Stratheman.
Fresolin, Brother to Francelia.
Iphigene —— *young Palatine of Florence.*
Palatine of Mensecke, Governor, one of the chief Rebels.
Palatine of York a Rebell.
Almerin, a gallant Rebell.
Morat, his Lieutenant Colonel.
Francelia, the Governors Daughter.
Orilla, a waiting woman to Francelia.
Raguelin, A servant in the Governors house, but Spie to Brennoralt.
Jaylor.
Guard.
Soldiers.

Brennoralt.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*.

Bren. I Say, the Court is but a narrow Circuit;
Though somthing elevate above the common,
A kind of Ants nest in the great wilde field,
O'recharg'd with multitudes of quick Inhabi-
Who still are miserably busied to get (tants,
In, what the loose foot of prodigality
As fast doe's throw abroad.

Dor. Good!
A most eternal place of low affronts,
And then as low submissions.

Bren.

Bren. Right.
High cowards in revenges 'mongſt themſelves,
And only valiant when they miſcheife others.
Dor. Stars, that would have no names,
But for the ills they threaten in conjunction.
Bren. A race of ſhallow and unskilful Pilots,
Which do miſguide the Ship even in the calme,
And in great ſtorms ſerve but as weight to ſink it
More, prethee more.---- *Alarum within.*
'Tis muſick to my melancholy.

Enter *Soldier.*

Sold. My Lord a cloud of duſt and men
The Sentinels from th'Eaſt gate diſcover;
And as they gueſſe, the ſtorm bends this way.
Bren. Let it be.
Sol. My Lord?---
Bren. Let it be,
I will not fight to day:
Bid *Stratheman* draw to the trenches,
On, prethee on.
Dor. The King imploys a company of formal beards,
Men, who have no other proofs of their
Long life, but that they are old.
Bren. Right, and if th'art wiſe,
'Tis for themſelves, not others,---- *Alarms*
As old men ever are,

Enter *ſecond Soldier.*

2. *Sol.* Coronel, Coronel;
Th'Enemies at hand, kils all the Centries:
Young *Almerin* leads them on agen.
Bren. Let him lead them off agen.
2. *Sol.* Coronel.---
Bren. Be gone.
If th'art afraid, go hide thy ſelf.
2. *Sol.* What a Divel ayles he?---- *(Exit.*
Bren. This *Almerin's* the ague of the camp:
He ſhakes it once a day.

Dor.

Dor. Hee's the ill conſcience rather:
He never lets it reſt; would I were at home agen.
'Sfoot we lie here i'th'trenches, as if it were
For a wind to carry us into th'other
World: every houre we expect——
I'le no more on't.

Bre. Prethee——

Dor. Not I, by heaven.

Bre. What man! the worſt is but fair death.

Dor. And what will that amount to? A fair Epitaph.
A fine account.—— I'le home I ſwear,

Enter *Stratheman.*

Stra. Arme, arme my Lord,
And ſhew your ſelf; all's loſt elſe.

Dor. Why ſo?

Stra. The Rebels like an unruly flood,
Rowle o're the Trenches and throw down
All before them.

Bre. Ha?

Stra. We cannot make a ſtand.

Bre. He would out-rival me in honor too,
As well as love; but that he muſt not do.
Help me *Stratheman.*—(*Puts on Armor.*
The danger now grows worthy of our ſwords;
And, oh *Doran*, I would to heaven there were
No other ſtormes then the worſt tempeſt here. (*Exeunt.*

Enter *Marivel*, throwing down one he carries.

Mari. There;
The Sun's the neareſt Surgeon I know,
And the honeſteſt; if thou recovereſt, why ſo:
If not, the cure's paid, they have mauld us.

Enter *Grainevert*, with another upon his back.

Grain. A curſe light on this powder;
It ſtays valor, ere it's halfway on it's journey:
What a diſadvantage fight we upon in this age?

He

He that did well heretofore,
Had the broad fair day to ſhew it in:
Witneſſes enough; we muſt beleeve one another----
'Tis night when we begin:
Eternal ſmoake and ſulphur.
Smalk; by this hand I can bear with thee
No longer; how now? dead as I live;
Stolne away juſt as he us'd to wench.
Well go thy ways, for a quiet drinker, and dier,
I ſhall never know thy fellow. *Searches his*
Theſe trifles too about thee? *pockets.*
There never was an honeſter poor wretch
Borne I think---look i'th'other pocket too---hum,
Marinell.

Mar. Who's that?

Grani. 'Tis I; how go the matters?

Mar. Scurvily enough;
Yet ſince our Coronel came th've got no ground
Of us; A weak Sculler againſt wind and Tide,
Would have done as much; hark!
This way the torrent bears. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Freſolin*, *Almerin*, Rebels.

Freſ. The Villaines all have left us.

Alm. Would they had left their fears
Behind them. But come, ſince we muſt----

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Soldiers:*

Bren. Hoe! *Strathemen*;
Skirt on the left hand with the horſe,
And get betwixt theſe and that Body;
They'r new railled up for reſcue. *Dor.* Th'are ours.
Brennoralt charges through.
I do not ſee my game yet.-------- *Exeunt.*

A ſhout within.

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*, *Stratheman*, *Marinell.*

Bren. What ſhout is that?

Stra. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren.

Bren. Almerin? the Devill thank 'em for't
When I had hunted hard all day,
And now at length unhearded the proud Dear,
The Curs have ſnatch'd him up, ſound a Retreat;
There's nothing now behind. Who ſaw *Doran*?

Str. Shall we bring *Almerin* in?

Bre. No; gazing is low Triumph:
Convey him fairly to the King,
He fought it fairly----

Dor. What youth was that whom you beſtri'd my Lord,
And ſav'd from all our ſwords to day?
Was he not of the Enemy?

Bre It may be ſo ----

Str. The Governors Son, *Freſolin*, his Miſtris brother. (*In*

Br. No matter who. 'Tis pitty the rough hand (*Doran's ear.*
Of war ſhould early courages deſtroy
Before they bud and ſhew themſelves i'th'heat
Of Action ----

Mar. I threw (my Lord) a youth upon a
Bank, which ſeeking after the retreat I found
Dead, and a woman, the pretty daughter
Of the Foreſter,, *Lucilia.*

Bre. See, ſee *Doran*; A ſad experiment:
Woman's the Cowardly'ſt and coldeſt thing
The World brings forth: Yet Love, as fire works water
Make it boyl o're, and do things contrary
To't's proper nature ---- I ſhould ſhed a tear,
Could I tell how — Ah poor *Lucilia*!
Thou did'ſt for me what did as ill become thee.
Pray ſee her gently buryed ———
Boy, ſend the Surgeons to the Tent; I bleed:
What lowſie Cottages th'ave given our ſouls?
Each petty ſtorm ſhakes them into diſorder;
And't coſts more pains to patch them up agen,
Then they are worth by much. I'm weary of
The Tenement. ----- *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Villanor*, *Grainevert*, *Marinell*, and *Strathman*.

Gra. Villanor! welcome, welcome, whence cameſt thou?

Vil. Look, I wear the Kings high-way ſtill on my boots.

Gra. A pretty riding phraſe, and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?

Vil. Faith, reaſonable:
Thoſe toys were never dear thou know'ſt;
A little time and induſtry they'l coſt;
But in good faith not much: ſome few there are
That ſet themſelves at mighty rates ——

Gra. Which we o'th' wiſe paſſe by,
As things o're-valued in the market.
Is't not ſo? (married.

Vil. Y'have ſaid Sir. Hark you, your friend the Rivals
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is ſuch an aſs after't.

Gra. Hum.
'Tis ever ſo.
The motions of married people, are as of
Other naturals; violent Gentlemen to the place,
And calm in it.

Mar. We know this too; and yet we muſt be fooling.

Gra. Faith, women are the baggage of life
They are troubleſome, and hinder us
In the great march, and yet we cannot
Be without 'em.

Mar. You ſpeak very well,
And Soldier like.

Grain. What? thou art a wit too I warrant,
In our abſence?

Vil. Hum----no, no, a poor pretender,
A Candidate or ſo, 'gainſt the next Seſſions:
Wit enough to laugh here at you.

Gra. Like enough; valour's a crime
The wiſe have ſtil reproached unto the valiant,
And the fools too.

Vil. Rallere a pert, Grainvert;

What

What accommodations shall we find he?

Gra. Clean straw (sweet heart) and meat
When thou canst get it.

Vil. Hum? straw?

Gra. Yes.

That's all will be betwixt Incest;
You and your mother earth must lye together.

Vil. Prethee let's be serious; will this last?
How goes affaires?

G. Well?

V. But well?

G. Faith 'tis now upon the turning of theballance:
A most equall business, betwixt Rebellion
And Loyalty.

V. What doest mean?

G. Why; which shall be the vertue, and which the vice

V. How the Divel can that be?

G. Oh: successe is a rare paint; hides all the uglinesse.

V. Prethee, what's the quarrell?

G. Nay for that excuse us;
Ask the children of peace,
They have the leisure to study it,
We know nothing of it; Liberty they say.

V. 'Sfoot, let the King make an Act
That any man may be unmarried agen;
There's liberty for them. A race
Of half-witted fellows quarrel about freedome?
And all that while allow the bonds of Matrimony?

G. You speak very well Sir.

Enter *King. Lords, Brennoralt.*

M. Soft; the King and Councell------

G. Look they follow after like tyred spanniels:
Quest sometimes for company; that is, concurre:
Hnd that's their business.

M. They are as weary of this sport
As a young unthrift of's land:
And bargain to be rid on't.

Can you blame them?
Who's that?
M. *Brennoralt*, our brave Coronel:
A discontent, but, what of that? who's not?
V. His face speaks him one.
G. Thou art i'th right.
He looks still as if he were saying to
Fortune, Huswife, go about your business.
Come, let's retire to *Barathens* Tent.
Tast a bottle, and speak bold truths;
That's our way now. *Ex. Manet. King and Lords.*
Mies.———— Think not of pardon, Sir,
Rigor and Mercy us'd in States uncertainly:
And in ill times, look not like th' effects
Of vertue, but necessity: Nor will
They thank your goodness, but your fears.-----
Melid. My Lords;
Revenge in Princes should be still imperfect:
It is then handsom'st, when the King comes to
Reduce, not Ruine----------
Bre. Who puts but on the face of punishing,
And only gentle cuts, but prunes rebellion:
He makes that flourish which he would destroy.
Who would not be a Rebel when the hopes
Are vast, the fears but small? [*Mel.*] Why, I would not.
Nor you my Lord, nor you, nor any here.
Fear keeps low spirits only in, the brave
Do get above it, when they do resolve.
Such punishments in infancy of War,
Make men more desperate, not the more yeelding.
The common people are a kind of flies;
They're caught with honey, not with wormwood, Sir.
Severity exasp'rates the stirr'd humor;
And State distempers turns into diseases.
Bre. The gods forbid, great Polands State should be
Such as it dares not take right Phisick. Quarter
To Rebles? Sir! When you give that to them.

Give

Give that to me, which they deſerve. I would
Not live to ſee it———

3. *Lord.* Turn o're your own and others Cronicles,
And you ſhall finde (great Sir)
" That nothing makes a Civil war long liv'd,
" But ranſome and returning back the brands
Which unextinct, kindled ſtill fiercer fires.

Mief. Mercy beſtow'd on thoſe that do diſpute,
With ſwords, do's looſe the Angels face it has,
And is not mercy Sir, but policy;
With a weak vizzard on———

King.——— Y'have met my thoughts
My Lords; nor will it need larger debate,
To morrow, in the ſight of the beſiedg'd,
The Rebell dies: *Meſſa*, 'tis your care.
The mercy of Heav'n may be offended ſo,
That it cannot forgive Mortals much more,
Which is not infinite, my Lords. (*Exeunt.*

Enter *Iphigene*, *Almerin* (as in priſon.)

Iph. O *Almerin*; would we had never known
The ruffle of the world! but were again
By ſtolden banks, happy in ſolitude;
When thou and I, Shepherd and Shepherdeſs;
So oft by turns, as often ſtill have wiſht,
That we eas'ly could have chang'd our ſex,
As cloths; but (alas)! all thoſe innocent joyes,
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Dark ſudden clouds, before we knew to vallue
What we had. [*Almer.*] Fame and victory are light (*to himſelf*
Huſwifes, that throw themſelves into the armes,
Not of the valliant, but the fortunate.
To be tane, thus! [*Iph.*] *Almerin* [*Alm.*] Nipt ith'bud
Of honour; [*Iph*] My Lord [*Alm.*] Foil'd! & by the man
That do's pretend unto *Francelia*!

Iph. What is't you do, my *Almerin*? ſit ſtill?
And quarrel with the Winds, becauſe, there is
A ſhipwrack tow'rds, and never think of ſaving

The barke ? [*Almer*:] The Barke? What should we do with
When the rich freight is lost: my name in armes? (that
Iph. ——— Who knows
What prizes are behind, if you you attend
And wait a second Voyage? [*Almer*:] Never never:
There are no second Voyages in this,
The wounds of Honour doth admit no cure.
Iph. Those slight ones which misfortune gives, must needs
Else why should Mortals vallue it at all?
For who would toyle to treasure up a wealth;
Which weak inconstancie did keep, or might
Dispose of? ——Enter *Melidor.*
Oh my Lord, what news?
Mel. As ill as your own fears could give you;
The Councell hath decreed him sudden death,
And all the waies to mercy are blockt up. (*She weeps*
Almir. My *Iphigene* ——— (*and sighs.*
This was a misbecoming peice of love:
Women would manage a disaster better--- (*Iphig. weeps &*
Again? thou art unkind ——— (*sighs agen.*
Thy goodness is so great it makes thee faulty;
For while thou think'st to take the trouble from me,
Thou givest me more by giving me thine too.
Iph. Alas! I am indeed a useless triffle;
A dull, dull thing; For could I now do any thing
But grieve and pitty, I might help: my thoughts
Labour to find a way; but like to birds
In cages, though they never rest, they are
But where they did set out at first ———
Enter *Taylor.*
Tay. My Lords your pardon:
The prisoner must retire;
I have receiv'd an order from the King,
Denies access to any.
Iph ——— He cannot be
So great a Tyrant. [*Almer.*] I thank him; nor can
He use me ill enough: I only grieve

That

That I must die in debt; a Bankrupt: Such
Thy love hath made me: My dear *Iphigene*
Farewell it is no time for Cerimony.
Shew me the way I must——————*Exit.*
Iph. Griefe strove with such disorder to get out,
It stopt the passage, and sent back my words
That were already on the place.——[*Melid.*] stay, there
Is yet a way. [*Iph.*] O speak it! [*Mel.*] But there is
Danger in't *Iphigene*, to thee high danger,
Iph. Fright children in the dark with that, and let
Me know it: there is no such thing in nature
If *Almerin* be lost. [*Melid.*] Thus then; You must
Be taken prisoner too, and by exchange
Save *Almerin*.
Iph. How can that be?
Mel. Why——————*studies.*
Step in, and pray him set his hand about (*To the Iaylor.*
This distance; his seale too——
Iay. My Lord, I know not what this is.
Mel. Setling of money- business, fool, betwixt us.
Iay. If't be no more——————*Exit.*
Mel. Tell him that *Iphegene* and I desire it:
I'le send by *Strathocles* his servant,
A Letter to *Morat* thus sign'd and seal'd,
That shall inform the sudden execution;
Command him as the only means
To save his life, to sallie out this night
Upon the quarters, and endeavour prisoners.
Name you as most secure and slightest guarded,
Best pledge of safty; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoidable;
Left't should inrage the King yet more,
And make his death more certain. *Enter Iaylor with*
Iay. He understands you not (*the writing.*
He saies; but he has sent it.
Melid. So——————

Iph. But should *Murat* mistrust now?
Or this miscarry?
Melid——————————Come:
Leave it to me; I'le take the Pilots part;
And reach the Port, or perish in the Art. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scena I.

Enter *Almerin* (in prison.)

Almer. Sleep is as nice as women;
The more I court it, the more it flies me.;
Thy elder brother will be kinder yet,
Unsent for death will come. —— To morrow——
Well——What can to morrow do?
'Twill cure the sense of honour lost——
I, and my discontent shall rest together,
What hurt is there in this?
But death against the will,
Is but a slovenly kind of portion;
And though prescrib'd by Heaven,
It goes against mens stomachs:
So does it at fourscore too; when then the soul's
Mew'd up in narrow darkness;
Neither sees nor hears,----pish, 'tis meer fondness in our nature:
A certain clownish cowardise, that still
Would stay at home, and dares not venture
Into forraigne Countries? though better then
It's own,----ha, what Countries? for we receive
Descriptions of th'other world from our Divines,
As blind men take relation of this from us:
My thoughts lead me into the dark,
And there they'l leave me, I'le no more on't,
Within. (*Knocks*)————*Enter.*
Some paper and a light, I'le write to th'King:

Desire

Defie him, and provoke a quick diſpatch.
I would not hold this ling'ring doubtfull State
So long again, for all that hope can give.
Enter 3 of the Guard (with paper and Inck)
That ſword does tempt me ſtrangely———(*writing.*
Wer't in my hands, 'twere worth the other two.
But then the Guard,——it ſleeps or drinks; may be
To contrive it ſo that if *I* ſhould not paſs,——
Why if I fall in't
'Tis better yet then Pageantry;
A ſcaffold and ſpectators; } *One of the Guard peeps over his*
More ſouldier-like—— } *ſhoulder.*
Uncivil villain, read my Letter?—— (*Seizes his ſword.*
1. *Guar.* Not I, not I my Lord,
Alm. Deny it too?
Guar. Murder, murder.
Guar. Arme, arme——(*The Guard runs out,*
Alm. I'le follow,
Give the alarum with them,
'Tis leaſt ſuſpicious——(*Arme, arme, arme.*
All—— the enemy, the enemy——— } *Enter ſouldiers running*
Soul. Let them come. } *over the Stage, one throwing away his armes.*
Let them come.
Let them come——Enter *Almerin.*
Alm. I hear freſh noiſe,
The Camp's in great diſorder: where am I now?
'Tis ſtrangely dark——Goddeſs without eyes
Be thou my guid, for——blindneſs and night
Are equall ſenſe, of equall uſe, this night.
Enter *Grainevert, Strathman, Villanor, Marinell.*
Gra. Trouble not thy ſelf, child of diſcontent:
'Twill take no hurt I warrant thee;
The State is but a little drunk,
And when twas ſpued up that that made it ſo,
'Twill be well agen, there's my opinion in ſhort.
Mar. Th'art i'th right.
The Stat's a pretty forehanded State,
And will do reaſon hereafter.

Let's

Let's drink and talk no more on't.
All——A good motion, a good motion,
Let's drink.
Villa. I, I let's drink agen.
Stra. Come, to a Mistress.
Gra. Agreed.
Name. name.
Villa. Any body.——*Vermelia.*
Gra. Away with it.

She's pretty to walk with.
And to talk with,
And pleasant too to think on:
But the best use of all,
Is, her health is a stale,
And helps us to make us drink on.
Stra. Excellent.
Gentlemen, if you say the word,
We'l vant credit, and effect high pleasure:
Shall we?
Villa. I, I, let's do that.
Stra. What think ye of the sacrifice now?
Mar. Come we'l ha't.——for trickling tears are vain.
Villa. The sacrifice? what's that
Stra. Child of ignorance, 'tis a Camp health.
An *A*——*la*——*mode* one. *Grainevert* begin it
Grain. Come give it me.
Let me see——(*Pins up a Rose.*
Which of them this Rose will serve.
Hum, hum, hum,
Bright Star o'th' lower Orbe, twinkling Invitor,
Which draw'st (as well as eyes) but set'st righter:
For who at thee begins, comes to the place,
Sooner then he that sets out at the face:
Eyes are seducing lights, that the good women know,
And hang out these a nearer way to show.
Mar, Fine and patheticall: Come *Villanor.*
Villa. What's the matter?

Mar.

Mar. Come your liqour, and your ſtanza's,
Lines, Lines.

Villa. Of what?

Mar. Why, of any thing your Miſtreſs has given you.

Villa. Gentlemen, ſhe never gave me anything but a box
Oth'ear for offering to kiſs her once.

Stra. Of that box then.

Mar. I, I, that box, of that box.

Villa. Since it muſt be,
Give me the poyſon then.——(*Drinks and ſpits.*
That box fair Miſtreſs, which thou gav'ſt to me,
In humane gheſſe, is like to coſt me three
Three cups of Wine, and verſes ſix,
The Wine will down, but verſe for rime ſtill ſticks.
By which you all may eaſily Gentles know,
I am a better drinker then a Po-----Enter *Doran*

Mar. Doran,
Doran.

Gra. A Hall, a hall
To welcome our friend;
For ſome liquor call,
A new or freſh face,
Muſt not alter our pace,
But makes us drink the quicker:
Wine, Wine, oh'tis divine
Come fill it unto our brother:
What's at the tongues end,
It forth does ſend,
And will not a ſyllable ſmother
Then,
It unlocks the breſt
And throwes out the reſt,
And learns us to know each other.
Wine-------*Wine*.----

Dor. Mad lads, have you been here ever ſince?

Stra. Yes faith, thou ſeeſt the worſt of us.
We--------debauch------in diſcipline:
Four and twenty hours is the time:

Barruthen had the watch to night,
To morrow 'twill be at my Tent.
Dor. Good.
And d'you know what has faln out to night?
Stra. Yes:
Grainevert, and my Leiutenant Coronel:
But they are friends again.
Dor. Pish, pish——the young Palatine of Plocence,
And his grave Guardian surpriz'd too night?
Carried by the enemy out of his quarters.
G. As a chicken by a Kite out of a back side,
Wa'st not so?
D. Is that all?
G. Yes. My Coronel did not love him:
He eats sweet-meats upon a march too.
D. Well, hark ye;
Worse yet; *Almerin*'s gone:
Forc'd the Court of Guard where he was Prisoner,
And has made an escape.
G. So pale and spiritless a wretch,
Drew *Priams* curtain in the dead of night,
And told him half his *Troy* was burnt——
He was of my mind. I would have done so my self.
D. Well.
There's high suspicions abroad:
Ye shall see strange discoveries
I'th Councel of War.
G. What councel?
D. One cal'd this morning.
Y'are all sent to.
G. I will put on clean linnen, and speak wisely.
V. 'Sfoot we'l have a Round first.
G. By all means Sir.
Sings:
Come let the State say,
And drink away,
There is no business above it:

It

It warms the cold brain,
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a fool that does not approve it.
The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking:
He drunk and he fought,
Till he had what he sought,
The world was his own by good drinking.

Exeunt.

Enter *Generall of the Rebels, Palatine of Trocke, Paluuint of Menfecke- Francelia. Almerin, Moreat Iphigene.*

G. As your frieed, my Lord, he has the priviledge of ours,
And may enjoy a liberty we would deny
To enemies.

A. I thank your Excellency; O *Ipeigene*,
He does not know,
That thou the nobler part of friendship hold'ſt,
And do'ſt oblige, whil'ſt I can but acknowledge.

Men. Oppertunity to Stateſ-men is as the juſt degree
Of heat to Chymiſts ——— it perfects all the work,
And in this pris'ner 'tis offer'd
We now are there, where men ſhould ſtill begin;
To treat upon advantage,
The Palatine of *Trocke*; and *Menſecke*,
With *Almerin*, ſhall to the King;
Petitions ſhall be drawn,
Humble in forme, but ſuch for matter,
As the bold *Macedonian* youth would ſend
To men he did diſpiſe for luxury.
The firſt begets opinion of the world,
Which looks not far, but on the outſide dwels:
Th' other inforces courrage in our own.
For bold demands muſt boldly be maintain'd,

Pal. Let all go on ſtill in the publick name,
But keep an ear open to particular offers;
Liberty and publick good are like great *Olyes*

Muſt

Must have the upper end ſtill of our tables,
Though they are but for ſhew,
Fra. Would I had ne're ſeen this ſhape. 't has poyſon in't
Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there?
Min. -----Preſs much religon,
For though we dreſs the ſcruples for the multitude,
And for our ſelves reſerve 'th advantages,
(It being much petext) yet it is neceſſary;
For things of faith are ſo abſtruce a nice,
They will admit diſpute eternally:
So howſoe're other demands appear,
Theſe never can be prov'd unreaſonable;
The ſubject being of ſo fine a nature,
It not ſubmits it ſelf to ſenſe, but ſcapes
The trials which conclude all common doubts.
Fra. My Lord, you uſe me as ill Painters paint,
Who while they labour to make faces fair,
Neglect to make them like.
Iphi. Madam, there is no ſhipwrack of your
Vertues near, that you ſhould throw away
Any of all your excellencies
To ſave the deareſt, modeſty.
Gener. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our expoſitians, and the peoples votes,
If they refuſe us wholly, then we plead,
The King's beſieged, blockt up ſo ſtraightly
By ſome few, reliefe can finde no way
To enter to the King, or to get out to us;
Exclaim againſt it loud,
Till the *Polonians* think it high injuſtice,
And wiſh us better yet.
Then eaſily do we riſe unto our ends;
And will become their envy through their pitty.
At worſt you may confirme our party there,
Increaſe it too: there is one *Brennoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a diſcontent;
My Coſen the King hath us'd him ill:
Him a handſome whiſper will draw.

The afternon shall perfect
What we have loosely now resolv'd ——
Iph. If in discourse of beauty,
(So large an Empire) I do wander,
It will become your goodness Madam,
To set me right.
And in a country where you your self is Queen,
Not suffer strangers lose themselves.
Gener. What making revenges *Palatin*?
And taking prisoners fair Ladies hearts?
Iph. Yes my Lord.
And have no better fortune in this War,
Then the other; for I think to take,
I am suprized my self.
Fra. Dissembler, would thou were.
M. You are a Courtier my Lord;
The *Palatine* of *Plocence*, (*Almerin*)
Will grace the *Hymeneals*;
And that they may be while his stay here,
I'le court my Lord in absence;
Take off for you the little strangenesses
Virgins wear at first, —— *Iph. sounds.*
Look to the *Palatine*.
Mer. How is't my dearest *Iphigene*?
Iph. Not well, I would retire.
G. A qualme.
Lo. his colour stole away; sank down,
As water in a weather-glass
Prest by a warme hand.
Mens. A cordiall of kind looks —— (*Enter a Trum-*
From the King. (*pet blinded.*
M. Let's with draw,
And hear him. —— *Exit.*

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*, *Ragnelin*.

Dor. Yes to be married;
What are you mute now?
Bren. Thou cam'st too hastily upon me, put'st
So close the coulours to mine eye, *I* could

Not

Not see. It is impossible. [Dor.] Impossible?
If't were impossible, it should be otherwise,
What can you imagine there of Constancy?
Where 'tis so much their nature to love change,
That when they say but what they are,
They excuse themselves for what they do?
Bren. She hardly knows him yet, in such an instant.
Dor. Oh you know not how fire flies,
When it does catch light water, woman,
B. No more of that; She is
Yet the most precious thing in all my thoughts.
If it be so ——— (*Studies.*)
I am a lost thing in the world *Doran.*
D. How?
Bren. Thou wilt in vain perswade me to be other
Life which to others is a Good that they
Enjoy, to me will be an evil, I
Shall suffer in ———
Dor. Look on another face that's present remedy.
Bren. How ill thou doest conclude?
'Cause there are pestilent airs, which kill men suddenly
In health, must there be soveraign as suddenly,
To cure in sickness? 't never was in nature.
Exit, and
Enters again hastily.
Bren. I was a fool to think, Death only kept
The doors of ill-payed love, when or disdain,
Or spite could let me out as well ———
Dor. Right; were I as you,
It should no more trouble me
To free my self of love,
Then to spit out that which made me sick.
Bren. Ile tell her so; that she may laugh at me,
As at a prisoner threatning his Guard,
He will break loose, and so is made the faster.
She hath charmes ——— (*Studies.*)
Doran can fetch in a rebellious heart,
Ev'n while it is conspiring liberty.
Oh

——— ——— ——Oh she hath all
The vertues of her sex, and not the vices,
Chast and unsullied, as first open'ning Lillies,
Or untouch'd buds ———
Dor. Chaste? why! do you honour me,
Because I throw my self not off a precepice?
'Tis her ruine to be otherwise;
Though we blame those that kill themselves (my Lord)
We praise not him that keeps himself alive
And deserves nothing.
Bren. And 'tis the least,
She doe's triumph, when she does but appear:
I have as many Rivials as beholders.
Dor. All that encreases but our jealousies;
If you have now such qualmes for that you have not,
What will you have for that you shall possess?
Bren. ——— Dull heritick;
Know I have these, because I have not her
When I have her I shall have these no more.
Her fancy now, her vertue then will governe:
And I use to watch with doubtfull eye,
The wavering needle in the best Sun-dyall,
Till it has settled, then the troubles o're,
Because I know when it is Fixt, it's true:
So here my doubts are all afore me. Sure,
Doran, crown'd Conquerours are but the types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Possess what the other have in dreams. Ile send
A challenge to him. ——— ———
Dor. Do, and be thought a mad-man.
To what purpose?
If she love him she will but hate you more.
Lovers in favour (*Brennoralt*) are Gamsters
In good fortune; the more you set them;
The more they get,
Bren. I'le see her then this night, by heaven I will.
Dor. Where, in the Cittadell?
Bren. Know what, and why. ———

Dor.

Dor. He raves *Brennoralt*?

Bren. Let me alone.——

I conjure thee, by the discretion
Left betwixt us, (that's thine,
For mine's devour'd by injuries of fortune,)
Leave me to my self.

Dor. I have done.

Bren. Is there such a passage,
As thou hast told me of, into the Castle?

Rag. There is my Lord.

Bren. And dar'st thou let me in?

Rag. If you my Lord will venture.

Bren. There are no Century's near it.

Rag. None.

Bren. How to the Chamber afterward?

Rag. Her woman.

Bren. What's she?

Rag. A wicket to my Ladies secrets,
One that stands up to marriage with me.

Bren. There----upon thy life be secret.---(*flings a purse.*

Rag. Else,----All punishment to ingratitude.——

Bren. Enough
I am a storm within till I am there,
Oh *Doran!*
That that which is so pleasant to behold,
Should be such pain within!

Dor. Poor *Brennoralt!*
Thou art the Martyr of a thousand tyrants:
Love, Honour, and Ambition reign by turns,
And shew their power upon thee.

Bren. Why, let them; I'm still *Brennoralt*: "Ev'n Kings
"Themselves are by there servants rul'd sometimes;
"Let their own slaves govern them at odd hours:
"Yet not subject their Persons or their powers.

Exeunt

Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter *Ipbigene* (*as in a Garden.*)

Ipbi. What have I got by changing place?
But as a wretch which ventures to the Warrs;
Seeking the misery with pain abroad,
He found, but wisely thought h' had left at home.
Fortune thou hast no tyranny beyond
This usage. —— (*Weepes*
Would I had never hop'e
Or had betimes dispair'd, let never in
the gentle thief, or kept him but a gueſt;
Not made him Lord of all.
Tempests of wind thus (as my storms of grief
Carry my tears, which should relieve my heart)
Have hurried to the thankleſſe Ocean clouds
And showers, that needed not at all the curteſie;
When the poor plains have languish't for the want,
And almost burnt a sunder. ——
I'le have this Statues place, and undertake
At my own charge to keep the water full. —— (*Lies down*

Enter *Francelia.*

Fran. These fond Impreſſions grow too strong upon me
They were at first without design or end;
Like the first Elements, that know not what
And why they Act and yet produce strange things;
Poor innocent desires, journeying they know
Not whether: but now they promise to themselves
Strange things, grow insolent, threaten no rest
Till they be satisfi'd.
What difference was between these Lords?
The one made love, as if he by assault
Would take my heart, so force't it to defence;
While t' other blew it up with secret mines,
And left no place for it, here he is. ——

Teares steal too from his eyes,
As if not daring to be known
To pass that way: make it good, cunning grief,
Thou know'st thou couldst not dress thy self
In any other looks, to make thee lovely. (*Spies Francelia*)
Iphi. Francelia,
If through the ignorance of places
I have intruded on your privacies,
Found out forbidden paths; 'tis fit you pardon, Madam:
For 'tis my melancholy, not I, offends.
Fran. So great a melancholy would well become
Mischances, such as time could not repair:
Those of the War, are but the petty cures
Of every coming hower. ——
Iph. Why should I not tell her all? since 'tis in he
To save my life; who knows but she may be
Gallant so far, as to undo her self
To make another happy? —— Madam,
The accidents of War contribute least
To my sad thoughts, (if any such I have)
—— Imprisonment can never be ——
Where the place holds what we must love, and yet ——
Fran. My Lord?
Iphi. In this Imprisonment. ——
Fran. Proceed my Lord:
Iphi. I dare not Madam.
Fran. I see I do disturb you, and enter upon secrets ——
Which when I know, I cannot serve you in them.
Iphi. Oh most of any,
You are the cause of all.
Fran. I my Lord?
Iphi. You Madam —— you alone.
Fran. Alas! that 'tis too soon to understand.
Iphi. Must not you marry *Almerin*?
Fran. They tell me 'tis design'd.
Iphi. If he have you, I am for ever lost:
Fran. —— Lost?
The Heavens forbid they should design so ill!

Or

Or when they ſhall, that I ſhould be the cauſe.
Ipbi. Ha! her eyes are ſtrangely kind,
She prompts me excellently,
Stars be propitious and I am ſafe.
——— A way I not expected.
Fran. His paſſion labours for vent.
Ipbi. Is there a hope you will not give your ſelf
To *Almerin?*
Fran. My Lord this aire is common,
The walks within are pleaſanter. ——— (*Exit.*
Ipbi. ——— ——— Invitation!
God of deſires, be kind, and fill me now
With language; ſuch thou lend'ſt thy Favourites,
When thou would'ſt give them eaſie Victories:
And I forgive thee, all thy cruelties. ——— (*Exit after.*

Enter *Palatin* of *Trock*, *Menſick*, *Almerin*, *Brennoralt*, Lords.

Menſ. —Conſider too, that thoſe
Who are neceſſitated to uſe violence,
Have firſt been violent by neceſſity.
Pall. —— But ſtill you judge not right
Of the Prerogative; "For oft it ſtands
"with Pow'r and Law, as with our Faith and Reaſon:
"It is not all againſt, that is above (*my Lord.*)
2 *Lord.* You *Lithuanians* had of all leaſt reaſon;
For would the King be unjuſt to you he cannot:
Where there's ſo little to be had. ———
Almer. Where there is leaſt, there's libertie (*my Lord.*)
And 'tis more injurie to pull haires
From the bald, then from the buſhie heads.
Pall. of *Tro.* *Brennoralt* —— a word (*they go off talking* (*Trock pulls Bren.*
My Lord, the world hath caſt his eye upon you,
And mark'd you out one of the formoſt men
Y' have buſied fame the earlieſt of any,
And ſend her ſtill on errands.
Much of the braverie of your Nation,
Has taken up it's lodging in you,
And gallant men but copie from you.

Bren. 'Tis goodly language this, what would it mean?
Pall. of *Tro.* The *Lithuanians* with you well, and wonder
So much desert should be so ill rewarded.
Bren. Good.
Pall. While all the gifts the Crown is Mistriss of
Are plac'd upon the empty ——
Bren. Still I take you not.
P. Then to be plain; our Army would be proud of you:
Pay the neglected scores of merit double,
All that you hold here of command, and what
Your fortune in this Sigismund has suffer,d,
Repair, and make it fairer than at first.
Bren. How?
Then nothing, Lord; trifle below ill language:
How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour?
Pall. My Lord?
Bren. Do'st think 'cause I am angry
With the King and States sometimes
I am fallen out with vertue, and my self?
Draw, draw, or by goodnesse ——
P. What means your Lordship?
Bren. Draw I say.
—— He that would think me a villain, is one:
And I do wear this toy to Purge the world
Of such. Th'have sav'd thee, wert thou good natur'd
Thou wouldst love the King the better during life.
K. If they be just, they call for gracious answers;
Speedy, how e're) we promise
All. Long live great *Sigismond*
Bren. —— The Lithuanians Sir,
Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must
Be rid with Cavilons, and with harsh curbs.
And since the war can only make them tride,
What can be used but swords? where men have fal'n
From not respecting Royalty, unto
A liberty of offending it: what though
Their numbers (possibly) equal yours Sir?
And now forc't by necessity, like Cats

Ent K. of Pol. Lord., Melad. Mess.

In

In narrow rooms, they fly up in your face?
Think you Rebellion and Loyalty
Are empty names? and that in Subjects hearts
They don't both give, and take away the courage?
Shall we believe there is no difference
In good and bad? that there's no punishment,
Or no protection? forbid it Heaven!
If when great *Polands* honour, safety too,
Hangs in dispute, we should not draw our Swords,
Why were we ever taught to wear 'em Sir,

Mi. This late commotion in your Kingdom Sir,
Is like a growing wen upon the face,
Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,
So take't away we cannot but with danger.
War there hath fouleſt face, and I most fear it
Where the pretence is fair'st. Religion
And Liberty, most specious names, they urge;
Which like the Bills of subtle Mountebanks,
Fill'd with great promises of curing all,
——— ——— Though by the wise,
Pass'd by unread as common cousenage,
Yet, by th'unknowing multitude they're still
Admir'd and flock'd unto. ———

K. Is there no way
To disabuse them? (*Melid*) All is now too late.
'The Vulgar in Religion are like
'Unknown Lands; those that first possess them, have them.
Then, Sir consider, justnesse of cause is nothing.
When things are risen to the point they are;
'Tis either not examin'd or believ'd
Among the Warlike. ———
The better cause the *Grecians* had of *Troy*,
Yet were the Gods themselves divided in't;
And the foul ravisher found as good Protection
As the much injur'd husband ———
Nor are you Sir, assur'd of all behind you:
For though your Person in your Subjects hearts
Stands highly honour'd, and belov'd, yet are

There certain acts of State, which men call grievances
Abroad; and though they bare them in the time
Of peace, yet will they now perchance, seek to
Be free, and throw them off. "For know Dread Sir,
"The Common People are much like the Sea,
"That suffers things to fall and sink unto
"The bottom in a Calme, which in a storme
"Stir'd and enrag'd, it lifts, and does keep up.
Then: Time distempers cures more safely Sir,
Then Physick does, or instant letting blood,
Religion now is a young Mistress there,
For which each man will fight, and die at least;
Let it alone a while, and 'twill become
A kind of marri'd wife: people will be
Content to live with it in quietness.
(If that at least may be) my voice is therefore Sir,
For Peace. ——

Mins. Were Sir the question simply War or Peace,
It were no more then shortly to be askt,
Whether we would be well or ill:
Since War the sickness of the Kingdome is,
And Peace the health: But here I do conceive
'Twill rather lie, whether we had not better,
Endure sharp sickness for a time, to enjoy
A perfect strength, then have it languish on us:
For Peace and War in an incestuous line
Have still begot each other, ——
Those men that highly now have broke all Laws,
(The great one only 'tis 'cwixt man and man)
What safetie can they promise, though you give it?
Will they not still suspect, (and justlie too)
That all those civil bonds (new made) should be
Broken again them? so being still
In fears and jealousies themselves, they must
Infect the People. "For in such a case
"The private safetie is the publick trouble,
Nor will they ever want prætext: "Since he
"That will maintain it with his sword he's injur'd;

May say't at any time, ——
Then Sir, as terrible as War appears,
My vote is for't, nor shall I ever care
How uglie my Philistians face shall be,
So he can do the cure.
Lord. In entring Physick,
I think Sir, none so much considers
The Doctors face, as his own body.
To keep on foot the War with all your wants,
Is to let blood, and take strong potions
In dangerous sickness.
K. I see, and wonder not to find, my Lord,
This difference in opinion; the Subject's large:
Nor can we there too much dispute, where when
We erre, 'tis at a Kingdoms charges; Peace
And War are in themselves indifferent,
And time doth stamp them either good or bad;
But here the place is much considerable;
" War in our own is like to too much heat
" Within, it makes the bodie sick; when in
" Another Countrie 'tis but exercise
" Conveighs that heat abroad, and gives it health.
To that I bend my thoughts; but leave it to
Our greater Counsell, which we now assemble:
Mean time exchange of Prisoners only we
Assent unto: ——
Lord. Nothing of Truce Sir? [*K.*] No, we'l not take up
Quiet at interest: perfect peace, or nothing.
" Cessations for short times in War, are like
" Small fits of health, in desperate maladies:
" Which while the instant pain seems to abate,
Flatters into debauch and worse estate. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene *as leading to her chamber* Francelia; *Servants with lights;* Morat, *and another Souldier.*

Iph. I have not left my self a fair retreat,
And must be now the blest object
Your love, or subject of your scorn.

Fran. I fear some treacherie;
And that mine eyes have given intelligence:
Unless you knew there would be weak defence,
You durst not think of taking in a heart,
As soon as you set down before it.

Iph. Condemn my Love not of such fond Ambition,
It aims not at a conquest,
But exchange, *Francelia*---(*whisper.*

Mor. They're very great in this short time.

Sol. 'Tis ever so:
Young and handsome
Have made acquaintances in nature:
So when they meet, they have the less to do.
It is for age or uglines to make approaches,
And keep a distance.

Iph. When I shall see other perfection,
Which at the best will be but other vanity,
Not more I shall not love it.——

Fran. 'Tis still one step not to despair, my Lord

Exeunt Iphig. Fran. servants.

Morat. Doest think he will fight?

Sold. Troth it may be not:
Nature in those fine peices, does as painters,
Hangs out a pleasant Excellence
That takes the eye, which is indeed,
But a course canvas in the naked truth,
Or some slight stuffe.

Morat. I have a great mind to tast him.

Sold. Fie! a prisoner?

Morat. By this hand if I thought —— (*Enter Iphig. waiting woman comming after him.*
He courted my Colonels Mrs in earnest.

Wom. My Lord, my Lord,
My Lady thinks the Gessemine walks
Will be the finer, the freshnesse
Of th' morning takes off the strength
O' th' heat she sayes.

Iph. 'Tis well.

Mor. Mewe ——— doe it so? I suspect vidly,
We'le follow him, and see if he be

So

So farr quallified towards a ſouldier,
As to drink a craſh in's chamber —— (*Raguelin pulls the waiting woman back.*
R. Where are thoſe keyes?
Wom. Hark you, I dare not do it.
R. How?
Wom. My Lady will find
R. Scruples?
Are my hopes become fears?
There was no other way I ſhould be any thing
In this lewd world, —— and now ——
'Sfoot, I know ſhe longs to ſee him too.
Wom. Does ſhe?
R. Do you think he would deſire it elſe?
Wom. I, but ——
R. Why, let me ſecure it all.
I'le ſay I found the keyes, or ſtole them: Come-
Wom. Well, if you ruine all now ——
Here, theſe enter the garden from the works,
That the Privy walks, and that the back ſtairs.
Then you know my chamber.
R. Yes I know your Chamber. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. He comes not.
One wiſe thought more, and I return:
I cannot in this act ſeperate the fooliſh
From the bold ſo farre, but ſtill it taſts o'th raſh.
Why let it taſt, it taſts of love too,
And to all actions 'e gives a pretty reliſh, that.

Enter Raguelin.

Rag. My Lord?
Bren. Oh ---- here.
Rag. 'Sfoot y'are upon our Centries.
Move on this hand. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter (agen) Bren. and Raguel.

Bren. Where are we now?
Ra. Entring part of the Fort,
Your Lordſhip muſt be wet a little. —— *Exeunt.*

Bren.

(*Enter again.*)

Bren. Why are there here no guards?

Ra. There needs none:
You presently must pass a place,
Where one's an Army in defence,
It is so steep and strait.

Bren. 'Tis well.

Ra. These are the steps of danger;
Look to your way my Lord.

Bren. I do not find such difficulty.

Francelia (*as in a bed.*)

Bren. Waits me hereabouts —— (*he draws the curtains.*)
So Misers look upon their gold,
Which while they joy to see, they fear to lose:
The pleasure of the sight scarce equaling
The jealousie of being dispossest by others;
Her face is like the milky way i'th' skie,
A meeting of gentle lights without name,
Heavens! shall this fresh ornament
Of the World, this precious lovelinesse
Pass with other common things
Amongst the wasts of time? what pitty't were (*She wakes.*)

Franc. Bless me!
It is a vision or *Brennoralt*?

Bren. *Brennoralt*, Lady.

Fran. *Brennoralt*? innocence guard me;
What is't you have done my Lord?

Bren. Alas I were in too good estate,
If I knew what I did.
But why ask you Madam?

Fran. It much amazes me to think
How you came hither.
And what could bring you to endanger thus
My honor, and my own life?
Nothing but saving of my brother
Could make me now preserve you.

Bren. Reproach me not the follies, you your self
Make me commit ——

I am reduc'd to such extremity,
That love himself (high Tyrant as he is)
If he could see, would pitty me.

Fran. I understand you not.

Bren. Would heaven you did, for 'tis a pain to tell you,
I come t'accuse of injustice (Madam)
You first begot my passion, and was
Content (at least you seem'd so) it should live;
Yet since would ne're contribute unto it,
Not look upon't, as if you had desired
Its being for no other end but for
The pleasure of its ruine ——

Fran. Why do you labor thus to make me guilty of
An injury to you, to you, which when it is one,
All mankind is a like engag'd, and must
Have quarrel to me?

Bren. I have done ill; you chide me justly (Madam)
I'le lay't not on you, but on my wretched self.
For I am taught that heavenly bodies
Are not malicious in their influence,
But by the disposition of the Subject.
They tell me you must marry *Almerin*:
Sure such excellence ought to be
The recompence of vertue;
Not the sacrafice of Parents wisedom,
Should it not Madam?

Fran. 'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwise.

Br. And shall he have you then that knew you yesterday?
Is there in Martyrdome no juster way
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time, should have the Crown for them
That have indur'd the flame with constancy?

Fran. If the discovery will ease your thoughts
My Lord, know *Almerin* is as the man
I never saw. (*Bren.*) You do not marry then?
Condemned men thus hear, and thus receive
Reprieves. One question more, and I am gone.
Is there so latitude of eternity

A hope for *Brennoralt*?
Fran. My Lord?
Bren. Have I a place at all,
When you do think of men?
Fran. My Lord, a high one,
I must be singular did I not value you:
The world does set great rates upon you,
And you have first deserv'd them.
Bren. Is this all?
Fran. All.
Bren. Oh be less kind, or kinder:
Give me more pitty, or more cruelty, *Francelia.*
I cannot live with this, nor die----
Fran. I fear my Lord
You must not hope beyond it.
Bren. Not hope? This, sure, is not the body to (*views him*
This soul; it was mistaken, shuffled in (*self.*
Through haste: Why (else) should that have so much love,
And this want lovelinesse, to make that love
Receiv'd?——I will raise honour to a point,
It never was * do things (*studies.*
Of such a vertuous greatness she shall love me,
She shall—— I will deserve her, though
I have her not: There's something yet in that.
Madam wilt please you, pardon my offence?
—— (Oh Fates!
That I must call thus my affection!)
Fran. I will do any thing so you will think
Of me, and of your self (my Lord) and how
Your stay indangers both ——(*Bren.*) Alas!
Your pardon is more necessary to
My life, then life to me: but I am gone.
Blessings, such as my wishes for you, in
Their extasies, could never reach, fall on you.
May every thing contribute to preserve
That exc'llence (my destruction) till't meet joyes
In love, great as the torments I have in. *Exit.*

ACT.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter *Brennoralt.*

Bren. WHy ſo, 'tis well, Fortune I thank thee ſtill,
I dare not call the villain neither.
'Twas plotted from the firſt,
That's certain, --- it looks that way?
Hum ——— caught in a trap?
Here's ſomething yet to truſt to——— (*To his ſword.*
This was the entry, theſe the ſtairs:
But whether afterwards;
He that is ſure to periſh on the land,
May quit the nicetie of Card and Compaſs.
And ſafe, to his diſcretion, put to Sea:
He ſhall have my hand to't *Exit.*

Enter Ragutlin, Orilla, (the waiting woman.)

Ra. Look:
By this light 'tis day.
Oril. Not by this, by t'other 'tis indeed.
Ra. Thou art ſuch another piece of temptation.
My Lord raves by this time,
A hundred to one the Centinels
Will diſcover us too,
Then I do pray for night-watch.
Oril. Fie upon thee,
Thou art as fearful as a young colt;
Bogleſt at every thing, fool.
As if Lovers had conſidered hours: I'le peep in--- (*ſhe peeps.*
Ra. I am as weary of this wench,
As if I were married to her:
She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a horſe———
She's as common too as a Barbers glaſſe——
Conſcient'e too like a Dy-dapper.
Orilla.----there's no body within:

My

My Lady sleeps this hour at least.

Ra. Good, the Devils even with me——
Not be an honest man neither ---- *Enter Bren. and a guard.*
What course now?

S. Nay Sir, we shall order you now.

Bren. Dogges. —— *Enter Fresolin.*

Fres. What tumult's this ---- ha! Brennoralt! 'tis he
In spite of his disguise: what makes he here?
Hee's lost for ever if he be discover'd;
How now Companions why do you use my friend thus?

S. Your friend my Lord? If he be your friend
H'as us'd us as ill;
H'as plaid the Devil amongst us,
Six of our men are Surgeons work this month;
We found him climbing the walls.

2 *S.* He had no word neither,
Nor any language but a blow.

Fres. You will be doing these wild things (my Lord)
Good faith y'are to blame; if y'had desir'd,
To view the walls, or Trenches, 'twas but
Speaking; we are not nice:
I would my self have waited on you:
Th'are the new out-works you would see perchance;
Boy, bring me black Tempest round about;
And the great Barbary; a Trompet come along too;
My Lord, wee'le take the nearer way,
And privater, here through the Sally-Port.

Bre. What a Devil is this? sure I dream—— *Exeunt.*

S. Now you are so officious. (*Manet Sola.*

2 *S.* Death! could I guesse he was a friend?

S. 'Twas ever to be thought,
How should he come there else?

2. *S.* Friend, or no friend, he might have left us
Something to pay the Surgeon with:
Grant me that, or I'le beat you to'c. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Fresolin, and Brennoralt.

Fres. Brennoralt—— ——start not:
I pray thee back a life I owe thee,

And bleſs my Stars, they gave me power to do't;
The debt lay heavy on me.
A horſe waits you there——a Trumpet too,
(Which you may keep, leaſt he ſhould prate)
No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.

Bren. Thou ha'ſt aſtoniſh't me:
Thy youth hath triumph'd in one ſingle act,
O're all the age can boaſt; and I will ſtay
To tell thee ſo, were they now firing all
Their Canons on me, farewell gallant *Freſolin*,
And may reward, great as thy vertue, crown thee.

Exeunt diuers way.

Enter Ipbigine, Francelia.

Fran. A peace will come,
And then you muſt be gone;
And whether when you are once got upon the wing,
You will not ſtoop to what ſhall riſe,
Before ye flie to ſome lure
With more temptation garniſht, is a ſad queſtion.

Iph. Can you have doubts, and I not fears?
By this---the readieſt and the ſweeteſt oath, I ſwear
I cannot ſo ſecure my ſelf of you,
But in my abſence I ſhall be in pain.
I have caſt up what it will be to ſtand
The Governors anger; and which is more hard,
The love of *Almerin*.
I hold thee now but by thy own free grant,
A ſlight ſecurity, alas it may fall out,
Giving thy ſelf, not knowing thine own worth;
Or want of mine, thou may'ſt, like Kings deceiv'd,
Reſume the gift on better knowledge back.

Fran. If I ſo eaſ'ly change, I was not worth your love,
And by the loſs you'l gain.

Iphi. But when y're irrecoverable gone,
'Twill be ſlight comfort to perſwade my ſelf
You had a fault, when all that fault muſt be
But want of love to me; and that agen
Find in my much defect, ſo much excuſe,

That

That it will have no worſe name
Then diſcretion, if inconcern'd do
Caſt it up--- I muſt have more aſſurance.
Franc. You have too much already:
And ſure my Lord you wonder, while I bluſh,
At ſuch a growth in young affections.
Iphi. Why ſhould I wonder (Madam)
Love that from two breaſts ſucks,
Muſt of a Child quickly become a Gyant.
Dunces in love ſtay at the Alphabet,
Th'inſpir'd know all before;
And do begin ſtill higher.

Enter waiting woman.

Woman. Madam;
Almerin, returned, has ſent to kiſſe
Your hands. I told him you were buſi:?
Franc. Muſt I my Lord be buſie?
I may be civil though not kind.
Tell him I wait him in the Gallery.
Iphi. May I not kiſs your hand this night? (*Whiſper*)
Franc. The world is full of jealous eyes my Lord:
And were they all lockt up; you are a ſpye
Once entred in my chamber at ſtrange hours.
Iphi. The vertue of *Francelia* is too ſafe,
To need thoſe little Arts of preſervation.
Thus to divide our ſelves, is to diſtruct our ſelves.
A Cherubin diſpatches not on earth
Th'affairs of heaven with greater innocence,
Then I will viſit; 'tis but to take a leave,
I begg.
Franc. When you are going my Lord—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Morat.

Almer. Piſh. Thou lieſt, thou lieſt.
I know he playes with women kind, not loves it.
Thou art impertinent——
Mor. 'Tis the camp talk my Lord though.
Al. The camp's an aſſe, let me here no more on't

Exeunt (Talking)

Enter

Enter Granivert, Villanor, Marimel.

Grani. And shall we have peace?
I am no sooner sober, but the State is so too:
If't be thy will, a truce for a month only.
I long to refresh my eyes, by this hand
They have been so tir'd with looking upon faces
Of this country.

Villa. And shall the *Donazella*
To whom we wish so well-a,
Look babies agen in our eyes-a?

Grani. Ah——a sprightly girle above fifteen,
That melts when a man but takes her by the hand
Eyes full, and quick; I with breath
Sweet as double Violets,
And wholsom as dying leaves of Strawberries.
Thick silken eye browes, high upon the fore-head;
And cheeks mingled with pale streaks of red,
Such as the blushing morning never wore.

Villa. Oh my chops, my chops;

Grani. With narrow mouth, small teeth,
And lips swelling as if she pouted——

Villa. Hold, hold, hold;

Grani. Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of *Marjoram*,
Part tyed in negligence,
Part loosely flowing——

Marin. Tyrant, tyrant, tyrant!

Grani. In a pink coulor taffata petticoat,
Lace't smock-sleeves; dangling;
This vision stoln from her own bed,
And rustling in ones chamber——

Villa. Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.

Grani. With a wax candle, in her hand,
Looking as if she had lost her way
At twelve at night.

Marin. Oh any hower, any hower.

Grani. Now I think on't, by this hand
I'le marry, and be long-liv'd.

Villa. Long-liv'd? how?

Grain. Oh he that has a VVife, eats with an appetite.
'Has a very good stomack to't first;
This living at large is very destructive,
Variety is rare sawces; provokes too far,
And draws on forfeits more then th' other.

Enter Doran.

Dor. So; is this a time to foole in?

G. VVhat's the matter?

Dor. Draw out your choice men, and away to
Your Coronel immediately. There's work
Towards my boyes, there's work.

Grain. Art in earnest?

Dor. By this light.

Grain. There's something in that yet.

This moiety Warr
Twilight.
Neither night nor day,
Pox upon it.
A storme is worth a thousand
Of your calme;
There's more variety in it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Francelia, as talking earnestly.

Alm. Madam, that shews the greatness of my passion.

Fran. The imperfection rather; Jealousie's
No better signe of love (my Lord) then feavers are
Of life; they shew there is a Being, though
Impair'd, and perishing; and that, affection
But sick and in disorder: I like't not.
Your servant —— *Exit.*

Al. So short and sowre? the change is visible.

Enter Iphigene.

Iph. Dear *Almerin* welcome, y'have been absent long,

Alm. Not very long.

Iph. To me it hath appear'd so;
What sayes our Camp? am I not blamed there?

Alm. They wonder ——

Iph. While we smile ——
How have you found the King inclining?

Alm. We

Am. Well.
The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.
Things are where they were;
'Thas a kind of face of peace,
You my Lord may when you please return.
Iph. I *Almerin*?
Alm. Yes my Lord, I'le give you an escape,
Iph. 'Tis least in my desires.
Alm. Hum!
Iph. Such Prisons are beyond all liberty.
Alm. Is't possible?
Iph. Seems it strange to you?
Alm. No, not at all.
What? you find the Ladies kind?
Iph. Civil. ——— (*smiles.*
A. You make love well too they say (my Lord)
Iph. Pass my time.
Alm. Address unto *Francelia*?
Iph. Visit her.
Alm. D' you know she is my Mistress Palatine?
Iph. Ha?
Alm. D' you know she is my Mistress?
Iph. I have been told so.
Alm. And do you court her then?
Iph. Why? ——— (*smiles.*
If I saw the Enemy first,
Would you not charge?
Alm. He do's allow it too by Heaven:
Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a heart,
False as thy title to *Francelia*,
Or as thy friendship: which with this I do ——— (*draws.*
Throw by ——— draw.
Iph. What do you mean?
Alm. I see the cunning now of all thy love,
And why thou cam'st so tamely kind,
Suffering surprise. Draw.
Iph. I will not draw, kill me,
And I shall have no trouble in my death.

Knowing 'tis your pleasure:
As I shall have no Pleasure in my life,
Knowing it is your trouble.
Alm. Oh poor—— I look't for this.
I knew th' would'st find 'twas easier to do a wrong
Then justifie it—— but——
Iphi. I will not fight——hear me:
If I love you not more then I love her;
If I do love her more then for your sake,
Heaven strangely punish me.
Alm. Take heed how thou do'st play with heaven.
Iphi. By all that's just, and fair, and good,
By all that you hold dear, and men hold great,
I never had lascivious thought, or ere
Did action that might call in doubt my love
To *Almerin.*
Alm. That tongue can charm me into any thing;
I do beleev't, prethee be wiser then.
Give me no further cause of jealousie,
Hurt not mine honour more, and I am well.
Iphi. But well—— Of all
Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst, foule jealousie, her favorite.
And if it be not so, why took she care
That every thing should give the monster Nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with?
Alm. Prethee no more, thou plead'st so cunningly,
I fear *I* shall be made the guilty,
And need thy pardon.
Iphi. If you could read my heart you would.
I will be gone to morrow if that will satisfie. Indeed
I shall not rest untill my innocence
Be made as plain as objects to the sence.
Alm.——Come;
You shall not go, Ile think upon't no more.
"Distrust's ruine, not friendship,
"But build it fairer then it was before—— *Exeunt,*
Enter

Enter Brennoralt; Captains, Straheman, Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every company;
For many hands are theeves, and rob the glory,
While they take their share; how goes the night?

Stra. Half spent my Lord.
We shall have straight
The Moons weaker light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the officers:
Friends, if you were men that must be talkt
Into a courage, I had not chosen you
Danger with its vizard, oft before this time
Y' have look'd upon, and out-fac'd it too;
We are to do the trick agen, that's all.
Here ——— (drawes his sword)
And yet we will not swear:
For he that shrinks in such an action
Is Damn'd without the help of perjury.
Doran, if from the Virgin tow'r thou spiest
A flame, such as the East sends forth about
The time the day should break, go tell the King
I hold the Castle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he shall find a victory
So cheap 'twill lose the value. If I fall,
The world has lost a thing it us'd not well;
And I, a thing I car'd not for; that world.

Stra. Lead us on Coronell;
If We do not fight like ———

Bren. No like.
Wee'l be our selves similitude,
And time shall say, when it would tell
That men did well, they fought like us.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Agen

Bren. WHat made the stop?
One in's falling sickness had a fit

Which choak'd the passage; but all is well:
Softly, we are neer the place. *Exeunt.*

Alarum within, and fight, then enter Almerin in his night-gown.

Alm. What noise is here to night?
Something on fire—— what hoe,
Send to the Virgin-tower, there is disorder——
Thereabouts. (*Ent Sold.*

Sold. All's lost, all's lost!
The Enemies upon the place of armes:
And is by this time master of that,
And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou lyest—— (*strikes him.*

Enter *Morat.*

Mor. Save your self my Lord, and hast unto the Camp;
Ruine gets in on every side.

Alm. There's something in it when this fellow flies
Villains, my armes, I'le see what Divel raigns.

Enter *Iphigene, Francelia.*

Iphi. Look, the day breaks.

Fran. You think I'le be so kind, as swear
It does not now. Indeed I will not——

Iph. Will you not send me neither
Your picture when y'are gone?
That when my Eye is famish'd for a look,
It may have where to feed,
And to the painted Feast invite my heart.

Fran. Here, take this Virgin bracelet of my hair,
And if like other men thou shalt hereafter
Throw it with negligence,
'Mongst the Records of thy weak female conquests,
Laugh at the kinde words, and mystical contrivement.
If such a time shall come,
Know I am sighing then thy absence *Iphigene*,
And weeping o're the false but pleasing Image.

Enter *Almerin.*

Alm. Francelia, Francelia,
Rise, rise, and save thy self; the Enemy

That

That does not know thy worth, may else destroy it.
(throws open the door.
Ha! mine eyes grow sick.
A plague has, through them, stolne into my heart;
And I grow dizzie; feet, lead me off again,
Without the knowledge of my body,
I shall act I know not what else—— *Exit.*
Franc. How came he in?
Dear *Iphigene* we are betrayd,
Lets raise the Castle, lest he should return.
Iphi. That were to make all publique.
Fear not, Ile satisfie his anger;
I can do it.
Franc. Yes with some quarrel;
And bring my honor, and my love in danger—
Look he returns, and wrecks of fury,
Like hurried clouds over the face of heaven,
Before a tempest, in his looks appears.
Enter Almerin.
Alm. If they would question what our rage doth act,
And make it sin, they would not thus provoke men.
—— I am too tame.
For if they live I shall be pointed at,
Here I denounce a war to all the World,
And thus beginit —— (*runs at Iphigene*)
Iphi. What hast thou done—— (*falls*)
Franc. Ah me, help, help—— (*wounds Franceliа*)
Iphi. Hold.
Alm. 'Tis too late.
Iphi. Rather than she shall suffer,
My fond deceits involve the innocent;
I will discover all.
Alm. Ha! what will he discover?
Iphi. That which shall make the curse
The blindness of thy rage—— *I am a woman.*
Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold!
Because thy perjury deceived me once,
And saved thy life, thou thinkest to escape again.
Impostor, thus thou shalt, —— (*runs at him*

Iphi: Oh hold —— I have enough.
Had I hope of life, thou should'st not have this secret.
Franc. What will it be now?
Iphi. ---My Father having long desir'd
A son to heir his great possessions,
And in six births successively deceiv'd,
Made a rash vow; oh how rash vows are punished!
That if the burthen then my mother went with
Prov'd not a male, he ne're would know her more.
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,
And by the womens kindness nam'd a Boy;
And since so bred: (a cruel pitty as
It hath fallen out.) If now thou find'st that, which
Thou though'st a friendship in me, Love; forget it.
It was my joy, ---and---death.——(*faints.*
Alm. ——— For curiosity
I'le save thee, if I can, and know the end
If t be but losse of Blood; ——— Breasts!
By all that's good a woman! ——*Iphigene.*
Iphi. I thank thee, for I was falne asleep, before
I had dispatcht. Sweetest of all thy sexe,
Francelia, forgive me now; my love
Unto this man, and fear to lose him, taught me
A fatal cunning, made me court you, —— and
My own destruction [*Fran.*] I am amaz'd.
Alm. And can it be? Oh mockery of heaven!
To let me see what my soul often wisht,
And mak't my punishment, a punishment,
That were I old in sins, were yet too great.
Iphi. Would you have lov'd me then? Pray say you would:
For I, like testy sick men at their death,
Would know no news but health from the Physitian.
Alm. Can'st thou doubt that,
That hast so often seen me extasi'd,
When thou wert drest like woman,
Unwilling ever to believe thee man?
Iph. I have enough.
Alm. Heavens!

What

What thing ſhall I appear unto the World?
Here might my ignorance find ſome excuſe.
——————————But, there,
I was diſtracted. None but one enrag'd
With anger to a ſavageneſs, would ere
Have drawn a ſword upon ſuch gentle ſweetneſs,
Be kind, and kill me; kill me one of you:
Kill me if't be but to preſerve my wits
Dear *Iphigene*, take thy revenge, it will
Not misbecome thy ſexe at all; for 'tis
An act of pity, not of cruelty,
Thus to diſpatch a miſerable man.
Franc. And thou wouldſt be more miſerable yet,
While like a bird made Priſoner by it ſelf,
Thou beat'ſt and beat'ſt thy ſelf againſt every thing,
And do'ſt paſſe by that which ſhould let thee out.
Alm. ——————————Is it my fault?
Or heavens? Fortune, when ſhe would play upon me,
Like ill Muſicians, wound me up ſo high,
That I muſt crack ſooner than move in tune.
Franc. Still you rave,
While we for want of preſent help may periſh
Alm. Right.
A Surgeon, I'le go find one inſtantly.
The enemy too——I had forgot——————
Oh what fatality govern'd this night. *Exit.*
Franc. How like an unthrifts caſe will mine be now?
For all the wealth he loſes ſhifts but 's place;
And ſtill the world enjoyes it: and ſo wil't you
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I poſſeſs you not.
Iphi. What excellence of Nature's this! have you
So perfectly forgiven already, as to
Conſider me a loſs? I doubt which Sexe
I ſhall be happier in. Climates of Friendſhip
Are not leſſe pleaſant, 'cauſe they are leſs ſcorching
Then thoſe of Love; and under them wee'l live:
Such poetrious links of that wee'l tye our ſouls
Together with, that the chains of the other

Shall

Shall be groſſe fetters to it. [*Franc.*] But I fear
I cannot ſtay the making. Oh would you
Had never undeceiv'd me, for I had dy'd with
Pleaſure, beleeving I had been your Martyr.
Now——

Iphi. She looks pale *Francelia*——

Franc. ——I cannot ſtay;
A haſty ſummons hurries me away:
And—— gives——no—— (*dies*)

Iphi. ——Shee's gone,
She's gone. Life like a Dials hand hath ſtolne
From the fair figure e're it was perceiv'd. (*A noiſe within. Enter Soldiers, he thinks them Almes.*)
What will become of me?—Too late, too late
Y'are come: you may perſwade wilde birds, tha wing
The air, into a Cage, as ſoon as call
Her wandring ſpirits back.—— ha!
Thoſe are ſtrange faces; there's a horror in them:
And if I ſtay, I ſhall be taken for
The murtherer. O in what ſtreights they move
That wander 'twixt death, fears and hopes of love.

Exit.

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Granvert*, *Souldiers*.

Bren. Forbear, upon your lives, the place:
There dwells divinity within it. All elſe
The Caſtle holds, is lawful prize,
Your valors wages. This I claim as mine,
Guard you the door ——

Grani. Coronell, ſhall you uſe all the women your ſelf?

Bren. Away——'tis unſeaſonable—— (*draws the curtain.*)
Awake fair Saint and bleſſe thy poor Idolator.
Ha!——pale?——and cold?—— dead
The ſweeteſt gueſt fled, murdered by heaven;
The purple ſtreams not dry yet.
Some villain has broke in before me,
Rob'd all my hopes: but I will find him out,
And kick his ſoul to hell——Ile doe't—— (*dragging out Iphigene.*)
Speak.

Iphi. What ſhould I ſay?

Bren. Speak, or by all——

Iph. Alas, I do confeſs my ſelf the unfortunate cauſe.

Bren. Oh d' you ſo.
Hadſt thou been cauſe of all the plagues
That vex mankind, th'adſt been an innocent
To what thou art; thou ſhalt not think repentance. (*kils her.*

Iph. Oh, thou wert too ſuddain.
And —— (*dies.*

Bren Was *I* ſo?
The luſtfull youth would ſure have ſpoyl'd her honor?
Which finding highly guarded, rage, and fear
To be reveal'd, counſell'd this villany. *Exeunt.*
Is there no more of them?

Enter *Almerin.*

Alm. Not enter?
Yes dogge, through thee —— ha! a Coarſe laid out
Inſtead of *Iphigene*: *Francelia* dead too? —— *Enter Bren.*
Where ſhall *I* begin to curſe

Bren. Here —— If he were thy friend.

Alm. Brennoralt,
A gallant ſword could ne're have come
In better time.

Bren. *I* have a good one for thee.
If that will ſerve the turn.

Alm. *I* long to try it,
That ſight doth make me deſperate;
Sick of my ſelf and the World.

Bren. Didſt value him?
A greater villain did I never kill.

Alm. Kill?

Bren. Yes.

Alm. Art ſure of it?

Bren. May be *I* do not wake.

Alm. Th'aſt taken a guilt off from me,
VVould have weigh'd down my ſword,
VVeakned me to ſow reſiſtance.
I ſhould have made no ſports, hadſt thou conceal'd it.
Know *Brennoralt* thy ſword is ſtain'd in excellence,
Great as the VVorld could coaſt.——

Bren.

Bren. Ha——ha——how thou art abus'd?
Look there, there lies the excellence
Thou ſpeak'ſt of murdred; by him too;
He did confeſs he was the cauſe.
Alm. Oh Innocence ill underſtood, and much worſe us'd!
She was alas by accident, but I,
I was the cauſe indeed.
Bre. I will believe thee too, and kill thee——
Deſtroy all cauſes till I make a ſtop
In nature; for to what purpoſe ſhould ſhe
Work agen?
Alm. Bravely then;
The Title of a Kingdome is a trifle
To our quarrel Sir; know by ſad miſtake,
I kil'd thy Miſtreſs *Brennoralt*,
And thou kild'ſt mine.
Bren. Thine?
Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*,
Though ſhown as man unto the world,
Was woman, excellent woman——
Bren. I underſtand no riddles, guard thee.——(*Fight and*
Alm. O could they now look down, (*pauſe.*
And ſee how we two ſtrive,
Which firſt ſhould give revenge,
They would forgive us ſomething of the crime.
Hold prethee give me leave
To ſatisfie a curioſity——
I never kiſſed my *Iphigine* as woman.
Bren. Thou motion'ſt well, nor have I taken leave (*Riſing.*
It keeps a ſweetneſs yet——
As ſtills from Roſes, when the flowers are gone.
Alm. Even ſo have two faint Pilgrims ſcorch't with heat,
Unto ſome neighbor fountain ſtept aſide,
Kneel'd firſt, then laid their warm lips to the Nymph,
And from her coldneſs took freſh life again,
As we do now——
Bren. Lets on our journey if thou art refreſht.
Alm. Come, and if there be a place reſerved

For

For heightned ſpirits better then other,
May that which wearies firſt of ours have it. (*Fight a-*
Bren. If I grow weary laugh at me, that's alk (*good while.*
Alm. —— Brave ſouls above which will (*Alm. falls,*
Be (ſure) inquiſitive for news from earth,
Shall get no other but that thou art Brave.

Enter *King*, *Strathenan*, *Lords*, *Minſe*

Stra. To preſerve ſome Ladies as we gueſs'd.
King. Still gallant *Brennoralt*, thy ſword not ſheath'd yet?
Buſie ſtill? ——
Bren. Revenging Sir
The fouleſt murder ever blaſted years,
Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene*.
Alm. Falſe falſe; the firſt created purity.
Was not more innocent then *Iphigene*.
Bren. Lives he agen?
Alm. Stay thou much wearied gueſt,
Till I have thrown a truth amongſt them ——
We ſhall look back elſe to poſterity.
King. What ſays he?
Lord. Something concerning this he labors to
Diſcover.
Alm. Know it was I that kild *Francelia*.
I alone ——
Minſ. O barbarous return of my civilities?
Was it thy hand?
Alm. Hear and forgive me *Minſe*.
Entring this morning haſtily
With reſolution to preſerve
The fair *Francelia*, I found a thief
Stealing the treaſure (as I thought)
Belong'd to me. Wild in my mind
As ruin'd in my honor, in much miſtaken rage
I wounded both; then (oh) too late I found
My error; Found *Iphigine* a woman,
Acting ſtoln love, to make here own love ſafe,
And all my jealouſies impoſſible,
Whilſt I ran out to bring them cure;

Francelia dies; and *Iphigene* found here;
I can no more —— (*dies*)

King. Most strange and intricate!
Iphigene a woman?

Mel. With this story I am guiltly acquainted.
The first concealments, since her love,
And all the waies to it I have been trusted with:
But Sir my grief joyned with the instant business
Beggs a deferment.

King. I am amaz'd till I do hear it out.
But ith' mean time,
Least in these mists merit should lose it self,
———— Those forfeitures
Of *Trock* and *Mensock* and *Brennoralt* are thine.

Bren. A Princely guilt! but Sir it comes too late,
Like Sun beams on the blasted blossoms, do
Your favors fall: you should have given me this
When't might have rais'd me in mens thoughts, and made
Me equal to *Francelia's* love; I have
No end, since she is not——
Back, to my private life I will return.
"Cattel, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.

King. This melancholy, time must cure; Come take
The bodies up, and lead the Prisoners on;
Triumph and Funerals must walk together,
Cypresse and Laurel twin'd make up one chaplet.
——For we have got
The day; but bought it at so dear a rate,
The Victory it self's unfortunate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.